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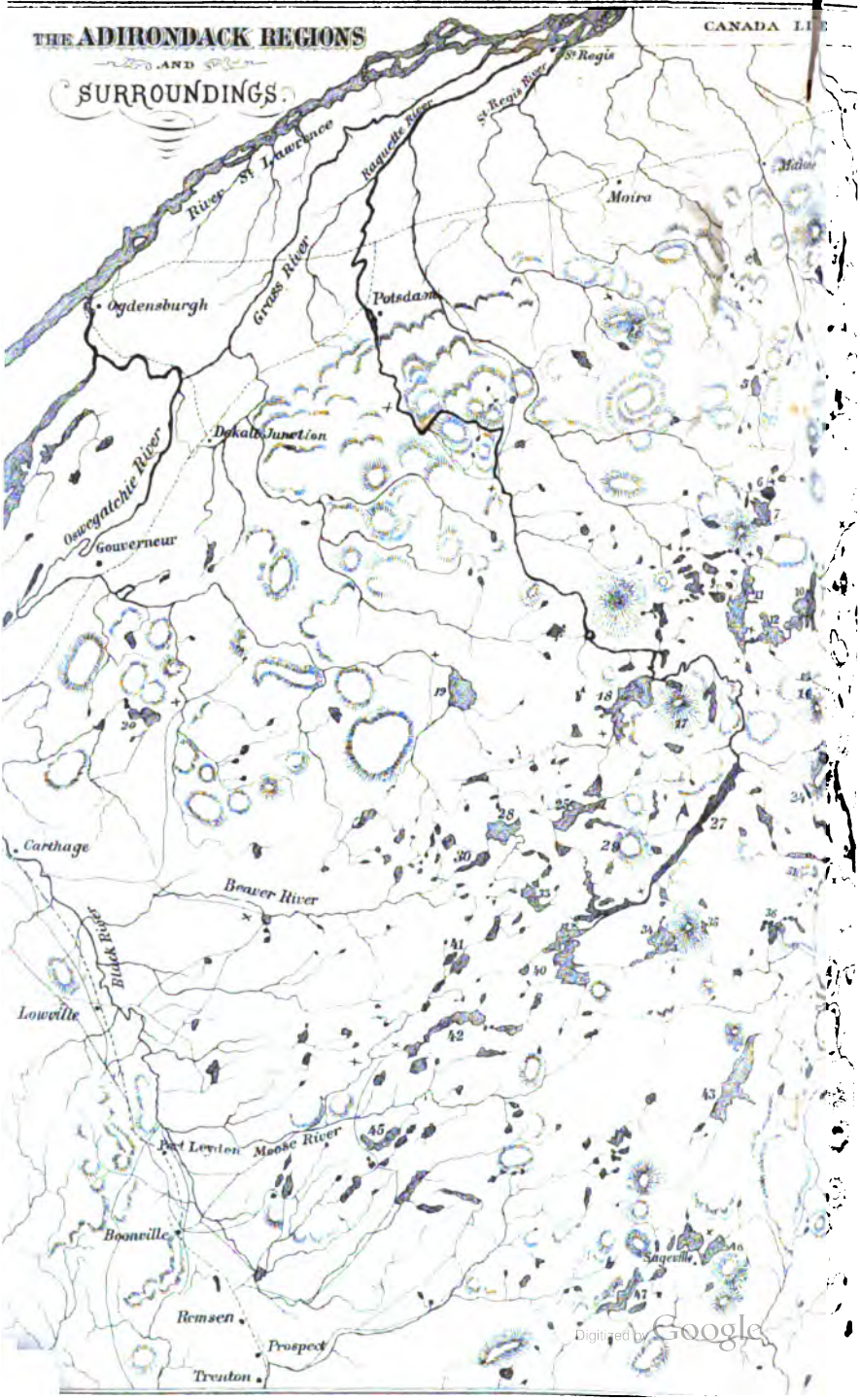

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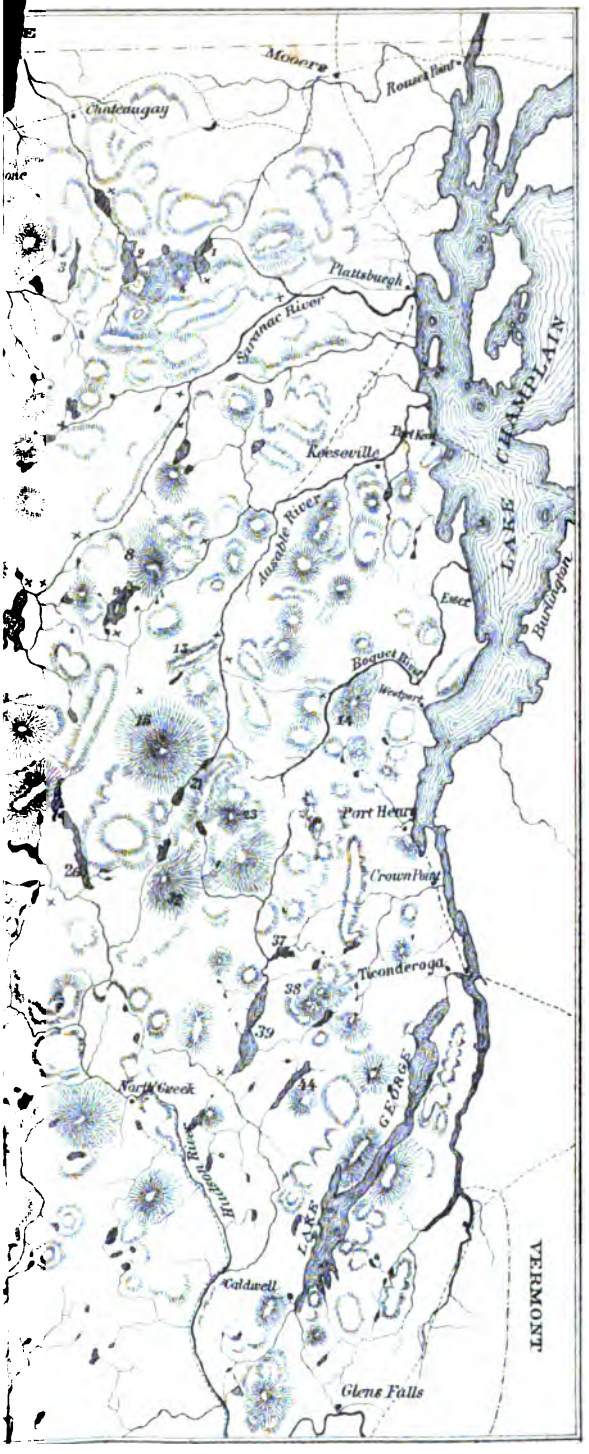

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THE MODERN

BABES IN THE WOOD

OR

SUMMERINGS

IN

THE WILDERNESS.

BY

H. PERRY SMITH.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A RELIABLE AND DESCRIPTIVE

GUIDE TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY

E. R. WALLACE.

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PREFACE.

THE preface to a book is usually made a sort of pack-horse for all short-comings of the author. As this has become a custom, I have no desire to deviate from it. But for this preface I propose to establish an additional office. With it I am determined to utterly disarm all critics. To accomplish this unheard of feat, I hereby admit the appropriateness and plausibility of all that ever may, or ever can be, said against the book. This admission also serves to put me upon a good understanding with the reader; for, should he find any facts in this work, he must now blame some one else than the author. I have reference now to the narrative portion of the book. Beyond that, a more reliable hand has guided the pen, and for that class of readers who seek only solid, thoughtful information, I refer with pride to that part of the work. I would not advise them to tamper much with the pages written by the undersigned. It may seem a little awkward to commence at the last end of a book to read, but it

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will be novel—and novels are fashionable. I am glad I have thought of that in season.

I hope no reader will so far forget common courtesy as to publicly accuse me of exaggeration in any of my statements. I do not pretend to deny that some of them are the most wanton productions of a hilarious intellect—doubling up my pen like a fish hook, and fairly making the ink blush as they are written; but the gentle readers will not find it necessary to make a great disturbance about it! Let them remember that it has been prepared amid many pressing cares.

If the work furnishes a reliable guide over the many routes into and through the Great Wilderness, much information regarding the best hunting and fishing grounds, and instruction to the inexperienced sportsman upon all important points connected with camp life in that section, and at the same time interests and amuses the general reader, it will have accomplished its object.

H. P. S.

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CHAPTER I.

WE were seven. "Sanderson," "Governor," "Myers," "Wash," "Burnie," "Frank," and "Ned."

"Sanderson," our accomplished and never failing fisherman, and consequently our model of patience; a square-built, thick-set, jovial, good-hearted boy, and a born sportsman. Ever ready for a tramp or a row, provided it led toward a trout-hole, or work,—or the *dinner-table*. Manly and self-sacrificing, and physically capable of "worsting" his weight in any flesh and blood known to natural history. Four years of hard service in the army had brought him up to a wonderful state of bodily perfection, which his annual trips to the "Wilderness" did not fail to advance.

"Governor!" O, the pleasant memories of happy hours linked with that familiar cognomen. Their number is as the sands of the sea-shore. Once an actor, lately *degenerated* to a lawyer; full to the muzzle of quaint anecdotes, racy yarns and *live* jokes, with a ready tongue, which nothing could prevent from sprinkling his conversation with a little profanity. The life of the party, though he hardly knew a "rod" from a rifle, and he could handle each with astounding ill-success. But around the camp fire he was at home, and many are the convulsions we have undergone while listening to his burlesque legal speeches, and Shakspearian recitations. May he live to *attend his own funeral!*

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"Myers,"—the philosopher, the artist. Short in stature, straight as an arrow, with an eye like a hawk's. No matter how complex the question, how many-sided the problem, or how apparently insurmountable the obstacles to be overcome; through a course of cold-blooded reasoning or sudden outburst of overwhelming argument, whether sensible or not it was sometimes difficult to determine, he would dispose of them, one and all, to his own satisfaction at least. It takes all manner of personages to form a world's population; and Myers was one of the necessary requisites in the woods.

"Wash" was our anchor, our rock of faith. Whether at this moment one of us would have been left to "tell this tale," is somewhat doubtful, had it not been for the good common sense, the sound judgment of Wash. Anything, from catching a mosquito napping, to pitching a tent or "doing" a long "carry," he could seemingly accomplish with about one-half the labor spent by any other man. His many feats of endurance, hard labor and *digestion*, will long be remembered. A dead shot he was, and the one into whose hands fell nearly every deer killed by us.

"Burnie,"—a wag in the fullest sense. If he spoke, sallies of wit, pointed sarcasm, and the richest jokes, flowed from his lips like a streamlet down the hill-side. A literary character of not much merit; musician of doubtful ability; artist of acknowledged deficiencies; sculptor of little note; printer of small pretensions; his versatility was equaled by nothing but his universal incapacity. A chap who could turn his hand to anything, and be eminent in nothing. But do without him and his lively conversation, and general ability to please, we could not.

"Frank"—at home a quiet, unassuming stripling—in the woods a "smasher." If on our route we had done such an impossible thing as to approach a basket of eggs too

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deep and broad for him to step *over*, he most assuredly would have stepped *into* it, regardless of after consequences. A character who could brook no opposition in anything,—who took his life by storm.

"Ned"—we are already ashamed for putting his name last on the list, but somebody *must* be last. He was one of the most unaccomplished sportsmen among us, and he has never improved. A writer of no mean ability; but catch a trout—oh, no! that is far above him. Burnie perpetrated a joke at his expense, claiming to have asked Ned, previous to our first visit to the woods, if he could "throw a fly." The reply was given with perfect solemnity:—

"Throw a fly! I would like to know what species of fly you expect to encounter up there; I can throw any fly that ever walked!" We do not vouch for the truth of the above, nor any other remark credited to that genius. Ned, could usually eat a good meal, though almost a physical wreck before his tours to the woods; a genial, generous, companionable fellow, whose experience has shown him much of the sober side of existence here. His note books, statistics, maps, fragments, etc., on nearly every subject and locality in the country worthy of attention, are a library.

Our party is completed with the introduction of "Uncle,"—not a *scientific* guide, of the John Plumbley order, but one of nature's noblemen at heart. He could do anything about a camp, from kindling a fire to dressing a deer. Not particularly well-versed in regard to the different routes to and into the wilderness, but as we had decided in the outset to abandon the current policy of taking a "guide" for each man, and to travel on our own responsibility, we thought Uncle, from his recommendation, would "do," and he has "done" for many long and hard trips.

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It has almost begun to seem that our last summer in the wilderness is passed when the old man's vitality gets too low to enable him to accompany us.*

Rough and uncomely in exterior, but self-sacrificing and kind at heart, over six feet tall, and constructed somewhat after the pattern of "tongs," his looks alone will inspire a kindly feeling. Burnie says "it is a deep stream that Uncle can't wade, and leave dry broadcloth between him and the water!"

. . . . . .

Around seven different firesides or bachelor hearths, the event which forms the foundation of this veracious chronicle had been fully canvassed in all its aspects, during the long evenings of Winter, and the dreary days of early Spring, whenever and wherever two or three of "we seven" happened to come together. Lovers of nature in her wildest and grandest aspects, most of us were; but hunters and fishers were few among us. Still, we had all read the extravaganzas of Murray, Headley, and others, and were appropriately *crazy*. One beautiful morning late in June, the "Honey-Moon" of the year, five of "we seven" strode the floor of the depot at the good "City of Salt," anxiously awaiting the arrival of the eastern bound train. Shortly thereafter we were aboard and whirling away. Arriving at Utica, we were joined by Myers, who, though expecting us, utterly failed to recognize us in our forest garb. After staring closely at the people around, he finally imagined he had found his man. Walking up to a stalwart six-footer from the country with a confident smile he gave him a tremendous slap on the shoulders, and shouted out: "Perhaps you think I don't know you in this rig!"

*In July of the year 1871, early one morning, Uncle rose from his couch in the woods awakened the party with complaints of a difficulty in his breathing, and in spite of all aid that could be rendered him, in half an hour the old woodsman's spirit passed from earth.

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What was his horror, when a perfect stranger turned around and rather savagely remarked:

"You are d—d familiar with your betters on short acquaintance!"

We relieved the poor fellow from his embarassment, and perhaps something worse, by crowding around and congratulating him on his arrival, etc.

The interval between trains, was passed away as all such intervals are, and we were soon *rushing* with snail-like speed over the Black River R. R., northward. But one pleasant incident remains to us on that ride. Great regret was expressed by an individual, (and we are sorry to say he belonged to our party), because this road didn't run near the beach of a lake, the "speed was so well adapted to trolling for pickerel!"

We were joined at Stitsville by Wash who walked into the cars accoutred like a dismounted cavalry man, with knapsack, gun, revolver, hunting knife, etc., and we invoiced him on the spot, fully expecting to find a sabre.

We arrived at Booneville at 6:30, on our way occasionally catching glimpses of the beautiful scenery around Trenton Falls.

Sperry, a man who makes a business of taking parties into the woods, met us at Boonville and was kindly informed by Burnie, that the place was called thus in honor of a great hunter named Daniel Boone, who was killed near that spot by the Indians.

It is twenty-four miles from this village to "ARNOLDS,' the famous gateway to the wilderness, of which more anon. We were soon upon the road, and at 2 P. M., arrived at Lawrence's, a sort of hunter's hotel, situated on the Moose River, a tributary of Black River, and 12 1-2 miles from Boonville. Here we lunched, and caught a little foretaste of a wretched habit of eating everything

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we could reach, which we all contracted before we saw civilization again.

There is at this point, an immense tannery owned by a man named C. J. Lyons, in whose interest it is run by Messrs. Todd & Kenyon. The main building is 430 feet long, with a wing extending 185 feet. From 100 to 300 men are employed, and it turns out annually 100,000 sides of leather. It is connected by private telegraph with the Black River Railroad. The owner is also the fortunate possessor of a comfortable little farm of 19,000 acres of land—about 30 square miles; and the Lyons estate is in possession of 200,000 acres, (including the former,) all woodland, embracing a section equal in extent to the original "John Brown Tract" purchase, a large portion of which it indeed includes.

Speaking of the "John Brown Tract," Burnie allowed that before he left home, he was asked by an ignoramus, "How big John Brown's *Track* was, that he had heer'd so much about."

Burnie informed him that it covered an immense section of land.

"Why, what an awful foot he must have had!" said his interrogator.

It was agreed that the inveterate wag coined that joke on the spot in cold blood, though many of us had heard the Tract spoken of without sounding the final "t."

The "highway," although it leads over frequent sandy hills or knolls, and, after entering the woods some miles back, includes several patches of corduroy roads, in riding over which one's bones and teeth chatter in unison, is a comparatively comfortable one. But the real "tug of war" commences at Lawrence's. Passengers are ferried across the river here in a rude flat boat, and horses ford the stream, beyond which we immediately enter the

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primeval forest in all its glory. Two or three of us rode in a rare specimen of wagon, (Governor said it did *wag on*) the others going a-foot. Frank looking as fierce as a Camanche, insisted upon going ahead, with a gun and revolver in either hand, and hunting-knife firmly held between his teeth, that he might have the glory of murdering the first bear, wolf, or panther of the trip. After having proceeded a mile and a half, which is indicated by rude figures cut in the bodies of barked trees, leaving a balance of ten miles to be "done" before reaching "Arnolds," Frank had not yet succeeded in procuring the least sip of blood, and anxiously inquired:—

"Aren't we most through these interminable woods?"

Heroism should, under all circumstances, be greatly admired. Self-sacrifice, its twin brother, should also receive its due meed of praise. Therefore, the frantic and *occasionally* successful efforts of Uncle and Ned to retain a seat and an upright position in the wagon, elicited shouts of admiration. The horizontal and vertical movements of that forest vehicle, were fearful to behold, and might be likened to the tossing of a noble ship in an angry sea. Nor did we fail to appreciate the disinterestedness of Sperry, who yielded up his seat and refused to ride a rod throughout all that weary tramp. He did not want to crowd out the others, oh, no, *sensible* as he was of the *comforts* of the ride.

Before our journey ended that night, Governor ascertained that measurement in the woods was *triangular*, whatever that may mean, and that any certain distance was *very lengthy*, and in that locality did not "lend enchantment," etc.

The first practical joke of a long series that followed, was perpetrated on the Governor, from whom the boys kept all knowledge of the "Fly Ointment," an article as

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necessary in the wilderness as food. He fought manfully the mosquitoes, flies and punkies, and settled many *bills* that were presented for his acknowledgment, before he discovered the existence of the protection.

The members of our club who were strangers to the woods, came to the decision thus early, that a visit to the Adirondacks in anticipation, had been rather inappropriately dressed in *summer clothes* of gaudy hues, and a short sharp shower, which in that region come and go almost like summer clouds across the sun, failed to wash out the conclusion.

To one who has been for at least a year shut up among the brick walls of a city, confined closely to business, never having been blessed with the privilege of a mile walk, unless at break-neck pace in the daily race to dinner, a tramp of ten miles is apt to draw heavily upon the muscles; but to us careworn victims, who in our town-life, had in all the year scarcely caught a glimpse of a spire of green grass, or drew a breath of God's pure air, the overwhelming delight that possessed us as we eagerly snuffed the scented breezes, and tripped over the miles of heath and woodland, amply repaid us for the fatigue that accompanied it.

At length, weary and foot-sore, but with appetites to which we had all been strangers for at least a year, just as the fair goddess of night, round and full, arose in the east, and the clear night flung out her starry banner, whose myriad flashing diamonds winked at us through the foliage above, we dropped our burdens at "Arnolds."

As we approached the house, we passed through the yard, where the daughters of the family were engaged in milking, with a little smoking fire beneath every cow. Here was a new feature. Such remarks as the following, greeted the ears of the fair milkers:

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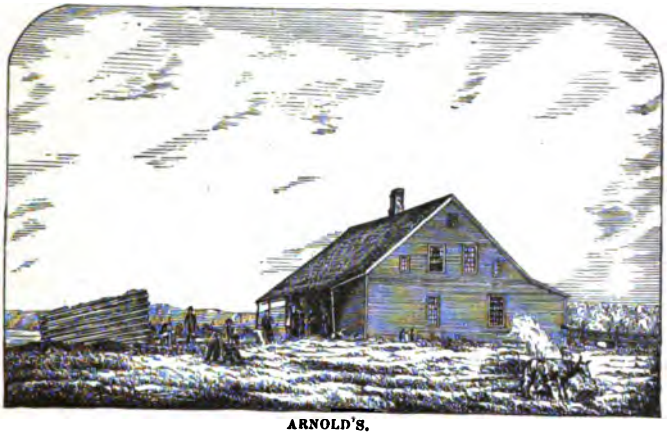

ARNOLD'S.

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

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From Governor, with his usual profanity :—

"D—d if they ain't smoking their beef with the skins on!"

From Myers, in a philosophical tone :—

"I've heard of building fires under balky horses, but I fail to see the necessity for serving cows that way."

From Ned :—

"If I had those cows to groom, I would adopt the recipe of a gentleman in Fairfield, which would effectually discourage the punkies :—Soak 'em six weeks in a tan vat. By this method, the same process that drowned the insects. would make sole leather of the hides of the cattle."

Burnie wound up with a solemn countenance :—

"Boys, can't you see that this is done as a matter of domestic economy? The gradual and increasing warmth, acts upon the udder of the animal, and, through that, upon the lacteal contents thereof, producing a sort of coagulation, whereby the creamy globules are precipitated :—

"Ha! ha! ha!" from all the party, who had by this time begun to learn by experience, that the smouldering fires were "smudges" to drive the "punkies" from the cows, that they might be milked in peace.

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CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS, as we have mentioned insects, a word or two regarding the particular varieties which in this great wilderness "most do congregate," will not be inappropriate.

As might be expected, the omnipresent mosquito abounds; but we as a party, always possessed something akin to respect for this sleepless little nightingale.

It is the enemy who steals upon us unawares, the thief who comes in the night, the assassin who stabs us in our back, that we most despise; while around the deeds of the bold enemy who confronts us in his own person, or the dashing highwayman who politely invites us to loan him our purse, a sort of halo of glory arises.

It is so with the wilderness insects.

There are four varieties that are most prominent, and we will name them respectively, as the memory of their persecutions is more or less vivid, the least harmless first, viz:—The unterrified mosquito, the persistent deer-fly, the insinuating black fly, and that irrepressible quintessence of *cussedness*, the punkey. This is the order in which we appreciated the assiduity of their attentions; others may see or feel the thing in a different light. The taste of the blood of different people may affect the palates of these marauders differently, and we think it is

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the case. We have seen, on Racket Lake, an old superannuated, whiskey-soaked combination of guide, trapper and beggar, one injection of whose blood into a punkey's trunk, would make him gutter-drunk for one week and sick abed the next, while perhaps a tough old mosquito might stand under it.

Such a man as that would naturally disagree with us, regarding the length of time required by one of each of these different varieties, to kill a man ; but we scorn any interference in our theory, and hold to our position.

The mosquito never stabs you in your back—if your coat is thick. What we mean is, he never comes unheralded. His onward march is proclaimed in dulcet tones, and he beguiles your ear with music before dining from your jugular. He must be a trifle egotistical, for he emphatically "blows his own horn." He is the dandy of his race.

Moreover, he evidently understands human nature and the motives of men ; for he prudently delights you with the crescendo and diminuendo of his song, until, if fishing, he discovers you with one hand dexterously playing with a noble trout, before attempting to land him, and with the other grasping a limb, thereby steadying yourself upon the apex of a great, green, slippery rock in the rapids. With almost human sagacity, he takes in the position at a glance. He sees that if you drop your rod you lose your game, and if you loosen your grasp of the limb you will go over the falls. He reconnoiters the quiet member that rests upon the limb, hovers an instant above it, then settles upon a swelling vein, as lightly as a snow-flake in a lake.

No vain twitching of your muscles can dislodge him. He has secured his position by strategy. You stand there, resolved to be a martyr rather than risk the loss of the

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trout, while he lances an artery. At length, having landed your game, or lost it, you drop your rod, and just as the little insect's body swells with your red blood, you lift your disengaged hand slowly above his devoted head, slowly lower it with deadly aim, and slap!—where he *was!*

Who can decry the generalship displayed by the mosquito; he gained his point; or, rather, possessing the point by nature, he succeeded in stabbing you with it.

The deer-fly is a glutton; he strikes you in the face, and before you realize the fact, he is below your cuticle, and then nothing can shake him off. No, nothing. He clings to his dinner, and, receiving his death-blow while at his unholy repast, he rolls at your feet. Fortunately they are short lived.

The black fly is about as large as a small kernel of wheat. He is the most reckless, and perhaps the most dreaded and most dangerous of the wilderness insects. He gets upon you, you hardly know how; generally alights upon your garments, and then crawls to his feeding-place. In fact he looks rather "buggy." Sanderson said the black-fly reminded him of the good old "gray-back" days of '64 You scarcely have any intimation of their approach until you feel, or see, a few drops of blood trickling down your face or hand. He is literally, a winged assassin. Like a cow in a garden, he destroys more than he eats; and for the sake of the small quantity of blood seemingly required to fill him up, he will bore a hole through your skin as big as his body, smother his black head in the absorbents, and then, like the boy at the molasses cask, believes in "lettin' her run." There are a few people in this world so blessed that the bite of the black fly does not poison them; but they are scarce. Governor insisted that he was one

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of the fortunate ones until the second day after we were fairly in the woods.

"Let 'em bite," said he; "it don't hurt me an atom. Suppose it does draw a little blood?—it will do me good."

So he "let 'em bite" the first day. On arising next morning he appeared to have the goitre in his neck, inflammatory rheumatism in his hands, and, as Burnie said, "was a regular swell-head, generally." It is a peculiarity of the poison in the bite of this insect, that in the blood of most persons, the inflammation does not follow until some hours after the bite.

But the punkey is the "boss." In size they are about as big as a drop of *fog*. Magnified, they are a pair of jaws on wings. Their bite is instantaneous; in fact, it is not well settled that they don't bite in a dozen spots at once. Their jaws "go off" like nitro glycerine.

It has been said that nothing is created without a purpose. If this statement be true, the punkey was created to eat. They are usually spoken of in the plural number, for they go in droves. If you feel a bite from one, (and that "if" is entirely superfluous,) you may rest assured you are surrounded.

The other insects we have mentioned, may, by the judicious use of gloves, head-nets and such gear, be kept at bay; but punkies!—Governor swears they will fly through birch bark.

The black fly, when preparing to bleed you, can be seen; the mosquito warns you with his music; but punkies can be neither seen nor heard, and if they could, what would it avail? You might, could you see them, kill an occasional one, but their funerals are marvelously well attended.

They breed—any time, and are ready for business in fifteen minutes after birth. They can drill a hole in a per-

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son's skin twice as deep as their own bodies are long, in just two-fifths of a second, eat a square meal off his blood and get away in another fifth, digest it and return hungry during the other two. It is thought by some that there must be an instant of time while a punkey is tapping your blood-vessels, when he remains quiet; but we met no one who could make oath to it, except Capt. Parker at Long Lake. He informed us that he fired twice at what he supposed to be a panther in a tree directly over his head, but which further investigation proved to be a punkey in his eye brows.

We despair of giving an adequate description of the sensations experienced from an attack of a well regulated family of punkies, but it may be likened to a constant shower of fine sharp sand upon one s face, each grain of which should be poisoned sufficiently to leave a sting for five minutes. There is one element that punkies can't stand. That is fire and smoke. Governor consoles himself with the remark, that if he is adjudged as unworthy in the next world, he will go where punkies can't live.

No; punkies can't live in thick smoke; but the trouble with this remedy is that there are but few men who can live many days and breathe nothing else. Another much vaunted antidote is a wonderfully nauseous decoction, called "Oil of Tar." This is the fluid almost universally used by guides, and by many sportsmen, to drive away punkies. Personally, we never used it; but we have seen it, and *smelled* it, and we haven't a doubt that it answers the purpose. If punkies show any good taste or discrimination, it is in their unwillingness to suck blood through a coating of that stuff. It makes a man smell like the ruins after a fire, and his face look like a smoked shoulder.

Our preventive is one which answers tolerably well, and

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it has the merit of being clean, and smelling sweet. We speak of the oil of Penny-Royal. This mixed into fresh lard, and used freely in connection with "smudges," to clear a tent or shanty before retiring, is usually quite effective.

Its worst objection is, that its scent is not lasting. As a consequence, one is sometimes compelled to drop his rod when in the midst of an exciting "catch," to renew the application.

Now, after having written this chapter, it occurs to us that perhaps Ned, in the Guide Book hereto appended, has given explicit descriptions and remedies for the persecution of these various pests; and the thought intrudes itself that maybe *some* reliable statements may have crept into our remarks on the subject, which might be duplicated by him. Perhaps, on the whole, it will be as well for the reader to skip this chapter entire, and seek solid information upon the subject in the appendix.

After this caution, any person rash enough to turn back, does so at his own risk.

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CHAPTER III.

THE largest grant of land ever made by the State of New York to citizens, says French's Gazetteer, was that of Macomb's Purchase of 1791-8 in Franklin, St. Lawrence, Jefferson, Lewis, Herkimer and Oswego counties, which embraces 3,693,755 acres, and includes all the Great Wilderness of Northern New York, popularly known as "John Brown's Tract," though this tract really comprises but 210,000 acres, a small proportion of the original grant.

Across this great section, nearly one hundred miles in diameter, which is almost a continued series of mountain ranges, extends, in a northeast direction from the Mohawk River at Little Falls, the Adirondack Range, which ends at Trembleau Point on Lake Champlain. In this Range is Mt. Marcy, about 5300 feet high, and the highest point of land in the State.

In the middle portion of the wilderness, the mountains are more isolated, sloping off in the western portion to pleasantly varied hill and valley. Rich marbles are found here, and extensive beds of iron ore, the latter most abundant in the eastern portion, where are mines yielding 75 per cent. of pure metal and producing steel equal to the best made from Swedish or Russian ores. The soil of the valleys and the western portion will produce

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common agricultural products ; but owing to the elevation and lower temperature of the eastern and more mountainous sections, the land is nearly worthless. Occasionally, on the edges of the wilderness are small clusters of rough habitations, and among the lakes and streams now and then, a hunter's cabin or shanty ; but no settlement is found in all the vast domain. The panther, bear, wolf and wild cat, the deer, fisher, sable, otter, etc., abound, and until recently, an occasional moose was slain in the deep fastnesses of the forest. Lake trout abound in the clear waters, and speckled trout in the cold spring brooks and streams.

Within the valleys between the mountain ranges are several of the most remarkable chains of lakes in the world. The northern chain is the most extensive of all. It comprises "Brantingham and other lakes in Lewis County ; the Fulton Chain and twenty others in Herkimer County, Cranberry Lake, and many others in St. Lawrence Co., Tuppers, Raquette, Forked, and Long Lakes, with fifty others in Hamilton Co., and a large number in Franklin Co. ; flowing in to Raquette River ; St. Regis Lake and Osgood's Pond into St. Regis River, Ragged Lake Round Lake and Ingraham Pond into Salmon River, Lake Placid into the Au Sable, the Chateaugay Lakes into the Chateaugay River, and the Chazy Lakes into Chazy River." Here among these clustering gems in the great wilderness, whose waters are clear as crystal and icy cold, and in the miles of forest depths and mountain fastnesses around them, is an elysium for the sportsman, a haven of rest for the world-weary, and a hospital for the enfeebled and overtaxed victims of civilization.

The "Brown Tract" proper, was made specially famous a dozen years ago by a brilliant, though somewhat inac-

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curate article from the pen of T. B. Thorpe, and published in Harper's Monthly Magazine. He says, that "*nearly* fifty years ago it was purchased by a wealthy gentleman of Rhode Island," and that "strange as it may seem, tradition is already at fault and contradictory as to the particulars."

"Who sold it, who made the title, and what was originally paid, are things only to be exhumed by laborious and non-compensating research."

We have made the necessary "research" and we are amply compensated; for the benefit of coming generations we state the facts:—In the year 1793, nearly eighty years ago, John Brown, from Providence, R. I., purchased from Daniel McCormick and Alexander Macomb, holders of the immense tract above spoken of, a section of 210,000 acres, lying about the head waters of the Moose River, a stream composed of an almost unbroken succession of rapids, which would furnish water power sufficient for the whole State, could it be utilized. The purchase price of this section was the princely sum of about nine pence per acre.

In 1798-9, Brown visited his purchase and erected some log huts, a rude grist mill and saw mill, with the view of making his property salable. He, however, soon became discouraged and returned to his eastern home.

Charles F. Herreshoff, a son-in-law of John Brown, visited the Tract in the year 1812, with the intent, as he said, of "settling it or settling himself." He did the latter. He was a perfect gentleman, of commanding presence, and a fine scholar.

After spending seven years of time and $15,000 in money, coupled with indomitable energy, he succeeded in clearing about two thousand acres of land, erecting many buildings, including the forge hereafter mentioned, and

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gathered around him thirty or forty families, when he, too, became discouraged, and on the 19th of December, 1819, effectually "*settled himself*" by blowing out his own brains with a pistol. Above his grave at Boonville is a marble slab erected by his friends, bearing this inscription:

CHARLES
FREDERICK
HERRESHOFF,
Obit Dec. 19,
1819,
Atat 50.

He is reported on good authority to have manufactured at his forge *one ton* of iron of good quality, and which cost him *one dollar a pound.* It is but little wonder that he killed himself. With this tragedy ended all hopes of a settlement, and the followers of Herreshoff drifted away to more congenial localities.

From Moose River to the first clearing of the "Brown Tract" it is eleven miles over a most horribly rocky, stony, muddy, slippery road, through a desolate region wooded with spruce, balsam, beech, birch, and some maple. Of this particular section, Judge Stow is said to have once observed, that "it was so poor it would make a crow weep tears of blood to fly over it."

Thirty-five years ago, one Otis Arnold, from whom the house and grounds were named, with a good wife and one child, took possession of about the only building left of all the settlement commenced by the unfortunate Herreshoff, and with some doubtful improvements, here lived for many years, and raised a large family of children,—a sort of half-way house, a guide-board to and from the Wilderness, until the occurrence at his house on Tuesday, Sept, 22, 1868, of a terrible double tragedy, of which a correct account is given in the following chapter.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE 18th. day of September, 1868, a guide named James Short, who lived near Warrensburgh, Essex Co., stopped at "Arnold's," then kept by Edwin Arnold a son of the old pioneer, for a few days, rest and refreshment, having just made a long tour of the Wilderness.

While stopping there he bought of Ed. Arnold, a hound and afterwards a strap and chain of a Mr. Bigelow, who was at work at Arnold's, with which to lead his dog. Bigelow being somewhat reluctant to sell the strap, as it was the property of Ed. Arnold, was told by Short that if it was not all right on Arnold's return, he would make it right.

This sale took place on Monday, Sept. 21st.

Short having completed his preparations for departure, called his dog to him and commenced putting the strap around his neck, when Otis Arnold stepped towards him and said :—

"Short, that strap is mine, and if you put it on the dog's neck I will cut it off.".

Short replied—"I have bought the strap and paid for it ;" then added in a joking way, "if you cut it off the dog, I will cut your throat !"

Arnold immediately whipped out his knife and approached in a threatening manner, when Short pushed him back. Arnold then clinched the guide, when he was hurled into a corner of the room by the superior strength

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of the younger man, who shook his clenched fist in Arnold's face, and said :—

"If you were not an old man I would strike you!"

He then pushed Arnold away from him, remarking :— "I don't want any fuss with an old man."

Arnold then rushed to the corner of the room, and, grasping his double-barreled shot gun, commenced to load it, when Short, prompted by a bystander, hurried towards him and knocked aside his powder flask, from which the old man was charging the gun, and the powder fell to the floor. Arnold immediately stepped to another part of the room and again commenced loading his gun, and was again prevented by Short, who accompanied his action with the remark.

"Old man, you can't load that gun now!"

This was repeated the third time, when the exasperated old man, exclaiming, "If it has got so I can't load my own gun in my own house, I will see," stepped backward a few feet, cocked the left barrel, pulled the trigger, and lodged nine buck shot in the bowels of his victim, lacerating him in a horrible manner. The unfortunate man lived about five hours, denouncing Arnold's cruelty in shooting him. The only excuse was that the guide had threatened to cut his throat.

The last words of the dying man were a request that his wife might be informed of all the circumstances of the tragedy.

While Short lay groaning in the house, Arnold, with his daughters, went about their work. He was asked by one of them how he *could* have shot the guide ; that he would now be arrested.

Arnold's reply was :—

"I will never be taken from the woods alive!"

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He soon after entered the house, made some wandering remarks to his family about his property, then stepped to the door of the room where the guide lay, who asked him to reload his gun and put him out of his misery. He turned and left the house, ostensibly to drive the cattle from the potatoes.

That was the last seen of the old man alive!

He went to the beach of Nick's Lake, a favorite resort of his, and having put in his pockets four stones weighing about twelve pounds, and tied one around his neck weighing forty-five pounds, he pushed the boat with a stick to near the upper center of the lake, and there, where there was no hand to rescue and no eye to pity, he threw himself, a victim of remorse, into the clear water. A plung, a gasp, a ripple, and Otis Arnold was before his only Judge.

Thirty days afterwards his body was found floating near the shore, and was taken in charge by Coroner Fox, of Mohawk, and after the inquest, was taken to Boonville and buried by the side of his wife.

The house, "Arnold's," was closed to visitors for some time after the above occurrence, but has been re-opened by E. M. Arnold, and serves as a "sportsman hotel" for nearly all the parties who enter the Wilderness by that route.

We have been thus particular in our account of this tragedy, as there are a thousand stories afloat regarding it, nearly all of which are erroneous.

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CHAPTER V.

AFTER a short halt and refreshment at "Arnold's," where we listened to some of the particulars of the above history of the great Wilderness and this particular locality, we proceeded, weary as we were, three miles further onward, to what is known as the "Dam"—(the Governor, with his usual wickedness, said it was a "dam" poor place to stop)—and there, near the site of an ancient forge, where fifty years ago the music of a trip hammer made the forest echoes rebound from tree to tree, we found a nearly completed and pleasantly located "hotel," overlooking the waters of the great mill pond. But we did not leave home and its untold blessings to lodge in hotels, so pursuant to our original plan of "roughing it" to the utmost of our endurance, though we have since somewhat modified our views on the subject, at an hour late enough to make us all long for the embrace of Morpheus, we repaired to a half-ruined shanty just at the edge of a belt of woods near by, and made hasty preparations for the night. Wash, to whom we were already beginning to look as to an oracle capable of predicting our destiny at least one day ahead, cast a sharp eye to westward, and ominously grumbled out :—

"Boys, perhaps you know it, and perhaps you don't ; but it will rain before morning."

Frank, casting his eyes upwards, where he saw nothing

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but a few scattered, ragged clouds, driving away eastward, broke out with his usual obstinate vehemence :—

"Yes, you are always predicting some misery. It looks about as much like rain as it does like snow."

He *peeped* before morning.

But we went to work and made a little spread of boughs to keep us from the earth, and there under that crazy shelter, in length, from front to rear, hardly sufficient to admit the tall form of Uncle, without, as he said, "leaving his feet out in the dew," the green ones among "we seven" received their first experience in "camping out."

The heavens leaked before morning.

We had scarcely taken a horizontal position before fair Luna hid her face behind the thickening clouds, "ashamed," Burnie said next day, "of using us so shabbily on our first night out," and before many hours of the following inky darkness had gone, the rain began to fall upon and through the well ventilated roof above us.

It is, as we know from pleasant memories, one of the comforts of life at home, to rest in peace and with a clear conscience, just beneath a roof guiltless of any form of ceiling, and be lulled to sleep by the steady falling, drip, drip, murmur, murmur, of the easy coming summer rain ; but rest assured, the man who wrote and composed "Rain upon the Roof," was not sheltered at the time by any such skimmer as we vainly courted sleep beneath on that memorable night.

To improve our felicity, about midnight, Ed. Arnold and another man, who had been "floating" for deer on First Lake, came in, wet and steaming like a mill pond at sunrise, and craved a shelter. What sportsman ever refused such a request ; and they at once sandwiched themselves among us, making us about as familiar as angle worms in

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a bait box. At the first sound of their approaching steps, Frank, the vigilant, raised up and shouted:

"Boys, you sleepy dogs, don't you hear those bears prowling about?"

And just at that instant we caught the sound of a lowing cow. He gave a spring and landed outside the shanty, screaming:—

"The wolves, the wolves are coming!"

Uncle, the good old soul, soon pacified the boy, who, placing his feet between those of his prostrate companions, shut himself down into his former place like a knife-blade in its handle.

Governor passed most of that night in hacking at a stump with the hatchet, and feeding the feeble hissing fire as tenderly as he would a sick child.

Morning came at last, clad in sombre robes, but very welcome. Our stiffened, dripping forms were revived with a good breakfast and some hot coffee, prepared under the skillful management of Uncle, and we immediately transported our "traps" to the beach near the dam, and in a short time we were blessed with the sight of a break in the gray fog that surrounded us, then a spot of blue sky, and soon the sun in all his beneficent glory cast a halo of gold above the tree tops that formed the settings for millions of tiny diamonds.

Here, in the Herreshoff dwelling, (printed Harrisoff in French's Gazetteer,) near the Forge, some forty years ago, the famous trapper of this wilderness, "Old Nat. Foster," and his family, had their habitation. In a hut but a little distance away, dwelt an Indian hunter named Peter Waters, but commonly known as "Drid," and in another house hard by, lived three bachelor brothers, named Wood.

Foster, although he was very kind to his neighbors, and

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especially so to the "Red Skin," became to the latter an object of bitter hate; this unnatural return for kindness, being produced, doubtless, by jealousy of Foster's prowess as a hunter and trapper.

The Indian nursed his animosity until it possessed his whole being, and, overlooking the fact that "Uncle Nat" had often dispensed many little comforts to his wretched family, sought every opportunity to destroy the unoffending old man; and numerous were the narrow escapes from death at the Indian's hands, that the old trapper experienced in the space of two or three years.

At length becoming desperate over this ceaseless, murderous persecution, which seemed probable to terminate in his own destruction, he came to the resolution that he would take the first opportunity to shoot his wary enemy, considering the deed warrantable as a means of self-defense. An opportunity soon occurred. On the morning of the murder, Foster had made an arrangement with two comrades to accompany them to Fourth Lake, on a hunting expedition.

The Indian having left his traps at Raquette Lake, twelve miles beyond, concluded to accompany the party as far as they went.

No sooner did the young Indian meet with Foster at the house of one of the party, than their old quarrels were renewed, which resulted in Drid's getting the old hunter down upon the floor, and wounding him in the arm, in an attempt to stab him to the heart. Further bloodshed at that time was prevented by the interposition of Foster's comrades.

The thwarted Indian swore vengeance, and declared to Foster at the end of a horrid oath:—

"You no live till Christmas!"

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Foster, the unoffending old hunter, whose slumbering passions were now awakened, retorted :—

"You'll do d—d well if you see another moon !"

He then retired, refusing to join the party. Well knowing, the maddened Indian would lurk about and take the first opportunity to shoot him, he resolved to destroy his foe. He took his rifle, and, by a circuitous route, proceeded up the river, nearly to First Lake, to where a point of land projects into the stream, now known as "Murderer's Point." Here the old man obtained a commanding position, and patiently awaited the arrival of the hunting party.

They at length appeared; the Indian, no doubt, fearing danger from his enemy, keeping his boat close to and on the water side of Foster's friends. He did not count upon the deadly aim of the old veteran. At the moment of passing the fatal point, the Indian caught a glimpse of a fearful figure in the bushes with rifle poised, and throwing up his arms in terror, at the instant of the report of the gun, he fell backward, partly over the edge of his canoe, pierced through the heart by two balls, that whistled *between* Foster's friends !

This must be acknowledged a remarkable shot, and would, alone, fully establish his reputation as one of the best marksmen of whom we have any record.

Foster immediately ran home and went to bed, where he was soon found by his comrades, who hastened from the fatal scene.

He expressed surprise at seeing the party returned so soon, and asked what had brought them back. He was told that Drid was up the lake in his canoe, dead ; and he was asked to go and aid in getting the body home. He did so, and himself lifted the body into the boat.

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Foster was soon after arrested, and gave bail for his appearance at Court.

His trial was long and exciting, but he was finally acquitted.

The sympathies of everybody acquainted with the circumstances, were with the persecuted old hunter,

He died in March, 1841, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Edgerton, in Boonville, in the 74th year of his age.

In Headley's Book on the Adirondacks, is a somewhat detailed account of this affair; but it is at strange variance with the real facts.

He names the man who slew the Indian, Johnson, and assures the reader that whether the murder was committed in cold blood, or in the heat of a sudden passion, no one knows. Also, that it was a singular discovery that detected "Johnson," and that he was convicted by one Court and acquitted by another.

For this accomplished and usually accurate writer to make these reckless statements, is almost wonderful.

We have given the particulars of the deed as they occurred.

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CHAPTER VI.

BE it here noted that "we seven" swore a great oath before leaving home, that in all our wanderings we would scorn to rest beneath a roof. We had not many opportunities to break it.

As we have said, in pursuance of this resolution we left "Arnold's," and passed the rainy night at the old forge.

The next morning, at an early hour, Wash and Myers repaired to Arnold's to procure the two boats which had been contracted for in advance of our arrival. But Arnold, boats and all, were invisible.

Our heroes were patient in waiting—(as we couldn't move without boats, this meritorious patience may be construed into a necessity,)—and after two hours delay, were pleased to see the "landlord" approaching. What was their astonishment on being informed by that worthy, that "there was so many calls for his boats we could not have any." This was a "stunner," but the matter was soon amicably arranged, and the boats procured.

Through all this delay, the genial sun had climbed well up towards the zenith and was sprinkling the ground at our feet with golden fragments of his rays that were shattered among the tree tops, before we were ready for our start. There is an uninterrupted water communication from the forge, either up or down, for twelve miles.

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The day was delightful in the extreme. Not a leaf quivered in the forest, save the never-quiet poplar, and all the water surface that the eye took in was one great mirror, in which every tree and shrub, every bush and fern, point and headland, was pictured, making the depths seem interminable.

Away we went with sally of talk and carol of song up the great pond, which is nearly three miles long, its "back waters" reaching into First Lake. It is thickly set with dead trees, tall pines and scraggy knots, all drowned in their constant freezing bath.

Leaving the pond, we entered First Lake, a beautiful little sheet of water, about one mile by one and one-half miles in extent. It contains but one island, called "Dog Island," from the doubtful story of a dog being found upon it by its first visitor.

By a narrow channel we passed into Second Lake, which is shorter than the first, but not so wide, and is destitute of islands.

The channel from this to Third Lake is still narrower, and the Lake is wider than either of those passed. It is of great depth and pure as crystal, and contains one beautiful green island, but little wooded. Along its northern shore rises the sublime and naked front of Bald Mountain, once called "Foster's Observatory," as Old Nat said that from its summit, "he could see numbers of the Lakes, enjoy himself, and not be troubled by the d—d Indians." To him, doubtless, this was the very climax of happiness.

The mountain is easy of access and the view from its top magnificent. Near the head of Third Lake we landed, and beneath the overspreading boughs of an old forest king, we partook of our midday repast.

Appetites at par thus early. Here, in a clearing of

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several acres, is a log house, known as "Grant's Place," a man of that name having built and occupied it for some time, long ago. This is a favorite camping place with hunters.

"Boys," said our philosopher, Myers, as we lounged about in the grateful shade, "isn't it strange what a change in a person's desire and appetites is wrought by even a few days, life here in the woods. Here we are sleeping with nothing but the heavens for a blanket, (and I may say a wet one at that sometimes), living on the plainest of food, and yet we are all hearty, gaining strength daily, and I think tolerably happy."

A few moments silence fell upon the group after this homily, broken finally by Ned, who doubtless saw a vision of home as he remarked :—

"O, yes ; that's all very fine. Myers wouldn't eat a piece of good mince pie if he could get it—oh ! no."

We reluctantly left our pleasant location, and worked our way through a narrow and rapid channel, when all at once, and with the effect of a sudden change of scene on the stage, Fourth Lake, a gem of the chain, unfolds itself.

The shores are now higher ; rising from one ascent to another, until they assume a mountainous character.

As we drifted along, the movement of our boats was so quiet and the stroke of Uncle's oars so even, that point, headland and undulating hill, seemed slowly filing by us, while we remained stationary.

The beautiful dark green hemlock in many places grew and over-leaned the water's edge, where it fairly smiled in the sun to its counterpart in the deep water below.

A ripple running shoreward from our boats would break the delicate picture into a million fragments, but each at once sought out and found its fellow, like the moving

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colors of the kaleidoscope, and like that again, the delicate tracery of the luxuriant foliage was soon before us, above and below, in duplicate.

Fourth Lake is six miles in length, and varies in width from one to two miles. It contains four islands, viz:— "Deer Island," which consists of about one hundred acres of fine timbered land; "Bear Island," containing perhaps a dozen acres; a small island, nearly round, known as "Dollar Island;" and near the center of the Lake, a remarkable pile of bare rocks called "Elba," covering a quarter of an acre of land. Its yellow and gray sides are spotted here and there by dark green vegetation, forming in appearance, as it hangs in duplicate, half afloat and half immersed, a great setting of agate and emeralds in the placid bosom of the lake. Long years ago it was surmounted by a solitary pine, a sentinel over the domain of Fourth Lake.

Frank, the irrepressible, on approaching this natural monument, broke out with an exhibition of doubtful erudition:—

"So, that is Elba, is it? Let's see; that's the place of the last banishment of Louis Napoleon, ain't it?"

Along the shores we occasionally passed a "hunter's home," and in one instance, hung up before the shanty, was the carcass of a deer.

Visions of venison floated before the eyes of Frank, who thought it a prime chance to shoot his first game.

He was restrained by the probability that there was a better shot than he near by, and that it would doubtless prove a *dear* shot for him.

Wash obtained one shot at some ducks, far overhead, but, from the movements of the boat, missed them.

The eager eyes of Burnie soon caught sight of another flock, floating in the water at a distance ahead, and he

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grabbed a gun, that he might outdo our "crack" marksman.

Had he seen the comical wink in one of Uncle's eyes, he would have saved his powder.

Snap, whang, went his gun, and not a duck rose.

"Boys, row up, row up! I've killed every one of them;" he shouted, and fairly danced with elation.

It was the very hight of high comedy, to witness the gradual change of expression that settled over his countenance as we approached his "ducks." Nearer and nearer we came, and their size increased until they were giants by the side of a Muscovy. We came up to them, and Uncle struck one with an oar; it gave back a dull thud, much like a knot on the dead, scraggy branch of a tree, floating in the water.

We heard no more from Burnie for at least—a minute.

On this trip we again caught the Governor off his guard.

"Uncle," said he, "there comes a raft with three men on it."

Uncle turned towards the object, which indeed seemed floating down past us. He eyed it for a moment.

"No, Governor, that's a small island. Don't ye see how it breaks yer line o' sight to them wilderness on t'other shore?"

"No," Governor didn't see it, and persisted that it was a raft.

"I guy, Governor," said Uncle, with his favorite oath, "I thought you know'd something before!" And striking his oars deep in the water, he stopped the boat, as Governor could readily see by looking at the eastern shore.

"There," said Uncle, "does your pesky raft move now?"

"Well, I guess I know what I'm talking about," retorted

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the Governor, and as we passed the little island at some distance, he insists to this day that he "saw a raft."

At the time of the occurrences above narrated, we were all, Uncle included, almost strangers to this part of the wilderness, and all who have made the delightful trip of these lakes, well know how difficult it is, especially in Fourth Lake, to ascertain the whereabouts of the inlet, up which we must pass to Fifth Lake. Uncle's muscle and impatience were both nearly exhausted, when at last, just as daylight said "good bye" to night, and shaking hands, passed over the western hill, the little channel was discovered.

Wash and Frank pushed the boats up the stream, while the rest of us walked over the portage.

One-eighth of a mile up, or about half way to Fifth Lake, we came upon a log shanty hut, where we determined to pass the night.

Supper rapidly disappeared, and while we were concluding our preparations for rest, Uncle came very near losing his life. Sanderson, with unusual carelessness for him, was cleaning and wiping off his rifle while loaded, when the hammer caught in his garments, was drawn back, and snapped, and the bullet whistled within three inches of Uncle's ear.

"I guy," said he, "that's close enough to get acquainted; but I s'pose I'm as well now as if it went a rod above my head." No one could dispute that philosophy, and no one did.

The shades of twilight gathered fast about us, making the distances between the trees, but a few feet from our cheerful fire, look like dark caves, which, with the familiarity of the mosquitoes, served to drive us with one accord near the camp.

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After an half-hour's enjoyment of our brier-woods and killickinick, which nowhere on earth are such sources of rest and contentment as here, Wash lounged around to where Sanderson lay with his well-cleaned rifle beside him, and remarked:—

"I say, Sanderson, what do you think of going back to the Lake and "floating" round a little. I begin to feel as though I would like a smell of fresh venison."

"I'll go," replied Sanderson; and Burnie, overhearing the question, came around and begged for the privilege of accompanying them. He said he would sit quite still in the middle of the boat, little knowing what two hours, endurance of such a position meant. The party rigged up our "Jack," *not* Murray's, took their guns, and with scarcely a word to the rest of the group, away they went down the stream and into the Lake.

Beneath the countless millions of worlds above us, the armies of the Night Queen, and above their gleaming likenesses in the depth of the polished lake, we softly glided.

O, how *little* we seemed and felt in the grand and awful stillness, and the wicked, scheming world, with its myriad follies, seemed far away. Night in her purple robes, sober and silent, sat upon the surrounding mountains, and royally ruled the star-spangled lake and the forest depths.

Our meditations were broken by what we thought an unneccessary "hist!" from Wash, who crouched beneath the light in the bow of the boat, his trusty rifle "cocked" and in his grip, ready for instant use.

For a mile and a half we glided along, noiselessly propelled by the paddle at the stern, in the grasp of Sanderson, undisturbed save by the occasional screech of an owl, or the spatter of a frog in the still water. At last, when Burnie's patience was nearly exhausted, and his uncom-

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fortable position unendurable, we were startled by a distant "splash," sounding like a restive horse, pawing the water of a brook. Wash turned a quick glance toward the stern of the boat, which Sanderson comprehended, and the light shell shot like an arrow, and as silent, towards the sound.

We had proceeded perhaps fifty rods, when the boat was stopped by a backward wave of the hand from Wash, between whom and Sanderson at the stern, there seemed to be a regular code of signals.

At this moment we saw him slowly bring his rifle to his shoulder, and eye well down to his "sight"—slash! and the echoes came back to us from a hundred points, until it seemed that a regiment of infantry had fired a volley over the lake. There was a crash in the bushes, then all was still.

Sanderson run the boat ahead at the beck of Wash, and still ahead through the sheen of lily pads, clear to the abrupt shore. Every eye was strained into the dim distance, but no deer.

"If I didn't hit that fellow," said Wash, with disappointment, "I'll never go back to camp," and he quickly sprang ashore.

All at once he dropped his rifle, whipped out his hunting knife, and in another instant was astride the carcass of a noble forest ranger, his keen knife licking the warm blood in his throat.

"I thought so," said he; "old 'Death,' there," pointing to his rifle, "don't often go back on me!" and the dying animal turned his sad, kind-looking eye, toward his murderer, gave a sigh, a short struggle, and was—inanimate venison.

Lifting the deer into the boat, we made the best time

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to camp, arriving there just as the round moon slid from beneath the clouds, and stared straight down upon us from above.

Frank, the wakeful, had heard the sharp ring of Wash's rifle, and roused up the boys, declaring that he knew we had killed a lion or a bear.

Uncle, who knew Wash pretty well, bustled about, made some coffee, cut off a stout limb from a neighboring standing tree, leaving its sharp stub projecting a foot, and when the boat appeared in sight, said :—

"Bring him up boys; hang him right up here, and won't we have a breakfast!"

The details of the trip were canvassed over our coffee, and then, weary in body, but with brain clear as a child's, and digestion perfect, we turned to a rest and sleep utterly unknown in the haunts of civilization.

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CHAPTER VII.

LYING parallel to the Fulton chain, and mostly opposite Fourth Lake, about two miles northward, is a chain of three small lakes, several miles in extent which also discharg their waters into Moose River. The stream is called North Branch, and the lakes North Branch Lakes. Still a little further north is Big Moose Lake. The respective position of their waters will be readily run by reference to the map.

Morning, after the incidents of the preceding chapter, parted the curtains in the East, dallied a little, hurried on her dress of gold, and skimmed over the tree tops, transforming them from purple to gray, and from gray to dark green, shot across the open lakes, leaving a silvery sheen behind, and soon in his rear came up, in a great cloud of crimson, gold and blaze, the chariot of the sun, his gladdening rays of light and warmth welcomed by all the world and not the least by "we seven" inmates of the wilderness.

A royal breakfast Uncle served up, from the juicy haunches of the deer brought in the night before.

"I tell you, boys, ain't this glorious," burst out Frank, as he gulped down a huge slice of the delicious steak, "eating such meat as this, when one has had the pleasure of *killing it himself!*"

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Wash and Sanderson, the successful hunters, failed to discover the point of that remark.

Breakfast dispatched, we quickly got our "traps" afloat, and were on our way up the inlet, half a mile in length, toward Fifth Lake, which is but a mere pond, covering, perhaps, twenty or thirty acres.

We sped across this lakelet to the inlet of Sixth Lake. Here trouble began.

The stream connecting Fifth and Sixth Lakes is one continuous succession of falls and rapids, impassable for boats, though Frank "knew he could go up it."

The result is a "carry" of three-fourths of a mile.

Four of the party lifted the largest boat above their heads, making a spectacle that would be very apt to excite some merriment in the breast of Ed. Arnold, while Uncle pioneered it by a rope attached to the bow.

The old man called it "leading the heifer," and in fact it bore some resemblance to a huge animal with eight legs, being guided through the bushes by a rope from its head.

Frank staggered from under the burden, at the end of the "carry," and gasped out :—

"I thought that was only an ordinary sized craft when we started; I think now it would make a good hulk for a man of war!"

Wash and Sanderson alternated with each other in carrying the lighter boat to near the end of the journey, when slender and over-generous Ned, volunteered to relieve them the balance of the way—about four rods.

Consequence, Ned crawling from under the prostrate boat, with three and one-half rods yet to carry.

Sanderson brought up the rear with the guns, oars and paddles. His success was only moderate at the best. Any one who has attempted to carry a dozen long,

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crooked bean poles at once will appreciate his efforts. He started well, but ere he had gone many rods, he looked like the front elevation of an enormous star fish.

Burnie was satisfied with carrying a sort of knapsack filled with clothing, etc., which he strapped high upon his shoulders. He had but just fastened it there, when he thought he would step down to the spring near by and take a good cool drink before his journey. The cups were all packed away, so placing his knees on the bank of the spring, in the old country fashion, he bent well over the bubbling water, drew in a few swallows of the crystal beverage, raised his head, struggled once or twice, but it was no use. Get up with the weight on his back he could not. He well knew his ludicrous position, but his genius never forsook him.

"Frank," said he, and Frank appeared, "just unstrap this knapsack, and I'll show you a trick."

Frank relieved him of his burden, when that promising youth gave a little bound upon his hands and alighted with a somersault upon his feet beyond the spring.

He triumphantly walked away with the laconic query :—

"How's that !"

We rested and dined here, lounging about in sun and shade until well on in the afternoon.

Some of us were much surprised at this time to learn that Uncle Nat Foster could shoulder his boat, and with gun and other luggage, make the whole distance of this carry but with one stop. Frank put that down as a backwoods lie !

Such a feat seems but child's play in the light of some of which we have since learned, and with which the reader shall yet become acquainted.

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Sixth Lake is also small, about one and a half miles long, but very narrow, partaking of the character of a sluggish stream. We quickly skimmed its surface, and just as the sun, his day's work done, laid himself down behind the western hills, the "Noble Seventh," upon the shores of which we were to make our home for a few days, burst upon us, in all its beauty. Here Myers insisted upon stopping to make an accompanying sketch; this with two hours prospecting for the most eligible camping place, brought night upon us before we reached the head of the lake.

At Myers suggestion, we hastily improvised a camp by turning the boats bottom upwards, one upon the other, and under this novel and effective shelter, we passed a comfortable night.

Not so with Uncle. He had barely laid himself down, when the black, straight line of a tall pine, leaning at an angle of sixty degrees directly over our camp, caught his eye.

His solicitude for "his boys," as he called us, was great, and there was no rest for him there. He clambered up to a sitting posture, which he kept for at least two hours, with head thrown back, and eyes fixed upon the leaning pine, though how he expected to arouse us and get us out of the way, if the leaning tree should fall, was a problem.

Finally, after going off in a doze two or three times, he jumped up, probably half in a dream, and seizing a straight pine stick, the size of his wrist, deliberately braced it against the tree, returned to his earthy couch, and with a feeling of perfect security, was soon among the denizens of dreamland.

The tree hasn't fallen yet.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING broke clear and bright upon the lake at our feet, and revealed to our opening eyes one of the loveliest pictures of nature it has ever been our privilege to view.

In front of us and sloping towards the lake, the whole entrancing surface of which lay before us, was, first, a narrow belt of green, followed by a strip of pure sand five or six rods in width, very like a drift of crusted snow, the lower edge of which was lapped by the clear water. In our rear, a few rods of meadow-like, verdure encircled us, backed by some monarch pines; and then came the edge of the grand old forest, stretching away to the north and eastward, while just at our right and westward swept the singing inlet—a ribbon of silver drawn over the green velvet of its banks.

Let the reader look at this scene with mind's eye, his own woodland home in the foreground, and imagine an earthly paradise more lovely, if he can.

"Boys!" (In the woods, or at least in *these* woods, everybody is a "boy," no matter what his age.)

Go there, ye men of thirty and upwards, prematurely gray and wrinkled, and on a fast train to the grave, and immediately in name, and very much in nature, you become a boy again.

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"Boys," said Uncle, "we must now make hay while the sun shines."

Frank, in his simplicity, said he would just as soon sleep on the sweet balsam boughs as on hay.

Uncle continued, "we must build us a nice cabin while the weather is pleasant," and forthwith everybody went at it.

A half hour with the axe, and down with a crash came an old forest nobleman, which, with a smaller one on the top, secured in place with stakes at either end, formed the back side. A dozen feet in front, towards the lake, two stout crotched sticks were driven well into the sandy soil, and from one to the other a heavy straight pole was laid. This constituted the frame. A few small poles were loosely placed from the front to the logs in the rear; roof boards, thatching and shingle of sweet spruce bark and boughs; studding, weather boards and clapboards, ditto.

Inside, a couch made of the tiny twigs and leaves of the spruce, the pine and the hemlock, covered with blankets—a resting-place, whereon sweet sleep never failed to rob us of consciousness, and transport us to fairy-land in happy dreams.

O, fly to the woods, and rest on such a couch, ye brain-racked, business-wearied, world-driven victims. Leave the haunts of the "money-changers"—leave the scenes where too often a little uncertain wealth, which can bring nothing but the food you eat, (and can't digest), with garments to cover your nakedness, seems of more value than friends, honor, and even eternal welfare; where man for a little perishable earthly glory and domination, turns a deaf ear to the cry of the desolate from every quarter, robs his fellow, bargains away the earthly and perchance the everlasting happiness of his own flesh and blood,

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drives all charity from his heart, and goes headlong to a grave by the side of a beggar. Leave a world where happiness is ever sought and seldom found, because the struggling, striving, toiling mass, seek the *ignis fatuus* by the poor glimmer of gold, rather than by the bright light of a clear conscience, and fly to the wilderness. Drop your cares with your broadcloth, at the entrance, and there, where God walks in the stillness of the forest, and whose great heart and almost visible presence shall lead you "through green meadows, and by the side of still waters," ye shall almost discover your long-sought, ever-flitting bride, called "happiness," in the little, quiet valley of contentment.

. . . . . .

Our crack fisherman, Sanderson, was now in his element, and he soon had his apparatus in working order.

Little did he know the calamity hanging like a cloud above him.

Some buoys had been placed by him a short distance out in the Lake, and Frank was dispatched with a landing net for minnows.

"What on earth do you want with those little bits of fellows, I'd like to know," he asked as Sanderson gave him the net.

"Well, we want them to feed the buoys," was the reply.

"Feed the boys!" growled Frank, "I'm one of the *boys* myself, and if we've come up here to diet on such fish as minnows, I'm ready to go home."

The matter was made clear to him on the spot, for fear of consequences. He soon returned with hundreds of the little silver-sided fellows, looking like a basket of pearl-handled penknives. Frank admits to this day, that *that* was the most successful "fish" he ever made.

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Sanderson rowed out and scattered the little minnows thickly about the buoys, when they were soon gobbled up by the larger cannibals. He was rewarded for this foresight with the pleasure of bringing up from deep water many a lusty "sammin," as Uncle called them, from that locality, before we left.

The second day after our cabin was completed, he jumped into the boat and lazily rowed away to his fishing ground.

Myers is in a haze of wonder to this hour, why a particular place in the water of a lake is called "ground."

The little boat was no ill-shaped, flat-bottomed affair, but a sharp, fine model, in which one must almost part his hair in the middle in order to sit upright.

Sanderson reached the spot, baited his hook and sunk it deep. But somehow, on that evil day he could not get a bite. However, as we have said, his patience seemed exhaustless, and there he sat in the warm sun, dozing away the hours, until he finally began to be an object of interest to us on the shore. Nod! nod! and then with a short jerk he would straighten up and look around to see if he had been discovered napping while at his favorite sport. We kept "dark." Nod! nod! away he went again, and at every succeeding dip he went further and further over the gunwale.

At this moment, and just as he gave a fearful lunge over the edge of the craft, it slipped from under him like a cork, and down went poor Sanderson into the clear water.

He came to the top, blowing the fluid from mouth and nostrils, and puffing like a porpoise, and, of course, was greeted by an echoing chorus of laughter from the shore.

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The other boat was quickly sent to the rescue, and the dripping victim of the warm sun and the lazy fish, was soon among his merciless comrades.

"You can laugh, gentlemen, all you please," said he, in an injured tone, "but if one of you had been in my place, and had seen the trout I saw foolin' round my hook, you would have dived for him just as I did!"

He rather had us there.

Myers took a position on a little rise in the ground, and we were relieved from further philosophical dissertations for an hour or two, while he completed some pencil sketches of our camp.

In order, as he said, to get a "striking position," Ned grasped a rope in the bow of one of the boats, by which to draw it well up on the beach. A running knot in the rope slipped out, and Ned struck a sitting position in six inches of water.

Governor, on this eventful day, was left in full charge of the culinary department, and it was his last. He came out of the contest with some pudding thin enough for soup, beans burned until they had the smell of an old boot, and with blackened face, singed eye-brows and blistered ankles.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm not disposed to be selfish on this trip, nor to exhibit my natural indolence in too strong a light. I'll drudge, chop, wash dishes, and I would black your boots were it at all necessary; but cook, I'm d—d if I will any more!" and he kept his word.

This happened in Uncle's absence, who had gone, followed by Burnie, up the inlet to one of his old haunts, for brook trout. They came back in season for supper, bearing a fine string of those fairest and sweetest of all fishes.

Frank and Ned had lounged about camp all day, the latter deep in his "notes," and the former bothering the

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Governor in his experimental cookery, and roaring out fifty or a hundred stanzas (all alike,) of a certain patriotic song he had picked up, and which ran thus :—

"Then Johnny fill up the bowl,
And we'll all drink "stone brine."

Perhaps "stone brine," whatever that may be, is a quite appropriate name for much of the fluid issued to the soldiers.

We had just left our supper table.(?)

The peculiar style and elaborate workmanship of this article of furniture, will be understood when we say that it consisted of a large square piece of green spruce or hemlock bark, flattened, and supported by four crotched stakes and cross-pieces. But after all, it is perhaps one's appetite that causes food to relish, as much as the knowledge that the table on which it is spread cost more than your neighbor's.

Bill of Fare beginning to augment both in quality and variety. We note from memory;

Salmon Trout,
Brook Trout,
Venison,
Graham Muffins,
Boston Crackers,
Slapjacks,
Maple Syrup,
Tea or Coffee.

In fact, we had a "good square meal;" and as the sun kissed the tree-tops in the west, we lit our pipes and gathered around the crackling fire, and smoked, and in the curling wreaths above our heads, saw visions of dear ones who now seemed so very far away.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE day following the one whose incidents we have narrated, was mostly spent in camp; partly in beautifying our forest home, and in the afternoon in hovering inside our shanty to escape one of the most tremendous showers it has ever been our ill-fortune to endure.

Occasional dashes into the down-pouring rain were made by Frank and Governor alternately, as a leak was discovered by one of us, for the purpose of adding another piece of bark, or turning a little stream that was creeping beneath our bed.

These summer thunder showers are one of the grandest features of the woods. Perhaps they are not so much more terrific in reality here, than in other localities; but they seem to acquire fresh vigor as they roam among the mountains tops, and plunge into the lake-openings in the forest.

Probably they do not rise here quicker than in the open country, but to one down among the trunks of the old forest giants, they are utterly unseen, and scarcely heard, until they pounce upon him in all their might.

The gale sways the tree-tops, bending the slender children of the old monarchs until they creak with pain, while the "artillery of the heavens," doubled and redoubled by echoes, seems one awful continuous roll of cannon, swaying back and forth from hill-top to hill-top, from mountain to moun-

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tain, stooping with terrible voice to the very bosom of the lakes. The roar of the pouring rain is scarcely less majestic, as it beats upon the flat leaves and sprouts upon the surface of the lake, a field of gleaming bayonets. Every living thing humbly bows before its Maker, when seen through the vision of the storm.

Anon some lofty old tree that is "dead at the top," and which has battled the blasts of summer and winter for a century and come off victor, holds aloft his gray old head and laughs at the tumult around him; but witness his defeat. A little shaft of the terrible fluid is shot from the fingers of Jove, plays lovingly about the old monarch's enfeebled limbs, twirls about his sturdy trunk, and a pillar of fire pointing heavenward lights up the mountain side; when the storm is past, a heap of wet ashes only marks his grave.

If the storm is grand though terrible in its might, the glory that follows in his trail is doubly wonderful by contrast. Especially is this true when the tempest leaves us just before the close of day. The sun kindles his fire on the western hills, peeps once or twice over their tops, begs a good night kiss from the sparkling trees, and is gone, leaving the whole forest to weep,—weep the long night through at his absence.

But we who that night slept sweetly beneath those tears, knew, if mortals know any thing, that a bright morning was not far away, and that the dark clouds in the east would be changed to silvery mist before our very eyes by the coming of the day king.

The next day we met an acquaintance.

Poor fellow! where is he now?

A victim of one of Burnie and Frank's practical jokes, in which these two worthies seemed to delight, as sheep do jumping a stone wall.

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About the middle of the day, they discovered near the vicinity of "Camp Lookout," as we had christened our temporary home, the uprising of a large and beautiful tent, far exceeding in size and "style," any we had before seen.

Here was evidently some company, and no plebeian either. The probability seemed to be that an aristocratic party from some city were preparing to encamp near us, and from the elaborate "make up" of the camp and attendant equipage, the fond hope was indulged that we were to get a taste of the sweet companionship of the softer sex.

Our poor, lonely hearts thrilled with joy—we mean the unmarried hearts.

What bitter disappointment was ours!

A couple of guides were engaged in transporting from their boats, loads and loads of baggage, fishing, hunting and cooking utensils, etc., etc., enough to equip a regiment of infantry in light marching order.

Two other guides came over to our modest "cottage" for some favor, and they were immediately beset with questions as to what large party were settling near us, and where they were from.

"They!" said one of the guides with a supercilious smile, "*He* is from New York, and his name is George William Brown; but he is called 'Willie' at home!" and he laughed a sneering laugh, and jerked his head over his shoulder toward the new tent, that looked against its background of dark green foliage, like a lingering snow-drift in the black fields of early spring.

There, pictured against the canvas, stood a being, whom we will endeavor to portray: He was fearfully and wonderfully made—not so much physically, though he was queer that way; but his uniform, his fixtures and appurtenances were numerous and expensive. Velvet shooting

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jacket, which already showed signs of dissolution; waistcoat beneath, colored like Joseph's coat, with pearl buttons, from one of which dangled an eye-glass, and a big gold watch chain; lavender colored pants, excruciatingly tight, (we mean the pants,) strapped down over patent leather boots, which were considerately covered just then with rubbers. Nobby little hat, resting lightly upon his—hair, and there you have him,—George William Brown, seeking in the woods that recuperation, which he afterwards told us his Mamma said he needed. He said something ailed his "bwain—ah!"

Frank, who was immediately very deeply interested in George William, mildly ventured the opinion that any *little* difficulty like that, he was sure to get over in a few weeks of forest life!"

Burnie, in discoursing of our new made friend, that evening, said:

"There really, now, gentlemen, something does appear to be the matter with George William's brain. I am not a physician, but, gentlemen, there appears to be something wrong with the young man. His forehead isn't low, exactly; but his hair, gentlemen, his hair grows down on it so; you see it almost forms a connection with his eyebrows! It can't be that his head is on back side in front, because his face turns in the same direction with his toes; but, acknowledging that his forehead is high and broad, it seems to be on the back side of his head, and is covered with hair! And then, his language, gentlemen, his language is strange; it seems to tire George William to talk, so that after every word, he utters a gentle sigh—a kind of an *ah!* I am sure he is a good sportsman; you can smell the muskrats that he has killed to-day quite plainly. And we must cultivate his acquaintance, so as

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to keep up our social standing here. Society, and good society, you know, is everything; and then he sets a good table—after the guides have caught his trout and killed his venison. He is wealthy, that is evident, or how could he support four guides, and buy this car-load of baggage:—

One "A" tent, bag of flour, jar of butter, ten cans of fruit, two dogs and a poodle, one breach loading, seven-shot carbine—(won't hit the gable end of a barn at ten rods)—twenty pounds maple sugar, ten pounds prepared mince meat for pies, two fly rods, one creel, two bottles pomade, fishing tackle enough to depopulate the sea, two boats, four guides, two extra dress suits of clothes, one portable bed and bedding, cooking utensils sufficient for an ordinary hotel, twenty pounds salt pork, two jars raspberry jam, two hundred rounds copper cartridge for carbine, one bottle onguent, (vulgarly called mustache fertilizer,) one silk hat and box, one double shot gun, one copy Jennie June's Cook Book, one Saratoga trunk full of underwear, two dozen bottles wine and brandy, one basket champagne.

Finally, he is generous; because, to-day, after asking if we would object to his keeping his retinue near us during his stay, he kindly told me that if I needed funds, or was likely to contract any little bills here—forty miles from a house—why, call on him! Yes! any one would think by that offer, that he knew me at home. I dare any man to make that offer there; I can break A. T, Stewart in a year!"

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CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning early, everybody was astir in the woods; the pure air sweetly laden with the mingled perfume of balsam and pine, and the dainty smell of wild flowers, and the forest one grand orchestra of delightful music at daybreak. Who can sleep, and who would. No one sighed for "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," but we were up and down to the lake, into which the sun was just dipping his face for a wash or a bath ; but somehow, on this eventful morning, Burnie and Frank were remarkably quiet.

"Them c'sarned by's is up to some of their tricks agin, I'll bet a trout," said Uncle.

They were discovered excitedly conversing, but in amuffled tone, to Wash and Sanderson, having got as far as possible from Ned, who had begun almost to look with dread upon the pranks of these disturbers of camp quiet. One of them had rushed up to him a few days before, as he was quietly making some memoranda, with the astounding intelligence that he had one of the best "notes" imaginable, and if he (Ned) would copy it at once, he would give it to him. Of course he would. Nothing could suit him better, if it was good.

"There it is," said the young scape-grace, and he held up a five-dollar note. "Is that good?"

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To return to our plotters. The two chaps were overheard sufficiently to show Ned and the balance of the boys that they were endeavoring to convince Wash and Sanderson that some project of theirs was perfectly practicable.

The result of their conference finally "came out," as follows: Just at sunset, George William came over to our camp, leaving all four of his guides enjoying themselves with two or three bottles of brandy, and stepping up to Ned, with a confident smile, said:—

"Aw, Mr. what is it, Nade, they call you, do you, aw—accompany us this lovely eve, upon an excursion in pursuit of the deer."

Ned smelled something besides a muskrat.

"No, Mr. Brown," said he, "I'm not going out to-night. I hope you will be successful."

"Aw—no doubt we shall; I became vewy expwert with my gun before I left New York, in the Gallery," replied G. William.

At this juncture appeared Wash, Burnie and Frank, and away they all went down to the beach, and were soon far away on the quiet lake, floating for deer.

Soon after, it was noticed that Sanderson crept away into the woods, close along the shore of the lake.

A few moments later, the stillness of the night was shattered by the roar of George William's carbine, the recoil of which prostrated him into the dirty water in the bottom of the boat.

He had seen two little lights upon the shore, was rowed into close proximity to them, and he blazed away, confident of killing a buck.

The boat was pushed quickly to the bank, Wash and Frank jumped ashore, and a moment after a cry of horror burst from the lips of both of them.

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GEORGE WILLIAM IN TROUBLE.

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"O, Mr. Brown, what a fatal mistake,—what have you done!" said Wash, as he and Frank approached the shore, bearing the limp and apparently lifeless body of a man, his face red with something.

"O, my lord, what shall I do," cried poor Brown, who accepted the position opened for him, without urging, "I have killed a man. O, mamma, your poor Willie will be hung for murder!" and the victim made night hideous with his wails.

A council was immediately held. Wash suggested that they take the body into the boat.

"O, Lord, no," said Brown, "don't do that!"

Then Frank proposed leaving the body where it was, go back to camp, and claim to have missed the deer, which of course was true.

This was accordingly done, as there seemed to be no other alternative, and the body was left—to run back to camp on the nimble legs of Sanderson, who had lain behind a log and received the carbine shot at the burning ends of two sticks.

The boys came back to camp with rather doleful faces, and sorrowful shakes of the head at Brown, who soon crept off to his own tent, but not to sleep. How long he lay upon his troubled couch is known to none but himself and his Maker, but in the morning he was gone, tent, baggage, guns, guides, everything, except one boat left to the mercy of his persecutors.

How he ever reached civilization is a mystery; though, having plenty of money, he no doubt found assistance.

This joke, or its result, was regretted by us all, except the guide, who heartily despised the overbearing ways of the effeminate booby, and who immediately appropriated all there was left of him.

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The intention of Burnie and his co-operators was, (so he said), to have informed their victim in the morning how he had been sold, and thus effectually squelch him for the season.

We go back, and again inquire, where is he now. Burnie said he never would kill himself with remorse, for his brain would not hold enough of it at one time to work him up to that pitch; and he walked off singing —

"Willie, we have missed you."

One of the New York chap's dogs set up a terrible shriek on finding its master gone, and this conundrum was perpetrated by Ned, and given up by the whole party.

"Why should that dog make a good sailor?"

"Because he controls his *bark*, though it is *pitched* on the high C."

Burnie anxiously inquired if he was referring to the sailor's bark being pitched from the lofty waves into the hollows between, or well *pitched* in the seams. He thought the merit of this conundrum, (what there was), depended wholly upon an explanation.

It was while encamped here, that the grand hunt of Myers, Frank and Ned, came off. It continued twenty and four hours with scarcely a break.

The following is a list of the game slaughtered:

Four large frogs,
Five frogs a trifle smaller,
Ten small frogs, rather lean,
Three frogs of medium size,
One frog,—a cripple—left to die alone,
Eight frogs, just escaped the tad-pole period.

Those north woods frogs are very fine-flavored, and then they are so cheap. At home the gourmands pay a dollar or upwards for one meal from their delicious little hams. But, at a trifling expense of thirty dollars, a man can go up there and get for nothing all he can catch.

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CHAPTER XI.

SUNDAY in the Wilderness—this great tabernacle of God!

With what softened feelings, what hearts overflowing with thankfulness to the Creator of this great temple "not made with hands," we all turned our eyes upward to the distant blue of the sky; such a deep blue it was, that it looked almost purple in the early morning.

No desire among us all to sleep a little longer on Sunday morning; no snoozing in bed until nine or ten o'clock, swallowing a hasty, ill-prepared breakfast and rushing off to church, eyes half open, clothes half on, and comprehension too dull to understand the Lord's Prayer, to say nothing of two hours expounding, or *com*pounding, whichever may be most appropriate, of the Scripture.

No, thanks to the past day's exhilarating influence, we were as wide awake on that glorious Sabbath morning, as though it had been a week day, and, toilets made by the sweet bubbling waters of the inlet, we were ready, each in his way, for whatever lessons of wisdom might be drawn from our great teacher, Nature, in our enviable home in the forest.

The green, mossy knolls were softer and more inviting than the richest pew in Plymouth; the white, sandy beach, as pure and clean as a marble floor; the cool leafy re-

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cesses above us, a gallery filled with a choir of such singers as never find their way inside of brick and mortar; a dome above our heads, greater than all others combined, and frescoed with summer clouds by the Almighty Artist; pillars pointing heavenward, of rare workmanship in "natural grain," with infinite diversity of form and shaping, some smooth and shiny in the sunlight, and others gracefully festooned with climbing vines—seats all free! No obsequious bowing sexton at the door to conduct you where he wills, but doors wide open, east, west, north and south; no faint, sickening odors, mingled with fetid air, greeted our nostrils; but the fresh, rare perfume, rising like incense from millions of wild flowers; no gaudy silks and laces, and jewels, the cheap heraldry of pride; but the myriad lovely hues of blooming trees and shrubs, and vines, and flowers, than which "Solomon in all his glory" was not better dressed; no pride mantled their sweet upturned faces at our rough garb; a fount of sweet water at our feet, as holy as though it had washed the faces of the Pope and all the priests in christendom (and much cleaner,)—that was our church, and the great sermon came to us on the breeze, with volumes of rare music from above,— "Here ye walk with God; see how ye feel your littleness in this great temple, and see how dark are your life-deeds in the pure light of his works in the smiling forest. Go back to the world, ye lordly beings, remembering that before ye can see His face, ye must all come to that sublime level, where the millionaire and the beggar are alike, (if, perchance, the millionaire be not found the poorer,)—where the king must lie down with his subject, ofttimes to the subject's disgrace. Fill your hearts with that charity whose friendly mantle you will one day need, and look not for your reward in the praise of men—nor

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women. Your reward will come in due time, and from a source that never mistakes."

The Governor intimated before noon, that it looked as though it would be "a grand day to catch a string of trout!" but our larder was well stocked, even for our appetites, and he was immediately extinguished.

We have at various times thrown out hints of a suspicious nature, regarding the digestive capacity of people after a week or two in the wilderness, and as Sunday may not furnish anything more interesting with which to complete a chapter, we will explain a little. Nothing but our excessive modesty (it may be as well to call it shame, and done with it,) has kept us from it thus long.

Don't let the reader think we are speaking of personal experience—oh! no; though, to illustrate, we may use the names of our own party.

Everybody knows, that to people who have followed sedentary occupations, plenty of pure air and out-door exercise, are apt to stimulate the appetite. That is the way it served us. And it not only roused up to vigorous action whatever little failings we used to have at the table, when we

> "Mowed and hoed, and held the plow,
> And longed for one and twenty,"

but it created appetite—that's just the word. It multiplied it by a disgraceful string of figures; it sort of raised it to the twentieth power; or put it all out at compound interest, and the accumulation was fearful.

We are speaking now of the rest of the party. *We* didn't eat much—were always perfectly willing to stop—as soon as the table was empty, and Uncle asleep from exhaustion! But Wash, and Sanderson, and Frank, and Myers, they would be small enough to claim that they did

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all the heavy work, (the truth of which statement we were forced to admit,) and taking advantage of every little thing like that, they insisted on eating just as much as we invalids did. They appeared to ignore the physiological fact, that a hearty fish diet is conducive to the strength and activity of the brain, and, well knowing that we were doing all the brain work for the party, those four fellows would sit down to a hundred weight of brook trout, and eat nearly as much as we two, with all our brain labor. And they didn't seem to think that they were not only wronging us, but all posterity, through the defects it would cause in this very work. No, they would get up from such a meal (whenever they were able,) and walk off quite complal cently. We have often tried to estimate what this book would have been, if those fellows had but given us what we wanted and needed to eat. Who knows but it might have been another Darwin's "Origin of Species," in interest and importance; then we might have got rich—like Mark Twain.

Now if the critics find fault after this lucid explanation, we see no hope for them hereafter.

We don't blame the other boys so much, as no doubt they were hungry; but the idea of a man forming himself, militarily speaking, into a hollow square, and surrounding the whole camp three times a day is a little too much.

Wash, especially, though he was a good fellow, and immensely useful to us, was very enthusiastic at the table. He seemed to soar aloft in ecstacies of bewildering joy on the smoke of broiling trout or roasting venison! He seemed to be constructed somewhat differently from the rest of us. He is quite tall, and though he was very strong and hardy, we accounted for it on the theory that a hollow iron post is stronger than a solid one of the

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same weight. He didn't seem to have much in him but room, except just after dinner. He appeared to have a railroad in him, with a double track, and the trains run often and at a terrible speed! Ned had the audacity to laugh at what a wreck there would be in case of collision on that road!

Myers great weakness was maple syrup. He was shorter and a little more effeminate than Wash. Fill him up, and the superficial area of his contents would be much less. But he seemed to run more to fluids! We didn't have any syrup the last half of that season's trip!

His mind took a nautical turn; and it was his delight to swim little boats and fleets of ships, usually constructed of bits of flapjacks, about his tin plate, and the sea was always represented by maple syrup! Then he would delineate the Indian Archipelago in the same pleasing manner, and attempt to show us the geography of different points. But just as we would get a little interested, he would eat up all the islands, and nothing would be left but an open sea of syrup!

Then he would organize a whale chase. Whale, half of a Boston cracker. Whale boats, more bits of flapjacks.

Frank suggested the "Bay of Biscuit," as a good locality for illustration.

Now Myers would rush the ponderous whale around the plate, harpoon him a few times with his fork, capsize a few of his boats, demonstrate to us the process of "cutting up," and the first we would know, he would gobble up whale boats, fishes, and all, before our very eyes, never stopping so much as to drain off the salt water!

We found out long after, that this was only a dodge of his to engage our attention, while he made such wretched havoc with the syrup.

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Governor, the "wickedest man in the party," would eat anything, or drink anything, even to some scandalous whisky he had brought with him. He said he drank it for consumption—of it! He never questioned the quality of his food much. Anything Uncle happened to place upon the table after a meal commenced, disappeared mysteriously, if it lay near the Governor.

He would hold more, after he was full, without running over, than any other man among us. By a little careful manipulation, after his lips and throat were well lubricated, he would manage to add to the two or three meals already swallowed, a few cakes, a stray trout, the last slice of venison, then a little syrup, or perhaps a plate of beans Like a goblet filled level full of water, by careful management one can still put in a handful of salt and not spill a drop of the water, he never could see anything wasted, and never missed anything eatable. Throw a muffin haphazard about the camp, and it would be remarkable if, at the second toss, no matter in what direction, it didn't, by some unknown hocus-pocus, get into his mouth.

Griddle greasers of pork, unbaked cakes, *anything*, went the same dire route. We will catch it for this if we ever meet him again.

"Fun is *fun*," he used to say, "but gentlemen, this ain't legitimate, and I can whip any man who did it," whatever it might be; and we shall expect to hear the same petulant remarks, when we see him next.

All joking aside, it is simply astonishing what a few weeks, life in this region will do for the dyspeptic. Murray has sent many a poor, half-dead consumptive to his grave, by his confounded advice about balsam, pure air, etc., which is all well enough in its place; but it is simple suicide for the poor victim of lung diseases to go there, who has

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hardly strength to stand up, to say nothing of sleeping on the ground in all sorts of weather, and enduring the fatigues of long journeys. But dyspepsia, debilitation, and general want of energy, are matters of another nature; and we defy any person thus afflicted to go there for a month and not come away a *new man.* Appetite regained, gainer in flesh, a ruddy glow of health on his cheeks, and ready for any business, no matter how much of it.

It was on the afternoon of this Sabbath that we were treated to one of Myers' specialties in the way of a dissertation in Natural History. A large and brilliant specimen of the dragon-fly sailed over our heads, his gauzy wings sparkling in the sunlight. Frank clapped his hands over his eyes, singing out:—

"Look out, boys; there is a devil's darning needle; he'll sew up your ears!"

"A good insect that for Mr. Caudle's wife's husband, on curtain-lecture nights," said Burnie.

"You can sneer," retorted Frank, "but I know they do sew up people's ears."

"Have you got any sewed ears in your museum I have heard you mention?" laughingly asked Myers; and he arose, adjusted an imaginary pair of spectacles on his nose, and off he started:—"Now, Frank, and the assembled audience, I will tell you, that truth is stranger then fiction, as another wise man once said, but preposterousness alone has no special claims upon belief. That devil's darning needle theory is on the same base line with 'blinding puff-balls,' and 'hair snake,' and the whole strata have a Munchausen foundation."

This rebuke evidently had some effect upon Frank; as a string of Latin hurled at an ignoramus would be apt to

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silence him; but the rest of us urged the philosopher onward.

"Well," said he, looking wisely over the heads of his listeners, as though seeking inspiration from the still surface of the lake, "when I was a boy, I need not say I was unable to discriminate between the statements just alluded to, and some in the Bible about the sun standing still, the whale swallowing Jonah, and the like; but as I have grown older, though I admit one may arrive at mature years and not gain much wisdom, I have proven *some* things, and have held fast to that which is good, and I *know* that live dragon-flies, dead hairs, and the dry 'puff-balls' are absurdly harmless.

The puff-ball is fungus, usually about the size and shape of a small peach, though sometimes very much larger, light chestnut color, with dry, shiny skin. When squeezed, it emits a smoky cloud of almost impalpable dust, which, when a child, I was led to believe would cause blindness if blown into my eyes. However, I was a heretic; and one day, being in the woods with some companions, I deliberately requested them to lead me home to my mother, if necessary, and then squeezed a puff-ball full in my face.

It was entirely a question of faith, or rather, unfaith, with me; for it didn't hurt a bit, as I more than half expected, but it effectually exploded the ancient theory in that vicinity.

For days after, all my boy companions kept their pockets charged with fungi, and daily horrified their mothers and little sisters with disquisitions on the 'blinding puff-ball.'

Now, gentlemen, what I have to say about hair snakes, I *believe* to be new, and known only to myself and those

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who participated with me in the experiments I will explain.

A box of grass hoppers, caught for fish-bait, came under the observation of a scientific friend and myself, and we discovered something having the appearance of a white hair projecting from one of them. We immediately dissected the insect, and found within the abdomen a series of close, zigzag, white lines, which, when removed, were apparently attached to nothing, and when stretched out, measured about six inches in length, looking very like a white hair with little kinks in it.

Intestines was the first explanatory idea suggested; but out of about one hundred grass hoppers dissected, only sixty or seventy contained these creatures. I say 'creatures,' for upon placing twenty or more of them in a basin of water, covered with a glass, they gradually lost there *kinks*, turned black, *squirmed* continually, and exhibited a clearly defined head and tail, when magnified.

This happened in the year 1859, and at that time it was my intention to contribute the facts to a public journal, as an effort to ascertain if there might not be some connection between our discovery and the hair-snake question; but a multitude of other duties prevented. I have often collected hair-snakes', so-called, in brooks and pools, but I never yet succeeded in raising one from a pup—or from a hair of any kind. However, ignorance of a fact is not an argument.

As to the beautiful dragon-fly, if you, Frank, should catch one, you would discover the darning needle to be merely a tube through which the insect breathes. Yes, sir, and you need not laugh. He breathes through his tail! and to prove the truth of what I say, cut off his head and he will live for a considerable time, but tie a

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thread tightly about his tail, and he dies like Desdemona, smothered.

I am just reminded of another fact, which has been told me upon what I suppose to be good authority, and which I think is not generally well known, namely, that a horse differs from nearly all other animals, in that he cannot breathe through his mouth, and will die if his nostrils are closed. As I never killed a horse in this manner, I cannot vouch for the absolute truth of the statement.

The quieting effect of choking a dragon-fly's tail, partakes somewhat of the character of the feat of preventing a donkey's braying by tying bricks to his tail. He always raises that member when he speaks. Bricks about a man, or at least in his hat, have the opposite effect.

There, Frank, is another dragon-fly; and to see his beautiful aerial evolutions, you would scarcely believe that he was once a little fright of horrid shape, the fiercest pirate among all the water insects or reptiles, propelling himself rapidly through the water by ejecting a swift stream through his body, after the manner, or rather before the manner of some projected steamboats. In this shape I have often noticed them; odd, ugly-looking, deadly creatures, not really resembling men and women, but with some details of form horridly suggestive. Finally, after living the terror of the minor water natives, this 'skinner' is overtaken by old age and repentance, and for the first time crawls up into the air, fastens himself to a twig, and after a purgatorial residence of some days, emerges in the bright being you have just seen, with seemingly no purpose save the perpetuation of his species.

'They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Whether or not it has a hereafter when it again dies, I

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know not. Moralists have essayed to find a parallel between its new and old life, and man's resurrection."

Myers ceased, came down from his imaginary rostrum, dismounted his imaginary spectacles, while Frank, who with the rest of us and a big green bull frog sitting near on a lily pad, had attentively listened to the worthy philosopher, broke up the "quorum" by hitting the frog a whack with the paddle, which stirred up his brain work and wet every listener.

Burnie went up and shook the hand of Myers, asking pardon for all he had said the other night in regard to philosophers; still he thought it was all true of them "as a class, Mr. Myers."

We slept that night upon the expectation of leaving our pleasant home on Seventh Lake the following morning, and dreamed that our journey lay through green and shady aisles, a soft flowery carpet beneath our feet, miles and miles toward our homes and the loved ones. But it didn't.

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CHAPTER XII.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lakelet's shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
  By the brawling brook—its music we adore.
We love not man the less, but nature more,
  From these wild scenes in which we steal
From all we may be or have been before,
  To mingle with the universe and feel
What we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."
[Childe Harold, (slightly altered.)

ORNING a little wet; we, therefore, decided to pass another day in our old camp. However, the clouds broke into fleecy fragments and floated away on a light breeze before noon.

Again Wash saved himself from inglorious defeat at the breakfast table, though he was dreadfully pressed by Frank. The two inventoried and stored something like twenty-five trout, weighing anywhere from one-half to two pounds, interlarded with numerous flap-jacks.

It was somewhat difficult at that point to decide which of these gourmands would wear the belt out of the woods; but as a matter of information, we will say here, that, owing to a little indisposition on the part of Frank the last few days of the season, Wash came off victor.

Several tourists and their guides paid us a visit at noon; in fact, they could not go down the lakes without it

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They encamped for a short time, in a delightful spot near by, called Point Pleasant. They were fresh from the Saranac Region, and reported sporting good; but in response to an anxious inquiry regarding the long carry we must make on the morrow, they looked a little gloomy, and did not say much. The disheveled appearance of the guides, especially, did not encourage us. We soon learned the party was made up of Washington and Richmond people, and found them gentlemen one and all, in every sense of the word. One of them was Mr. Underwood of Va., whose father filled the office of Fifth Auditor during the Rebellion.

In the afternoon, nearly our whole party rowed down the lake to the outlet, on a pleasure trip, and in search of berries for tea. *Another* lot of bears had just been there before us, and feasted on the ripening fruit, of which they are very fond. Wash and Sanderson said it was an insult to us, as the other bears would probably remain there all summer, while our stay must be short, and they resolved to return to camp, get the fire-arms, get upon an old ruined shanty, overlooking the berry-bushes, and watch for Bruin.

There was trouble brewin ; not for Bruin, however.

They returned just before sundown, and cautiously crept to their posts. And then commenced a long and tedious trial of patience. It was not without its excitement however ; for not a cricket peeped, and not a bird fluttered, but it was an approaching bear, and up went the guns of the watchful Nimrods, but only to learn their disappointment. These surprises were so frequent, that Frank, who remained in the boat, said it looked, from where he was seated, very much as if they were drilling in the manual of arms.

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Woe would have come to any poor devil who might have sought for berries there during that two hours, if he made a noise before showing his colors, for Wash would certainly have shot him, or anything else.

The bear hunt was brought to a disgraceful termination by Sanderson, who, in wriggling about to find a soft spot on the poles, plunged through some decayed roofing, and down he went among the bushes that were growing in the hut, firing off his gun in the operation.

"There you go again!" growled Wash.

Sanderson couldn't dispute that, so he replied:—

"Yes, Wash, I know it, but why didn't you fire at him when you saw I missed him."

"Fire at what?" asked Wash, "are you asleep yet, after that dive you have just made?"

"Asleep! no, sir, and when I fire at a bear and miss him, it would seem no great stretch of expectation, to infer that you would at least shoot at him," said Sanderson, apparently in great wrath.

Wash gave a snuff of disgust, muttered something about not seeing the necessity of firing a gun in the air at an angle of sixty degrees, at a bear in an open field, and, jumping into the boat, pulled away up the lake.

Frank said it was just possible that Sanderson thought he could bring down the Great Bear in the heavens, and dodged a cuff from Sanderson.

Be it known, that some days before, Wash had lost his hunting-knife. It had been his companion on many a trip. and he prized it highly. Fortunately, on that afternoon, as Burnie was disporting in the warm, white sand on the beach, he turned up, from a few inches depth, the missing blade. Wash was away on the bear hunt, so he polished it up as well as he could, hid it away, and that

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evening, after Wash, pulled off his boots, quietly slipped it down the leg of one of them.

"I declare," said honest Wash, next morning, as he drew on the loaded boot, "here is my knife, boys, in my boot; and its funny how I could have worn it three or four days and not felt it."

He knows how it was now.

Uncle came into camp in season for supper, bearing his usual string of brook trout, which no younger Isaac Walton knows better how to take. The genial old fellow swayed along, his legs seeming to crinkle under him at every step, singing, in a well-remembered style, which must be heard and seen, to be appreciated :—

"O, see the little chippin' squirrel,
He lives in a hollow tree;
He never cares for nobody,
And nobody cares for he."

We were visited in the evening by two guides from the camp of the Southern gentlemen, and, as usual, after two or three drafts from Governor's bottle, of whose contents one of them already seemed to be distilling an unknown quantity, we were treated to the following bear story, which smacks strongly of Davy Crockett.

The narrator was at least sixty years of age, and there is no knowing what he might have undergone in his eventful life. Wrinkled visage, skin the color of sole leather, and about as hard, a short pipe in his mouth, back against a stump, the flickering firelight now lighting up his face and now leaving it in gloom, he told the yarn with all the soberness of truth; his first word was :—

"Hic! boys, they may talk about ther moose hunts and ther painter fights; but I had one onest, with a dod-durned black bear, that I—hic—think was a leetle tougher'n any-

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thin' you ever heerd on. Ye see, I'd been out all day trampin' and foolin' round, and hadn't had no kind o' luck—hadn't killed nothin', an jest as I was about to give it up—hic—I heerd a kind a' 'spicious cracklin' amongst the dry—hic—(no, thank ye, I ain't dry,) twigs, and not fur off nuther. I grabbed old Dead Eye a little clusser, for I know'd what 'twas; and the next minnit I see the black nose o' the all-firedest, dod-durndest, biggest bear I had ever 'countered, an I've—hic—slewed lots on 'em in my day. Thinks-es I, now old—hic—Tom Luce, heres' some bizness fur ye. It was growing dusk, an I wasn't no ways sure o' my shot; I tell ye this so's ye needn't—hic—ye needn't think I missed him o' any fault o' mine; but I blazed at his infernal—hic—'nfernal nose, an never touched him. Wall, I—hic—I think that bear was 'bout as hungry-zi-was; fur they don't often like to fight a man like me much; but, b'ys, no sunner had I—hic—fired, than he cum'd fur me. But he didn't toe the scratch long; when he sot up for to—hic—to what-ye-call-it—'mbrace me, I jest tickled him with that knife ye see there in my—hic—my belt. The ole coward jest got down on all fours, an' away he went, hip-i-ty—hic—ye see he was losin' blood, but he run'd well. Jest as I thought I had him, he cum'd to a big hole in some rocks, an' in he went. Now, sez I—hic—sez I, I'll have ye, 'f I have to foller ye inter yer durn'd—hic—hole, an' in I went. Wall, now b'ys, ye'd hardly believe it, but its just as true as I'm settin' here—hic—sober, I fumbled 'round in the dark, 'specting every minnit to come to it, hand to—hic—to hand, and in and in I crawled, when all to once I put my hand on his—hic—his haunches, and then a stream o' light cum'd inter the end o' the cave, an' away went that bar up out o' the—hic—the hole. Wall, I was mad; an' though I claim to be

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a pretty good Christian, I'm afraid I said—hic—I said—hic—well, no matter what I said. I jest backed out o' that place, an' its the only place I ever did back out of. I went round a few rods to where the durned beast got out, an' gentlemen—hic—how big do ye think the hole was where that beast crawled out," and here the old guide fairly rose to the sublime, as he put the question.

We all guessed, to please him, our ventures ranging from two to ten feet.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the tipsy old fellow. "Why, by's, jest so sure as I'm tellin' the truth, that hole measured—hic—measured—hic—eight inches 'crost!"

Murmurs of astonishment broke from all around, which seemed to give the old man great delight. At last matter-of-fact Wash ventured the question :—

"Well, Mr. Luce, how big was the bear?"

"The—hic—the bear—why he was the biggest bear I ever seed—I told you so in the first on't!"

"The biggest bear you ever saw. Now, Mr. Luce, how did that bear, I would be pleased to know, who probably measured at least two feet through, get out of a hole eight inches across?"

After a moment's hesitation, when we feared the old fellow was cornered, he burst out in a glow of enthusiasm :—

"Why, how mi' to—hic—to know how that beast got out of the hole. I said he got out, didn't I? an' that's all there is about it. Come to think about it, I noticed he looked all-fired thin, when he streaked it away through the brush!"

The guides took a parting drink, and left us to cogitate on the possibilities of the truth of the bear story.

Burnie came to the conclusion that the old guide meant

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in calling it a bear story, that it was *bare* of any facts.

Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow,
New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of softened radiance with her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meekened Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
And shuts the gates of Day. 'T is now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierced woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun,
Moves forward and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thonsand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,
And worthy of the Master: He whose hand
With hieroglyphics older than the Nile
Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man!
The finger of thy God.

We lay down that night beneath the smiling visage of the new moon, fully resolved that next morning we would start for the famous Raquette, wet or dry, and we did.

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CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER morning of glory was vouchsafed to us for our departure from Seventh Lake. Before the sun smiled upon us from the east, we were breakfasted, packed and well on our way up the inlet towards Eighth Lake. As our baggage became somewhat reduced, and we had learned by experience that it might be further contracted, we concluded to leave one boat at this point, and proceed with the other. Probably the real foundation of this proceeding was the fact that between us and the Raquette lay two somewhat formidable "carrys," those fertile sources of fatigue—and fun. It proved a somewhat hazardous step, therefore the more attractive to us.

Dimensions of boat in which we proceeded fifteen feet from stem to stern. Breadth of beam, three feet "over all." Usual capacity four persons. Extra load five. Dangerous, six.

We, including Uncle, were eight, besides our supplies and baggage.

Frank, who was rubbing his eyes, and complaining of having passed a sleepless night, called off the names with estimates of hight, weight, etc., as follows:—

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Uncle, six feet six,	150	pounds
Wash, 130 feet,	6 1-2	"
Myers, four feet six,	125	"
Frank, five feet six,	125	"
Ned, five feet nine,	150	"
Burnie, five feet six,	125	"
Sanderson, five feet six,	160	"
Governor, five feet eight,	140	"
Supplies,	350	"

This presented a grand total of nearly fifteen hundred pounds.

Imagine the result.

We may be a little wrong there about Wash's weight and hight.

Well, off we went up the tortuous and frequently shallow inlet, about one mile, and here a "carry" commences of one and one-fourth miles to Eighth Lake.

We had lightened our burdens, but we had yet to launch in deep water before the real results of the proceeding were manifest. Over the carry it worked favorably; and had it not been for an attempt by Frank to sound a bed of quicksand, we should have reached the Lake comfortably.

He had no sooner got his "traps" on his shoulders, (two bags of provisions, a gun and two or three oars and paddles), than he made a jump across a little rivulet, at what he took to be a dry, sandy spot. His first onset plunged him two feet into the yielding bed.

A man may jump in the dark into water up to his neck, and before he has scarcely recovered from the first shock of surprise, he has reached the bottom, and is ready to wade or swim to land; but getting into a "bottomless pit," with not the slightest idea of its depth, sinking gradually, expecting every instant to reach a solid foundation, and never

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touching it, is certainly an unsatisfactory experiment, if not positively dangerous.

Frank's first exclamation was one of mirth at his ridiculous mistake; then he pulled out one foot, in doing which the extra weight upon the other, sank him to his waist. Now commenced a series of feats of ground and underground tumbling never witnessed before.

Provisions, oars, gun and all were sacrificed to *corduroy* him out; but to no purpose, and the quicksand soon became a veritable "slough of despond."

Down, down he went, slowly, but as surely as the first motion of a sliding glacier breaking from the mountain side. Just as the sand reached his arm-pits, he gave a muffled scream, and Wash, who was near by, hastened to his relief.

"Wash, don't stand there—and—see a feller buried alive!" he gasped.

Wash, grasping a sapling with one hand, leaned over the sinking youth and fished him up by his collar, landing him on *terra firma*. He was a sadder and a muddier man.

Eighth Lake is a charming sheet of water three miles across, and containing one pleasant little island. It is entirely surrounded by forest—not an opening to be seen; and the trees have an appearance of "second growth" beech, birch, maple and other deciduous trees, above whose fresh, light green foliage tower the dark forms of the evergreens.

The lake is icy cold, and the shining sand can be seen on the bottom beneath thirty feet of water.

All around its edge the lithe branches and twigs of trees just ready to step into the water, swayed a moment then sprung out and shook their leaves in the breeze, clouding the lake about them with a thousand sparkling drops,

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verily as if they were alive and moving, and enjoyed the bath like ducks.

Cool, shady covers we found, where the brothers of the forest shook hands from shore to shore, or embraced above, forming a green arch unsurpassed by any work of art.

O, the thousand beauties about us as we paddled up the little gem. To stand on the shore at its head, it required no stretch of imagination to make it seem a great mirror dropped flat, by a giant hand, upon the yielding tree tops, and by its own weight sunken to its level.

More than ever we wondered why its shores were not lined with a thousand worshippers of the most beautiful natural scenery in the world, and its surface covered with a thousand boats bearing burdens of the world-weary and care-driven mortals of our cities.

You monarchs of the business world, whose wealth can hardly be estimated, instead of dragging your weary bodies in the train of your pampered sons and daughters to Saratoga, Long Branch and other earthly Pandemoniums, why not, O, why not, at one-half the expense, and one hundred fold more benefit, cut loose from fashion's moorings, fly off to these grand old forests, these sylvan lakes, these singing streams, and for once before you die enjoy one summer of sweet content. Know you not that here is a park compared with which all artificial works of the kind are mere door yards?

Coax, beg, drive your daughters where they will find the red roses of health for their cheeks, instead of in a rouge box; and your sons, too many of them, from the damnable fascinations of fast life in the city, to the no less exciting, yet harmless scenes which greet us here on every hand.

Ten dollars a day at Saratoga for the necessaries of life,

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and Satan only knows how much for luxuries. Come here for one-fifth the amount and treat yourselves to something not only novel, but innocent and health-giving. Let your daughters for one summer stop fishing for rich husbands, and fish for trout. Exchange for a few weeks the fetid old gun-washings of Saratoga for some of God's own pure water. Accept for one season, speckled beauties fresh from the freezing brooks, in lieu of the stale products of steaming markets.

It is gratifying to know that every year brings to this haven of rest and health an increasing number of the pallid victims of civilization's humbugs!

. . . . . .

Wash, the dead-shot, made some desperate attempts to shoot a Loon on our way up this Lake.

Of course he failed. Everybody fails.

A Loon with a bullet in him, would be a curiosity for a museum. They die of old age. It seems incredible, but these keen-eyed, lightning-motioned birds, get out of sight, beneath the water, between the flash of a rifle and the flight of a bullet forty rods, and it harmlessly spatters the water above the diver.

A rare object of curiosity called Eagle Lake lies about two miles due west of Eighth Lake. (Headley erroneously locates it east of Eighth Lake.) It is oval in shape, less than a mile long, and perhaps one-half mile in width, and is surrounded, except just at its outlet, with precipitous rocks rising from twenty-five to one hundred feet, giving it the appearance of an enormous punch bowl hewn in the solid rock. It will well repay a visit.

We quote, partially, the amusing circumstances of its discovery and christening, from Headley's "Adirondack."

"Two gentlemen left Eighth Lake to search for one dis-

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covered by Prof. Emmons, lying in that vicinity, but as afterwards appeared, to the south of the one in question. After tugging four or five hours through the underbrush, surmounting several high ridges and crossing valleys, they came at length to a still higher ridge covered with spruces so dense and dark as to obstruct the view in every direction. Before attempting to proceed further, our travelers decided to take an observation from the high ground where they were, and discover, if possible, the object of their search.

To accomplish this purpose, one of these knights volunteered to climb a tall spruce near by, and accordingly flung aside his pack, pulled off his boots and commenced the ascent.

After climbing fifty or sixty feet, his ears were suddenly pierced by the screams of a huge eagle, and his face at the same time brushed by her wings, and scratched by her claws. As the enraged bird passed around her airy circuit, repeating her sharp and threatening notes, the eye of the adventurer fell upon a deep, black lake, far beneath him, and for the first time discovered that the tree he had ascended, stood upon the brink of a precipice of fearful height, over-hanging the dark water below. By this time his winged foe had again completed her circle, and coming like an arrow through the air, pounced upon his head and striking her talons into his cap and wig, tore them from his naked scalp, and bore them far away. The vanquished knight descended and remarked to his comrade that the results of his observations were supremely satisfactory,"and they proceeded to examine the little lake we have described, and named it Eagle Lake.

No inlet was found, and we believe never has been. One section of its western wall so far over-hangs the wa-

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ter as to form a high arched cavern beneath. Altogether it is one of the curiosities of the Great Wilderness.

We were loth to leave the enchanting scenery of Eighth Lake, but the great Raquette lay far ahead, and a carry of nearly one and a half miles between us and our destination. So, eating a hasty dinner at the inlet, we started.

Myers had another spasm of his appetite for experiments of some kind, and it revealed itself in the assurance that he had found a way in which the boat containing all our baggage could be easily transferred over the carry.

This sounded well.

First, he collected all the straps and ropes in the party, and after buckling and tying them together, proceeded to demonstrate his theory. He stationed four of us on each side of the boat, into which all our burdens were cast, and putting the four straps he had constructed, under the bottom of the boat, we were directed to place the loops he had formed at each end of the straps over our heads, thus raising the boat three or four feet from the ground, and go ahead.

We went ahead.

Four rods in advance, the path narrowed down to two feet in width, and the boat traveled in that. It will readily be seen where we were. Floundering among the brush and logs on each side. First, a man would be compelled to mount a log two feet high, more or less, the consequence of which elevation was to first bring all the weight of the boat on his own shoulders, and next, to slide it down the inclined strap, pell-mell, upon the heads of his opposites. Then some unlucky wight would stagger over a slippery root, outward, raising the boat clear from every strap except his own. When he suddenly regained his position, the boat would drop to its place on the other straps, nearly jerking

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the heads from the whole seven. And on we wallowed, bouncing about from side to side, for perhaps a hundred rods, enduring all the torture of as many executions, faces livid, tongues out, necks nearly broken, martyrs to a philosophical, or some other kind of experiment, until finally Wash, the only man who had breath enough left to speak, gasped out: —

"Gentlemen, I love to labor hard, have always earned my bread by the sweat of my brow, and I came up here, among other things, for exercise; but I don't wish to be jerked all into fragments at once. It is bad for the Coroner, and, moreover, I don't like to die this way; it only needs a rope in place of this strap, to make the whole affair a little suggestive of aerial balancing, supported from above. I propose we anchor here, and see if the unrivaled ingenuity concentrated in that brain of Myers', can't invent a new torture. He can't make our condition any worse, and there is quite a chance of improving it;" and down went his end of the strap.

This was humorous, coming from Wash, and we should have laughed if we could have controlled breath enough!

As it was, a kind of sickly smile glimmered over our faces for a moment, as we lay prostrate around the boat.

We went back to first principles, and after another hour of rather violent exercise, we reached the tiny stream called Brown's inlet, which flows eastward into the Raquette Lake. This shallow creek, which is so crooked that in many places it almost empties into itself, is the only highway for almost four miles between the two lakes; and down it we worried, much of the way, two or three dragging the boat over shallow places, while the rest of us floundered through swampy bogs, and grass as high as our heads.

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It was with a feeling of genuine rest and contentment that we at length reached fair sailing and deeper water. Uncle continued to postpone getting aboard, and, unnoticed by all, we had rowed away a mile down the stream, when some one remarked upon the old man's absence. A halt was ordered and soon we heard a faint halloo in our rear:—

"Hold on a little, boys!"

His head soon appeared above the tall grass, and he came up puffing fearfully, both hands filled with huckleberries, and his only remark regarding our desertion of him was:—

"Tell ye what, boys, there's a heap o' rale nice cedar timber in this swamp."

Burnie put the old fellow in the best of humor by asking him if he didn't mean "nice cedar rail-timber."

One of the most joyful moments that we ever experienced in the woods, where our appreciation of the grand and the beautiful rose highest, and the sublime prodigality of Nature in this great center of grand scenery was recognized by all, was when upon turning the last point in the inlet, the famous, unequaled Raquette bursts upon us like the sudden creation of an enchanted castle; quiet and fair beneath the glow of the declining sun; lovely as an artist's dream. Words flow from the pen utterly powerless to describe its beauties. There it lies, royally magnificent at our very doors, and yet we squander thousands of dollars, months of time, and make ocean voyages to Europe, to behold scenery far inferior to it in all that is wonderful.

To say that we were weary as we landed on the point formed by the lake and the inlet, but faintly indicates our physical condition. Two hard carrys and ten or twelve miles of water travel are not conducive to rest and quiet,

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and our little remaining energy was taxed to its utmost in constructing a rough shanty under which to pass the night.

It had been our intention to camp that night on the green slopes of Constable Point, but our ideas of the geography of that particular section were somewhat confused in the twilight.

We saw before us what appeared to be a clean, wave-washed point, carpeted with velvet sod, and shaded here and there with a lofty tree.

We have since learned that we attempted that night the perilous feat of sleeping in the very center of all Mosquitodom,—Rush Point.

We will attempt an explanation of some of its little peculiarities in the next chapter, in which Burnie, also, discovers the derivation of the name—Rush Point.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THAT was a long night at Rush Point.

"Oaths and growls, and bootless scowls,
And scratches unavailing,"

might have been heard, seen and felt through all the long hours, had there been a person in the wide world besides ourselves, unlucky enough, or foolish enough to pass a night there.

Most of us, from the warning drone and hum which filled the evening air, laced our punkey-nets close about our necks, put on our gloves and tried to sleep, while our common enemies, in countless swarms, alighted above our faces, and constantly punctured the thin goods with their beaks, until it seemed "an airy nothing."

Those of us who were not so well provided, came out in the morning looking like prize fighters after the ninety-seventh round.

We once read that the mosquitoes of the Adirondacks habitually opened clam-shells with their bills, or drilled holes in the same from which to suck the poor bivalves, and we scouted the idea; but things are changed with us since then!

By the way, what a terrible set of valves there must be inside a mosquito's head or stomach. The Yankee who invents a suction pump on the mosquito principle, had a fortune guaranteed by Burnie. He promised to give the

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inventor every cent he could borrow for his right. Thought it would pump all the petroleum out of the bowels of Pennsylvania in a week!

"Rush Point," said he; "I'd like to find the grave of the man who named it. He never left here alive!"

"The derivation of that name is plain. Everything goes with a rush. Poor fatigued tourists, like us, rush in here, deceived by specious appearances; and the infernal mosquitoes rush at them! Then the persecuted travelers rush off, if they don't delay too long.

"A great crane of a mosquito rushes his bill into you, and your blood rushes out. And that's the way it was named.

"They are nimble fellows—these leeches. Slap at one of them, and away he rushes, and you spatter the bloody well he has bored in your flesh.

"My cotemporary, Hammond, in his work on this region, says, 'I don't love mosquitoes, nor black flies; but they have some decency, and when they have eaten their fill of one's blood, will leave satisfied.'

"All I have got to say to that remark," continued Burnie, "is, that Hammond never camped on Rush Point. The Rush Point mosquitoes don't do business in that manner. Nothing equals their perseverance but their digestion; and if they 'leave you satisfied,' they soon come back with empty stomachs;" and the voluble youth commenced tumbling everything hap hazard into the boat, as if their salvation depended upon the utmost haste in getting them away from that locality.

However, this particular spot is an exception; and we will say here, that during all the long trips we have made through the Wilderness, we were never seriously inconvenienced by the insects. By observing the ordinary pre-

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cautions for keeping them at bay, which soon becomes habitual, no one need suffer in all summer half as many bites as would be received in half an hour in any smaller forest near home.

We divided a hastily prepared breakfast with the mosquitoes, and soon pulled away from Rush Point forever, and were on our way up the magnificent lake. And now we began to appreciate the mistake we had made in leaving one boat at Seventh Lake. Our over-taxed craft sank almost to the gunwales in the water, and to highten the danger, a stiff breeze arose, and the heavens were soon enveloped in black clouds. Thunder pealed forth, and the erratic lightning flashed down to the mountain tops, followed by the down-streaming rain. Had not Uncle managed the oars with consummate skill, we must certainly have had a tussle with the waves.

"Boys," said Myers, with countenance grave with alarm, "if she capsizes, don't attempt to right her nor get into her, but cling to her, bottom up."

That was good advice. Every wave that attained any considerable hight, and they were numerous, washed over the bow or sides of the laboring craft, wetting everything which the rain did not.

"Sanderson," said Burnie, "you roll that chew of tobacco to windward again, and over we go!"

"That fellow would make a joke at a funeral," said Wash.

Our situation was certainly anything but enviable, and it now seems almost a miracle that we were not capsized.

We toiled slowly along, threading our way among the islands lying about us, for an hour, until we came to one looking especially inviting, and we landed upon its banks.

With our escape from the perils of drowning, the shower

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ceased, the clouds broke into fragments and floated away, and the warm sun shone out, while we went about, each in a little cloud of steam, as though we were par boiling.

We hailed some men who were passing near the shore, and learned to our delight that we had landed on what is generally known as "Murray Island," from the fact that this author, hunter and divine, has often made it a camping place, and that he and a large party were even now within hailing distance of us.

Its former name, and the one it is by right entitled to, is Ospray Island, thus called from a species of large bird that once habitually built its nest upon the tops of the tall pines, and reared its young in solitude. These nests were sometimes three feet in diameter, and built so strong with interwoven branches as to resist the winds and storms for years.

The particular spot on this island, (which contains about thirty acres,) where Mr. Murray and his party were encamped, he has "dubbed" Terrace Lodge, it being an abrupt bluff on the water side, surmounted by a green plateau on which was pitched his tents. These numbered, that season, six or eight, and as they stood basking in the sun, backed by the thick foliage of the woodland, and surrounded by the gay party, their appearance was picturesque in the extreme. Add to this a crooked path down to the lake, a dozen boats of as many colors, guides in and about them dressed in colored shirts, and it made up a scene from fairy land.

Finding a deserted camp in good repair closely adjacent to, or really on a portion of Terrace Lodge, we did not hesitate to appropriate it for our own use, and we soon had it in "apple-pie order," whatever that means, and christened it "Camp Welcome."

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The previous occupants had inscribed upon the inner walls the following memoranda:—

"Inhabited this lodge from July 23d to July 30th—one week of happiness, with sport sufficient to satisfy the most ardent; with venison and trout enough for the wildest appetites, and leisure and sleep enough for the laziest.

FRANK CHASE,
HENRY SNYDER.

Guides *par excellence*."

Raquette Lake, the peerless body of water, covers an area of about seven miles in average width, and thirteen miles long, and there is no point from which it can be viewed that does not present a scene of surpassing grandeur. It contains nearly twenty islands, all, from their beauty, deserving to be embosomed in this grand lake

Comparatively small as the water surface is, its coast line so numerous are its bays, coves and level green capes, extending far into the still water, presents a front, (according to Headley,) of fifty miles. On our last visit, however, we were informed by a guide, that by a later survey it was found to measure over ninety miles!

In passing over its surface, one is almost bewildered by the constant panoramic change of scene that presents itself on its irregular shores—one long continuous line of graceful curves.

These deep indentations, projecting points and headlands, are mostly surmounted by stately evergreens, whose shadows darken the pure blue of the lake to an inky black, and form a cool shade in the hottest days of summer.

The dark green forms of the many beautiful islands, emeralds in crystal settings, present the most impressive contrast with the silver of the water, and are perhaps the most attractive features in the scene.

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We have mentioned "Murray," or Ospray Island. Away in the southerly section of the lake is "Woods Island," containing about three hundred acres. It is a beautiful, level spot, shaded by an open clean forest of maple and beech. It is, for a summer's ramble, a perfect elysium, swept by the cool, sweet lake breezes.

What a farm it would make, if it could be placed with all its magnificent appurtenances, just where one would wish it.

In the eastern portion of the lake is a group of four smaller islands, rising high and steep from the water, like giant trees.

Far away, around the southern sweep of the lake, stretches a belt of sand between the water and green shore, white as the driven snow.

("Driven snow," we believe, is always whiter than any other.)

The inlets to the Raquette, the largest of which is Marion River, are interesting in their character. Nearly all of them are so crooked and sluggish in their windings as the one mentioned by which we had entered the lake, where one must row four or five miles to gain a distance of two. In and around the cold waters at the mouth of these streams, is where, in the warm months of summer, the speckled trout await the coming of the sportsman, ready to jump at a bait, or anything, before it touches the water above them. In the hotter weather, the larger lake trout finds a cool retreat in its crystal depths, and the anxious fisher can watch his antics about his baited hook in the Raquette, thirty feet below the surface. These denizens of the deep waters have been caught there, weighing forty-five pounds.

This is a fish story, but a fact.

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Away to the eastward, at the end of the Marion River valley, towers the lofty form of Blue Mountain, (formerly called Mount Emmons.)

This is really the "termination of the Adirondack Range," says Headley, though it is far disconnected from them.

We visited this section and shall have more to say about it.

To the right of our camp, and about one-half mile distant, is "Wood's Place." It is a clearing once settled by two men, one of whose names it bears, and who lived here by themselves for some years, and from it, in the language of Murray, "is beheld one of the finest water views in the world."

Myers captured it with his camera from two or three different points.

To accomplish this he ascended an old ladder, and posted his apparatus on the peak of the ancient log house standing there, Frank assisting him.

The descent was tragic. Frank came down ahead with the negatives, and in doing so, smashed, of course, about every alternate round from the old ladder.

Myers' antics in striding over those gaps with his camera on his shoulders, we leave to the imagination of the reader.

Nearly opposite, Indian Point (so called from having once contained a settlement of the red men,) almost severs the Raquette in the center, and connected with it (the Raquette) by a tiny stream from four to five miles long, and perhaps ten feet wide, is the lovely little Lake Eldon, a mile long by one-half wide, almost a perfect oval in shape deeply set in the forest, and protected from the winds in every direction—a fount of inspiration for a poet, a scene of rich imaginings for the artist.

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The Raquette and vicinity can now be reached from the south-east by stage twice a week, over a tolerable road, the distance from Caldwell being eighty miles.

That word "tolerable" is of broad signification.

On Indian Point were built the first two dwellings constructed on this lake.

These are some of the beauties of this rare spot, and which, to be half appreciated must be seen. Even the artist's pencil falls powerless in the attempt to depict the wonders of that fifty or seventy-five miles of winding coast, and a description of them would fill a book.

Go to Europe, if you will, men and women of America. We admit it is more fashionable. Drag over the routes whose description and scenes are stale in the mind of every boy in the land. We turn from them with the keenest pleasure, to the grand, yea, sublime scenes of the wilderness, and bid your European harpies go to the d—ogs!

To return to practical matters. Everybody was charmed and delighted with our pleasant new camp on Murray's Island.

We will assume that Frank had remained quiet long enough for us to pen the few preceding pages. We caught him with a copy of the Rev. Murray's "Adventures in the Wilderness." This was his text book. He lived by it and swore by it.

If that little book had told him to dive to the bottom of the Raquette in search of shrimps, or climb the tallest pine in the woods and secure a nest-full of turtle's eggs, that credulous youth would have followed the advice!

"Aint he a preacher," said he, "and of course we shall find everything just as he has written it."

He has changed his mind.

First he was gratified with a view of the veracious chron

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icler of impossible adventures. Then turning to his book again he read :—

" *What sections to visit.*—Then go to Constable Point and quench your thirst at the coolest, sweetest spring of pure water from which you ever drank. Then paddle to Beaver Bay and *find that point* from which you can awake a whole family of sleeping echoes," etc.

It will be noticed by the reader that this language of Mr Murray's is couched in the form of a command. This leaves him free from the imputation of having given poor advice. He is cunning. We had much rather be told that we must do a thing that afterwards leads us into trouble, than be advised to do it. If Murray's directions and commands had all been handed down to his many readers as advice, he would have met with a tragic death before this.

"Come on, boys," said Frank, "we'll go first to that spring."

To please the *smasher*, and more than half guessing what would be the result of following the advice of this rapid-running, phantom-falls-shooting Reverend, four or five of us stepped into our boat, and paddled away to the spring.

Muddy from a year's disuse, and absolutely swarming with Myers' hair snakes!

"Boys, this can't be the place," said Frank; and he moved off down the outlet of the spring, found a little pool, clear as crystal with the running water, and took a drink.

"Just as I expected," said Governor; "these elastic-minded preachers get into such a habit of speaking parables, demonstrating by figures of speech, etc., that it's tough for 'em sometimes to walk up and face the truth."

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But the Governor, you know, was an irreverent fellow.

Away we sped again to Beaver Bay to "find that point."

We are looking for it yet!

Frank hallooed around that bay till he was hoarse, then got into the boat, muttering:

"Echoes! no doubt the whole family is sleeping around here; but so soundly that it will take the trump of Gabriel to wake 'em."

His confidence in the sporting minister was sadly shaken when we reached our pleasant camp on the Terrace. Uncle had our dinner smoking on a hastily improvised table, he having already captured a score of magnificent trout. We all eat, though probably not with the voracious appetite of Frank's pet chronicler, who, by his own showing, devoured nine or ten trout of a pound weight and upward, sandwiched among a multitude of flapjacks.

O, Mr. Murray, repent, repent! There are no cool, shady camping places *down there!*

Saturday night and a magnificent visit of "nature's sweet restorer," expected by all, in return for the last night's misery at Rush Point.

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CHAPTER XV.

A PEACEFUL, calm and beautiful Sabbath has come to us again, and our first feeling when the usual church hour passed, and we heard no music from heavenward pointing spires, was one of loneliness; and we spent an hour in wonder and conjecture as to the whereabouts, the occupations, and the welfare of our far-off dear ones and friends. It is a great task to the unregenerated to "keep the Sabbath," in the strict sense of the term, in the woods. Human nature will out, in spite of anything.

We all went in for a rejuvenation of ourselves and the camp. Frank's pitiable cries in his first attempt to comb his hair, after giving his comb a holiday of over two weeks, were laughable in the extreme. Uncle helped him through the task by inserting the comb, then grasping the snarled hair between that instrument and the head, and putting his foot on the back of Frank's neck, succeeded in pulling it through.

Uncle left him, at the end of a half hour's violent exercise, looking like a bald eagle!

Ned carefully washed out his stockings, and hung them up by the fire, where one of them was soon converted into

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tinder. Uncle's lament over the loss of that garment, never ceased to break forth at odd intervals during the rest of the trip!

About noon our eyes were greeted by a vision as lovely as unexpected. The dashing Mrs. Murray rowed around from their camp, passing with a light and even stroke in front of us, appropriately attired in Scottish costume, while the familiar and ever-welcome "Sweet Home," reached our ears in a pure soprano. She was the first woman we had beheld in weeks, and we all felt like capturing her, and for a few hours make her sit near us, that we might feast our eyes upon the strange sight.

"By Jove," said Frank, "there goes the 'Lady of the Lake;'" and the exclamation brought down the camp as singularly appropriate.

Later in the day we visited Terrace Lodge in a body; and found the camp and company fitted up in the best of style. We were told that Murray the eloquent, with his "honest John Plumbley," was out hunting deer. Read his chapter on "Sabbath in the Woods," and see if he mentions that deer hunt in it!

They returned before we left, and we found Mr. M. a very courteous and sociable gentleman, and perfectly aglow with enthusiasm over the wilderness and its attendant sports. We have learned that he is far from popular with many of the guides, who think themselves slighted by him, They say he holds up his hands with horror at any one who goes into the woods with a shot gun, and then borrows one on the sly from a neighboring camp. None of us believed the yarn but the Governor. He muttered, "d—d hypocrite!"

Mrs. Murray is a very attractive and dashing woman; black hair, pearly complexion, white teeth, large hand-

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some eyes, delicate feet and hands, (hear that ye *belles*) and here in the woods bears all the acknowledged requisites of a star of beauty. She often accompanies her husband in the chase, and is a successful fisherwoman.

A word in regard to the people we met in the woods. No fond father need to send his son or daughter there, fearing the effects of evil associates. Though covered usually with rough habiliments, (fops being the rare exceptions,) yet beneath the rough hunting coats, in almost every case, beats the true heart of a gentleman. Roughs, blackguards and the like, do not go there, for the reason that there is nothing congenial for them in such a place. It takes settled civilization to support them. It is the lover of nature, the eager sportsman, the debilitated gentleman, who seeks these wilds; and among them, all society's humbuggery, all straight-laced restraint is dropped; when you meet a man, you are glad to see him, and in five minutes you are as well acquainted as a formal introduction and hampered conversation would make you in an hour at home. So among the guides; the great majority are good, honest men, whose society and contact no person need fear.

The lower end of the Raquette, or South Bay, as it is called, is a favorite camping place for sportsmen, as well as this island. Into this bay runs South Inlet, which bears off to the south-east. It is, according to Headley, "a stream large enough to float a vessel of a ton's burden." We think the able historian is again in error, as there is a succession of rapids and falls for two or three miles of the stream. This inlet and its rapids are favorite haunts of trout,—and mosquitoes.

We received a visit Sunday afternoon from two gentlemen, respectively named Steele and Hay, who were camp-

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ing at Wood's Place, and who kindly divided some necessaries with us.

"Who are those gentlemen," asked Frank, as he returned from Murray's Camp and saw them paddling away up the lake.

"Steele an' Hay," said Uncle.

"I didn't inquire what they were doing," returned Frank, "and I don't see what profit there can be in stealin' hay in this wilderness, either!"

Daylight at last shifted the scenes, snuffed out his luminary, set the great stage with darker "flies," lit aloft his twinkling lights, and the play went on.

We have not said much, thus far, about the musical talents of the party; but they were immense, and we serenaded the Murray Camp that night. It is well known that all serenaders are talented.

Well, we practiced a little at our own camp, jumped into our boat, and paddled carefully to the vicinity of Terrace Lodge. All was still.

Away went Myers in the solo of a little gem, "Moonlight on the Lake," and we all did our best in the chorus.

It was a beautiful little serenade, and we knew it was not *very* poorly executed; but what was our disappointment, bordering on disgust, when a gruff voice from the vicinity of the camp, snarled out:

"Stop that infernal noise!"

We stopped! And muttering bitter imprecations, we paddled back to our humble camp. Broils in camp life are rare, except of venison, and they should be *rare* to be good, and all resolved to avoid one with the Murrayites, spite of Governor's profane assertion that they insulted us out of pure cussedness.

However, an ample apology came next morning, ex-

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plaining that the rather blunt request for us to stop singing, emanated from one of the guides, who probably "had no music in his soul."

Monday morning the sky was overcast with gray, gloomy-looking clouds, betokening a storm. Some articles of diet were falling short under the repeated onslaughts of our ever-increasing appetites, and Wash, Ned and Burnie resolved to make a hasty trip to "Cary's," a sort of sportsman's grocery and hotel, situated between the Raquette and Forked Lakes. In spite of all our haste, the storm got back first, and we were driven to land to escape a drenching. We were fortunate enough to land near the camp of a gentleman from New York, and one from Boston, who with the usual sportsman's generosity, offered us a shelter from the storm. Not less fortunate were we in discovering the fact that the two men were piloted by the famous Indian guide and hunter, Mitchell Sabbattis, whose name figures often in the Adirondack works of Headley, and with whom we afterwards became well acquainted at his home on Long Lake.

We found him a person of remarkably good sense, who wins friends wherever he goes, by his gentle demeanor.

He informed us that Headley was in the Wilderness the year before, and that time had passed lightly over his head.

He gave Headley no credit as a sportsman, inferring that he made his annual visits to these clusters of lakes, rugged mountains and smiling rivers, mainly as a lover of Nature's grandest works, and to partake of their health-giving influences. We reluctantly left the interesting company of this guide as the rain ceased, and paddled away to our camp.

The first sound that saluted our ears as we approached our camp, was Frank's voice :—

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"Uncle, get the beans on the table; the boys are coming."

We were informed slyly by the old man, that during our absence, it had required his best efforts to restrain this famine-creator from consuming whatever eatables we had left.

Rowing is almost a fine art if properly appreciated and studied. That afternoon, Ned, the unaccomplished, the "boss" in all awkward manœuvres in the woods, furnished the balance of the party some rare laughing stock, in his abortive efforts to turn his boat around while sitting in the *bow* and facing the same.

Say "oars" to that fellow now, no matter how hilarious he may happen to be feeling, and his countenance will immediately look as long and blank as the blade of a paddle. He had stepped down to the beach, thinking to have a little boat ride all by himself. He pushed her clear of the beach, grasped the paddle and stepped into the boat, the motion of which caused him to sit carefully down upon a seat two or three feet from the bow, in about a quarter of a second. Now he was confused. Two-thirds the length of the boat was behind him and he did not dare assume a standing position for fear of going overboard. He cast a furtive eye camp ward to see if any one was watching him, and then went at it. His antics with that paddle were similar to those of a boy fighting a nest of bumble-bees with a wisp of grass! The boat reared and pitched, stood on one side, and almost on one end. The sweat rolled down his cheeks, the water turned to foam beneath his flying paddle, until at last, disgusted with the perversity of the boat, he went ahead to the beach, got out, and swung the boat around until it headed in the right direction, jumped in and paddled away in triumph

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"I don't want to strain the boat," said he, in reply to the remarks thrown at him on his return to camp.

The clouds broke away in the evening, and our journey to Blue Mountain on the morrow, was duly canvassed around the dying fire. Particulars at last decided upon, one by one the party yawned and slowly turned to the sweet sleep of total freedom from care, if not of innocence, leaving at last Ned and Burnie, the dreamers, silently gazing away over the darkening, gurgling lake.

"Ned," said the younger of the two, "a man must be a fool, or a maniac, who can sit here in the solemn stillness of the coming night, in this wonderful absence of everything made by man, where he can contemplate the rare works of the great Creator just as they are turned from his Almighty hand, and doubt or question the existence or the beneficence of a Ruler, as far above all others as the stars up there are above their fellows in the deep lake, and whose watchful eye saw the whole from the beginning. I tell you, it is not alone good for a man's body to come here; it gives a turn to his moral perception far different from that received among the haunts of men.

What beauty of art has ever, or will ever, even approach the wonders of that lily-cup, floating on its green raft of leaves at our feet. What work of man compares ever so feebly in magnitude, with the upheaving of one of those mountains watching over us in the east. Men can level them, and tunnel them, but who can replace the smallest fragment of the rock he has broken away? O, sir, these things fill my breast with awe and admiration for the Builder of such works, and all the romance and poetry there is in me, comes very near to the surface."

Ned respectfully listened to this outburst, and long after sat musing upon this or that, while Burnie scribbled away with his pencil.

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"Going, old boy?" said he, as Ned rose to retire. "Wait a moment, and hear this," and he read:—

How calm and quiet is the fragrant air;
Mute as the voices of our sleeping friends;
The kindly stars look down through foliage rare;
The white clouds o'er them float; their beauty ends.
The murmur of the water sinks and swells,
Like music heard within the ocean shells.

Our chess-board there, all shorn of pawns and knights,
Seems but a history of the world;
Kings, queens and castles, knocked about in fights;
These rise aloft and these are downward hurled.
How truly life is but a game of chess;
A frenzied race for the bubble—happiness.

A man who wanders 'round and 'round the earth,
And culls no treasure for a leisure hour;
Who cheers no downcast friend; who frowns at mirth;
Is quite as useless as a scentless flower.
What though he's fair and fine to look upon!
So is the songless, soulless swan.

But proud am I of him who from truth's wells,
Brings up some gems to make us better for his living;
Who notes his journey, and his end foretells;
Forgiving as he hopes to be forgiven.
To such a life is pledged eternal rest,
And, while on earth, content within his breast.

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RAQUETTE LAKE AND MURRAY'S ISLAND.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

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CHAPTER XVI.

FROM the Raquette to Blue Mountain Lake, the distance is about fifteen miles.

We won't compromise our veracity by trying to be exact, as it is given by different authorities as any where from ten to twenty-five miles.

In calculating the length of these Wilderness routes one man will perhaps base his estimates on the length of time it takes him to travel them, while sometimes he must go by water twenty miles to gain ten in a straight line.

Another takes the word of the first guide he asks in regard to it. The consequence is, it is next to impossible to gain accurate information. We have, in every case, sought the best authority for our statements, never relying much upon our own opinions, as we have found from experience in the woods that, sitting in your boat on a blissful summer afternoon, your whole being steeped in careless delight and a good hand at the oars, a mile isn't much—a mere step. While, on the other hand, load yourself down with "traps," wait for an accompanying rain storm and start on a mile carry, why, the road will seem to be made of rubber, with an almighty power at either end to stretch it; or dough, which, under the continued pressure of your feet, reaches further and further.

Marion River connects the Raquette and Blue Moun-

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tain Lakes—a duplicate of nearly all those streams and inlets; crooked, lonely, winding its way in a green-walled flume through the woods. This stream has the doubtful honor of being the battle-ground in Murray's famous "deer-tail" adventure.

The river, where it empties into the Raquette, is of considerable breadth and size, and is almost bridged (as in fact are many of the stream and lake margins of the Wilderness,) with the deep green and rich red leaves of the water lily, which are thickly spotted with the pure white and yellow of the waxen flowers. No pale, sickly-looking plants are these, such as grow in the lakes of the open country; but great flowers like a quart bowl, and leaves like a dinner plate, from which, as we paddled along, the patriarch frogs and their children plunged like plummets into the water.

A long trail, or wake, of open water, followed our boat, as we separated these floating flowers, looking much like a road through a green field; but they soon began to approach each other again, and ere long hid the water like a blanket.

The morning air, as we lazily swept along up the stream, was refreshing; the fragrance of the dewy wood, and flowers and ferns, delightful, and the mosquitoes loving; but we managed easily to keep them at bay with our ointment and a pipe of tobacco.

We toiled on and on, leaving miles of the crooked gash in the forest behind us, the water-course growing smaller and smaller, until at last the keel of our boat grated on the gravel of the river bed.

"Never mind, b'ys," said Uncle, "I will fix it," and he rolled his pants upward and upward on his gaunt legs, to near their confluence, stepped out into *two inches* of

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water, and soon dragged us into clear sailing. We encountered a carry of about a mile, from a point on the river to Uttowana, or Lake Marion, a little sheet of water between two and three miles in extent. Here we took to the water again, and Myers accomplished the feat of running the boat between Uncle's legs, as he stood one foot on the shore and the other on a little island in the stream.

"Colossus of Rhodes," he shouted, as he ducked his head beneath Uncle's stalwart form.

No doubt the old man is wondering to this day what "Colossus of Rhodes" means.

One and one-half miles from Utowana Lake is Eagle, or Lake Lyman, (not the Eagle Lake previously described,) a mere pond, about a mile across, but a perfect beauty.

Near the head of this little gem, Ned Buntline, the hunter novelist, has a retreat, which he has named "Eagle's Nest," and in its vicinity we enjoyed a hearty dinner.

Leaving here, we hurried on, and after mid-day we emerged from the lonely stream into an earthly Paradise—"Lake George in Miniature," Blue Mountain Lake. It is only five or six miles long; its lower half, into which we entered, a clear stretch of crystal water, rippling over a bottom of pure white sand, whose glistening particles can be plainly seen at a wonderful depth.

One can easily imagine how plainly a trout or any living thing can be seen, between the eye and such a floor.

In the upper half, toward the great mountain cone, 4,000 feet high, whose feet are in the lake, in beautiful, graceful irregularity, are scattered twenty-two islands, leaving the lake a net work of winding bayous, cool, shady coves and glistening pools.

From an elevation on the mountain, it may be, these green emeralds were tossed from an Almighty hand into

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the air, to fall into the depths of the lake below, there to rest forever,—and may be not.

We have said Blue Mountain (so-called from the peculiar atmospheric color given to its summit) is four thousand feet high—a great forest-covered giant, with two peaks, formed something like a saddle, whose western side slopes without a break to the water. From its summit can be seen one of the finest views in christendom—the eye taking in twenty-two lakes!

It takes some time, if not more, to ascend it, varying with different constitutions and legs!

It took Kate Field nine hours; but she lost her way.

It is hard to be outdone by a woman; but we were, as many a better man has been before.

If it took Kate Field nine hours to ascend it, how long should it take Uncle, considering their different construction and hardihood?

Answer—*Nine minutes!*

It took Wash and Frank ninety minutes to make their ascent, and at the end of that time they were where they started from. They got lost, and no wonder, for at that time a man not conversant with the path, who could get to the summit without a guide, might safely make the tour of the Catacombs.

The path has been much improved lately. Ned and Burnie, though the "consumptives" of thc party, were more successful, and after a tedious trial of strength and endurance, reached the top, and were a thousand-fold rewarded.

An attempt at a description of the scene from the summit would be futile. But let the reader look at the map and imagine that from twenty to fifty miles of unbroken forest in every direction is spread out beneath his gaze,

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clad in all the regal robes of Summer, backed on all sides by hills upon hills, and mountain upon mountain, overtopping each other in the distance, and he may get a faint idea of what we saw.

We came down easier than we went up.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to make that statement.

We have often thought those two words, "down" and "up," the most expressive in the language. One conveys to the mind everything that is good and great—honor, wisdom, power, happiness, all that we hope and pray for. The other—down, down we go—poverty, misery, crime, sorrow, all that we try to avoid, and hope to escape.

The difference between going down in any of the above roads, and in going down the lonely mountain in the Wilderness, is, in the former some ill-disposed cur is ever ready to give you a kick, and if that don't suffice, he won't be averse to putting himself to the trouble of getting a handspike with which to give you a turn. In the latter we had only our own momentum and the mosquitoes behind us; but that was enough!

At eight o'clock we had returned as far as Eagle Lake, and we encamped on a bramble-covered rock that jutted out from the shore.

The mosquitoes had a ball on the rock that evening and served us up for supper! but Myers checkmated them by firing a lot of dry brush lying at the shore edge.

"Boys, how is that for a Christmas Tree," said he, as he touched the dry leaves of a dead evergreen with a burning brand. "Don't that make you think of home last winter?"

There, on the warm rock, with no canopy save the gem-set sky, our blankets wrapped around us, we slept, O, how we slept, for seven good long hours, and awoke at dawn to the music of the wild birds.

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"Wall, b'ys, how d'ye feel," said jolly old Uncle, who was always first out of bed.

"We feel, we feel, we feel,
We feel like morning stars,"

sang everybody, and the old man chuckled, for it was the first time he had ever heard "Shoo Fly."

Nothing occurred to trouble us on our way back to the Raquette, except that in verification of Uncle's constant predictions for the past day or two, we ran upon a rock. No serious consequences, however, resulted from the accident, and at ten o'clock A. M. we landed at "Camp Welcome."

These never-to-be-forgotten trips from point to point, were made still more lovely by the rich fragrance and manifold colors of the wild woodland flowers. Wild red roses, violets, lady-slippers, and the wonderful scarlet Indian Plume, rearing its blood-red top and slender stalk above the earth, all help to make a garden of many spots in the Wilderness.

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CHAPTER XVII.

WE had now reached a day in our lives when we were ready to turn our footsteps homeward. Conflicting emotions filled our breasts. Our free, devil-may-care life had become very attractive to us; and not only this, we had become, from pale, puny, nerveless chaps, perfect marvels at hard work—and at the table; tanned and sunburned, muscles hardened by continued exercise, and spirits enlivened in proportion. And we had, moreover, established a sort of brotherhood with each other, to think of severing which made our hearts ache.

On the other hand, some of us were blessed with homes made warm by the fire of domestic love, and glad by the broken prattle of little tongues, and the patter of little feet; and all of us had the dearest of friends, thoughts of whose warm welcomes made our hearts throb with joy. We longed to go, and yet we wished to stay. But one fact stared us squarely in the face; go we must soon, to get something to eat, if for no other reason.

We bid good-bye to the Raquette, as it lay asleep in the stillness of the morning, at 6 A. M., and after a hard day's labor without breaking our fast, arrived at our old camp on Seventh Lake at 4:30 P. M.

Reader, think of it! Ten mortal hours of fast, with all

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the consequences of our appetites upon us, and a limited commissariat. It became more than ever evident, after our combined dinner and supper that afternoon, that we must hasten home or starve; and we were at the same time reminded by our "increased rents," that we must halt where we were one day for repairs. Our boots were little better then sandals—and our coats! Burnie thought they might be turned to good account for priestly vestments; they were so *hole-ly!*

"Governor," said Ned, "why are your boots like misers?"

"Another blasted conundrum!" was the reply. "It seems to me they are decidedly unlike a miser, for they wont *hold* anything!"

"Well," said Ned, "I think they are much like a miser. They don't appear to have any *soles* worth mentioning."

The varieties of patchwork executed in our camp that day would do credit to a country fair. Brown sheeting patches on cassimere coats; buckskin patches on cowhide boots; black cloth sewed with white thread, etc. O, we were a motley looking group, and the jokes perpetrated upon the appearance of our wardrobe were numerous.

That evening we had the satisfaction of witnessing a "fire-slash." We cannot do better in conveying to the reader an idea of the sublime spectacle, than to adopt the language of Mr. Headley.

"A prairie on fire is simply a mass of flame rushing like a race horse over the ground—terrible to behold, but exhibiting a sameness in its aspect that leaves but little room for the imagination. But hills and mountains of timber ablaze are another matter. Over acres and acres, from base to ridge, the eye takes in the whole extent, and you look on a bosom of fire, from which rise waving columns and lofty turrets of flame.

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"There had been a long drought, which had dried up everything combustible, making the forest one great tinder box, needing only a spark to make a conflagration; and this was accidentally furnished.

"First a column of blue smoke began to ascend through the trees, which rapidly swelled in size and increased in velocity, until at length the fire got under way, and took up its fierce march, and soon the whole forest view was wrapt in flame. Trees a hundred feet high and five, eight, twelve feet in circumference, were ablaze from the roots to the top—vast pyramids of flame, now surging in the eddies of air that caught them, now bending as if about to yield the struggle, then lifting superior to the foe, and dying, martyr-like in the terrible furnace. From the noble pine to the bending sprout, the trees were aflame, while the crackling underbrush seemed a fiery net-work cast over the prostrate forms of the monarchs of the forest. When the fire caught a dry stub, it ran up the trunk like a huge serpent, and, coiling around the withered branches, shot out its fiery tongue as if in mad joy, over the raging element below; while ever and anon came a crash that reverbrated far away in the gorges—the crash of falling trees, at the overthrow of which there went up a cloud of sparks, cinders and ashes. Sweeping along on its terrible path, the tramp of that conflagration filled the air with an uproar like the bursting of billows on a rocky shore."

At intervals through the wilderness are tracts of hundreds of acres bearing the scars of these terrible fires. Hundreds of old forest monarchs, piled hither and thither above each other, like dead soldiers upon a battle field, among whose trunks the thrifty second growth uprears its light green foliage.

These fire-slashes and the lightness of the soil, in many

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localities barely sufficing to hide the rocks beneath, we think explain the theory of falling trees in the quiet of a calm summer day, which is worked up with such a strong flourish of his pen by Mr. Street, in his "Woods and Waters." From his vivid description, one cannot fail to get an impression, and he certainly carries the idea, that great green trees, in the full flush and vigor of health and strength, tumble to the ground, without a natural cause. To say the least, it looks unreasonable, if not foolish. But amid these acres of burned timber, many large trees survive the fury of the fire sufficiently to retain an upright position, although their roots are burned off and all vegetation around them is killed. Some of them stand for days; others for weeks or months; but sooner or later they must join their prostrate brethren "gone before." They gradually become loosened at their foundations, and doubtless many of them finally topple over, when in the quiet camp of Mr. Street, scarce a breath of wind could be felt.

We left Seventh Lake early the next morning, in a gloomy, drizzling mist, which betokened for us plenty of discomfort during our long day's work; and we got it. However, we saw the light of our pleasant firesides but a few days in the future, and we tugged away manfully, reaching First and Second Lakes about 2 P. M., hungry, weary and worn.

But good quarters awaited us, though we were not aware of it. A shout from the shore reached our ears, and in reply to it and vehement beckonings, we landed. A "hospital greeting," as Uncle called it, but feebly expresses the treatment we received from the gentlemen occupying the substantial house located near the dividing line between First and Second Lakes.

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Their names are:—William Willey, of Cincinnati; B. Stickney, of St. Louis; Charles Warner, of St. Louis; Charles Todd, of St. Louis; Henry Hanna, of Loveland, O.

Together they are known as the St. Louis party. A few years since, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars, they erected and furnished a good comfortable woodland home, which they visit annually. The meal of venison, trout, and many delicacies we had not tasted for weeks, together with the genial warmth of their fire to our chilled, wet bodies, came to us and were welcome, as is the sight of land to the shipwrecked mariner. We parted from them the next morning with grateful hearts, and we have but poorly recompensed them by thus placing their kindness upon record.

Our next camping place is known as "Hell Gate." The name but poorly describes it. It is near Arnold's, and is the last point on our return, we shall mention specially. The weather still continued lowery, and we reached it late in the evening. Here in this most dreary of all camping grounds we had yet found, we passed a long, dreary, rainy night.

A fire was at last kindled, and Uncle spent all those dreary hours in falling timber across it.

"Never mind, boys," said he! "we can stand it a little longer," and the conviction that we would soon be home, kept us from despair.

Morning came at last, and we, being upon the highway, twenty-four hours later, occupied in traversing the same road by which we had entered the Wilderness, were greeted at length upon our own thresholds by those dear ones, to whom during all the long days and nights of absence, our thoughts had turned, in sunshine and in rain—in happiness and in trouble.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

JUNE 18th, 18—, dawned beautiful upon, not "we seven," but we eight, at the old farm house of "Uncle Atkins," less than a mile from Beach's Bridge, a little hamlet two miles from Martinsburg, a new station on the Utica and Black River R. R., where tourists often leave the cars to enter the Wilderness by way of Beaver River.

For the coming experiences, we had, as above noted, made an important addition to the members of our party, and as such he demands more than a passing notice.

Poor "Don!" our hand trembles as we write his name, and the words following our pen are all confusion, seen through the misty glimmer before our eyes. He was one of those whom we call "unfortunates;" he having for various reasons and against our earnest entreaties, delayed year after year a visit to, and healthful exercise, in the dry, pure air of the Adirondacks, until it was too late. The plague of our country, consumption, had fastened its poisonous fangs in his vitals, and now the willows whisper, the dark pine mourns and the flowers bloom above his grave, scarce a year old.

Poor Don! Many a shout of laughter has he called forth among us by his quaint, dry remarks, and many a twilight hour has whisked away into eternity under the

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magic influence of his sweet-toned guitar, which would almost talk and sing beneath his master hand. His light tenor voice, in admirable training, yet strangely delicate, like a woman's, was in perfect keeping with the wonderful, rambling accompaniments we have longed in vain to hear, since we laid his once warm heart beneath the whirling snows of winter.

Poor Don! The grand choir of singers above, must have welcomed joyfully such an accession to their circle.

Lord Lytton's garrulous landlord, in "The Lady of Lyons," defines a "genius," as one who can do anything in the world that is of no use to anyone. But in our humble opinion, there are very many of these slighted beings, who seem to possess the rare faculty of doing anything and everything that will benefit anybody in the world but themselves; and so it was with Don.

At home he was an artist; at least it was by that profession he earned his living, and he never, by any possible chance, earned any more than that, unless we enumerate the scores of beggars, apple-women, flower-girls, etc., who seemed to consider him the proprietor of another goose that laid golden eggs, and they appeared to think he had too much sense to dissect his bird for the immediate possession of all that was in her, and consequently would be in the daily receipt, as long as he lived, of a goose-egg of solid gold.

A ragged boy or girl would step up to him in the street, with a pitiful tale of suffering, and down would go Don's hand to the bottom of his pocket. If it happened to be empty, which was often the case, it was:—

"Burnie, just loan me a dollar for a day or two," and he would place the whole of it in the dirty palm of the beggar, and stride away. He seemed to have no idea of what

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is termed in business, "change;" and so we boys, his friends, used to make it a point, whenever he received an instalment of salary, to immediately reduce it by some financiering dodge, down to the smallest posible denominations of shinplasters, thus saving him many dollars. For he would purchase an orange, and, if he had nothing smaller, throw down a dollar; then he would watch the vender, especially if the proprietor of a squalid fruit stand, and a woman or girl, in a bewildered sort of way for a moment, in the process of "making change," suddenly seem to recollect himself, and ejaculate:—

"O, never mind about that," then turn on his heel and be gone.

Generous! that is but a poor name for it. Reckless, is better. The consequence was, he invariably owed some one, who, of course, was anxious for his pay, thus keeping poor Don constantly on the rack, where he was tortured with the apparitions of creditors. But we think that when the town knew that he had crossed the dark river, many of those debts were obscured by the great light of his many kindnesses.

Yes, Don was an artist, and, could he have applied himself closely to his profession, might have been eminent. But at the same time he was an accomplished musician, as we have said; and there were also a dozen other trades and professions at which he was more or less proficient. So he was a "genius."

His correct name was John Hardinwood; but there were many people who thought they knew him well, who yet knew nothing of his name but "Don."

This is the way he obtained his *sobriquet*.

One winter evening, he, in company with half a dozen of us, his friends, was seated around the blazing hearth in

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his cozy bachelor quarters, when there came the mysterious double knock at the door, by which we were wont to gain admission to the charmed circle. Don's guitar ceased in the midst of that dreamy "Last Waltz of Weber," and Will Norwood said:—

"There comes Jack!" and opening the door, in stepped that worthy, Jack Warner, who heartily greeted all in the room until he came to Hardinwood;—

"Why, 'Adonis,' how are you to-night, and how is the voice of your pet there?" pointing to the silent guitar.

Now there is nothing so very strange in one gentleman calling another "Adonis;" but in this instance it was the strange, the mighty impropriety of the appellation that made it laughable.

It is but natural for one when he hears the name Adonis, to associate with it a figure embodying the perfection of manly beauty. Tall, straight, symmetrical form, classic countenance, and all the many attributes of beauty. But poor John was wofully deficient in every one of these respects. His homeliness was a proverb wherever he was known; tall, angular and crooked, and his face bore no mark of beauty, except the kindly look of his blue eye, and it was this fact, in all its bearing, which caused a roar of laughter to follow Jack's greeting. From that day to this, none of that party, and hundreds of others, ever mentioned Hardinwood except by his nickname. First it was invariably "Adonis" for some weeks, but that was clearly too complicated to last, and it was finally contracted to "Don."

In strange contrast to his looks, were his movements. Whether with pencil in hand, his slender fingers careering in beautiful arpeggios over the strings of his guitar, at work or play, anything, down to the mere putting on

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of a glove, or stooping for a lady's handkerchief, was done with the consummate grace of a queen. So Don was not without his admirers even among the fair sex, and his friends, those of both sexes who were always overjoyed to welcome him at their homes, were numbered by hundreds.

Among other accomplishments for the entertainment of himself and friends, this genius had perfected himself to a wonderful degree in the difficult art of executing, in a really artistic manner, fine music upon the harmonicon, or mouth-organ; and not content with the usual manner of performing upon that instrument, he attached a slotted upright standard to his guitar top, by drawing it tightly upon the edge of the front, where it is cut away for the sound-hole, which standard, at its upper end, was in close proximity to his mouth. Upon the upper end of the standard the little toy was firmly attached. Taking this between his lips, Don would execute beautiful little waltzes, galops, the airs of those exquisite German ballads, and all in perfect harmony with the sweetest of accompaniments upon the guitar.

Musical fame was the poor fellow's *ignis fatuus;* for he was ever looking forward to the time when his name should be enrolled among those of the great composers of the world; but the motive power, perseverance, was lacking, and although he has left many little musical gems, some of which we give for the entertainment of the readers, as they entertained us beside the camp fire; still he never reached the goal he sought so long.

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CHAPTER XIX.

LATE in the afternoon on the day previous to the morning opening the last chapter, we reached Martinsburg, and leaving our entire outfit upon the platform of the freight house, which is also the depot and residence of the station agent, we walked about three miles to Beach's Bridge, or Watson, as the post office is called, while the sinking sun gradually stretched our shadows before us.

Beach's Bridge is a small, ungainly "draw," in a small, ungainly bridge across the Black River. It opens for the passage of one or two little steamers to Lowville, a few miles above.

Nelson J. Beach, for whom the bridge is named, lives in a rambling country home, in front of which stretches a lawn studded with elms. He is an old gentleman of perhaps sixty-five years; and he seems to endure the honor of having the bridge named for him, quite graciously.

The "village," *i. e.*, two little stores (one of which is the P. O.), filled with odds and ends of everything embraced in the catalogue of dry goods, groceries and hardware, and three or four houses, isn't spreading like the cholera.

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We forgot to mention the hotel; but there is one, a fair sample of country hotels, kept by L. B. Lewis. Ned called for cigars there, and paid fifteen cents each for some black, slimy-looking rolls of tobacco. We pulled away at them some time, but without much effect. Don broke the silence:

"Boys, I've spent a good many years as an artist, engraver, etc., and after all my labor, I must confess my utter incapacity. I can't even *draw* that cigar!"

An old native walked in soon after and ordered a "weed," and it became fearfully evident, in spite of whispers and pantomime, that his cigar cost him but ten cents. Of course, it was a small matter, financially; but Ned said he didn't wish for any farther honors of that kind. Thought he should be obliged to write home immediately for a remittance, if his money was worth but seventy-five cents on a dollar compared with other people's, and he immediately ordered a march for his old friend's, "Uncle Atkins," half a mile away across the fields—farther, around the road.

The old gentleman greeted us cordially, and in a few minutes was away with his "big wagon" for Martinsburg, after our boat-and-things.

One of the liveliest hours we ever enjoyed, was that one during his absence; we were literally surrounded with preparations for supper, and the good cook made the house merry with her conversation.

Uncle Atkins is a farmer, a real gentleman and a good christian; and the address labels on his newspapers indicate an advance payment of a year. The old lady is his wife, (as may have been already conjectured,) and she is worthy to be. Sixty-eight years old and brisk as many a belle of sixteen.

"I'm gettin' old, ye see, gentlemen," she said, "but I

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kin do a sight of work yit; more 'n many of yer young gells now-a-days."

As we sat merrily chatting in the "big room," an old Queen's-arm style of gun, suspended upon the bare joists above, caught the eye of Don, who remarked upon its remarkable length.

"Yes," said our hostess, "we have had that ole gun a long time; and I tell ye, I picked a hawk off that tree with it t'other day, when he was watchin' my chickens!"

Note that, ye mincing, simpering swells at Saratoga and Long Branch.

Mrs. Atkins appeared to be specially delighted in exhibiting to us some old relics, among which was a pair of infant's slippers over seventy years old, and which had been worn by her in her babyhood.

"Now, gentlemen," said she, "talkin' of old things, I'd like to know how old butter you ever see?"

"Ten years," shouted Ned, "at my boarding house!"

"Now you're foolin'," replied the old lady, and she forthwith related to us an account of a jar of butter that had been deposited in a sort of cupboard in the side of a well, in hot weather, and by some mishap had fallen into the well. It was supposed to have been stolen, but was fished out of the water, thirty-two years after in perfect preservation.

"A grand way to get the hairs out of boarding house butter," said Don; "keep it thirty-two years and it ought to be bald headed!"

Just at dark a faint rumble was heard, growing louder and louder, and soon Uncle Atkins drove up with all our camp equipage safe in his wagon; and half an hour later we gathered around a table laden with a supper that would tempt a king—if he had our appetites.

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The evening passed pleasantly in conversation, interspersed with a little music from Don's guitar, and we were finally invited to some good country feather beds. These we declined, preferring the fresh hay in the horse-barn, "at the risk of night-mare," as Don said.

"There's nothing like sleeping in a hay mow, is there?" said he. "You can't roll out of bed!"

And there we lay, like sticks in a row, with "our martial" blankets "around us," and slept until the great artist in the east painted golden stripes over us through the crevices in the side of the barn.

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CHAPTER XX.

AFTER a hearty breakfast, the staple of which was ham and eggs, we tumbled, bag and baggage, into Uncle Atkins' wagon, and away we started for Stillwater, twenty-six miles distant.

Before leaving, however, we made an addition to our means of offence in the character of the old Queen's-arm, before mentioned. This was done upon the urgent demand of Ned. We all knew his previous magnificent failures as a hunter, and moreover we had a good rifle with us already; but nothing would answer the importunate sportsman but that old gun—"it would look so odd," he said, "to parties we should meet;" and so it did!

Well, we borrowed the old thing, and it will be heard from hereafter.

"Not so much of a feat after all," said Don, as he critically examined the old blunderbuss, six feet long if it was an inch. "No, not so much of a feat, even for the old dame within, to kill a hawk at a dozen rods with that. Why the barrel has a taper towards the muzzle like a telescope, and an outward turn like the end of a trombone. It is beginning to look strange how anything on the face of the earth within shooting distance could be missed."

All that long, long day, we rumbled on, the old man pa-

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tiently fishing for flies on the horses' backs. Perhaps it is needless to say the horses got the most bites.

To us city-wearied chaps, that long day was peculiarly delightful. The balmy Summer air was, in itself, enough to lift our spirits into exultation, while the thousand odors of the varied landscape were wafted to our senses on the wings of a flying breeze, making the long miles seem but a step.

About ten o'clock we arrived at "Fenton's," popularly known as "No. 4," and in arriving at a correct description of this perhaps most widely knowu portion of the Wilderness, we shall rely much upon extracts from a little historical pamphlet, published in 1864, at Lowville, by W. Hudson Stephens :—

"An irregular, winding road through woods for eight miles, and we emerge amid partially cleared lands, with here and there an apple and cherry tree in the grass plot of a deserted farm—into quite a 'deserted village'—houses without tenants—barns wanting boards and crops—an abandoned school-house, windows out and door gone—into the cultivated clearing of No. 4. Beyond Chauncey Smith's, on the left, and the Champlain Road, extending eighty miles into the Wilderness, on the right, the red house of Fenton, perched on the brow of the hill, is approached by a road leading down to Wetmore's and through the lot to the landing on Beaver Lake.

"Mountains covered with evergreen, huge, and stretching away into the distance—the indented lake with its islands, and beach crowded with fishing craft, and an occasional shanty—with the breeze wafting the dull, resonant sound of the waters at 'The Falls,' on the river below; who, fresh from the settled valley of the Black river, ever loses the impress from memory's tablet which this first view

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ever makes on the enraptured vision? How appropriate here the rejected verses of 'Gray's Elegy:'

"'How the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still, small accents, whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

"'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'

"To realize No. 4 is to seek and find repose—exclusion and 'without care'—from the treadmill of labor, the anxieties of politics, the perplexities of traffic, and from the chain-like task of a weary and overtaxed brain. Here, in the earlier annals of Lewis county, Alexander W. Stow, I. W. Bostwick, and others departed, sought convivial hours and glorious freedom. It is a place

"'For all ye wretched mortals
Aspiring to be rich;
And ye whose gilded coaches
Have tumbled in the ditch.'

"From the traditions about the camp fire, the reminiscences of other days, with characteristics of the actors, are easily gathered.

"Of the first fishing party to No. 4, (1818 or '19,) were, Cornelius Low, Heman Stickney, Otis Whipple, Charles Dayan, Russell Parish, Samuel Rogers, with Thomas Puffer as guide. They went with team as far as John Beach's, (seven miles east of Black river,) thence on foot, having Sam Rogers' borrowed horse with packages.

"The most noticeable incidents of this pioneer party,

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who camped at 'Fish Hole,' and fished at Beaver Falls, for eight days, early in June, was the naming of the creek, at the Fish Hole, 'Sunday Creek,' alike from their attachment to the name, and it being commemorative of the day of their camping there. The burning, at the camp fire, by Low, of both his boots, and improvising bark ones; and that Sam lost his horse, which was found after an absence of three weeks.

"The following year Alex. W. Stow, James T. Watson, and Ziba Knox tried their luck at the locality for one week.

"James Talcott Watson made the first attempt to settle these lands, (Watson,) and for many years was accustomed to spend his summers in the country, at Lowville. He was a man of fine education and affable manners, and in early life was a partner in the house of Thomas L. Smith & Co., East India Merchants, in which capacity he made a voyage to China. The death of a Miss Livingston, with whom he was engaged to be married, induced a mental aberration, which continued through life, being more aggravated in certain seasons of the year, while at others it was scarcely perceptible. In after life the image of the loved and the lost often came back to his memory like the sunbeam from a broken mirror, and in his waking reveries he was heard to speak of her as present in the spirit, and a confidant of his inmost thoughts.

"In his business transactions Mr. Watson often evinced a caprice which was sometimes amusing, and always innocent. This was, by most persons, humored, as tending to prevent any unpleasant result, which opposition might at such times have upon him. In the summer of 1838, he undertook to cultivate an immense garden, chiefly of culinary vegetables, upon his farm in Watson; beginning

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at a season, when, under the most favorable conditions, nothing could come to maturity, and insisting that he would be satisfied if the seeds only sprouted, as this would prove the capacity of his land.

"In his social intercourse Mr. Watson often evinced, in a high degree, many noble and manly qualities. With a lively fancy and ready command of language, he had the power of rendering himself eminently agreeable, while many of those who settled upon his tract, will bear witness that he possessed a kind and generous heart. But there were moments when the darkest melancholy settled upon him, utterly beyond relief from human sympathy; and in one of these he ended his own life. He committed suicide with a razor, in New York, January 29, 1839, at the age of fifty years. His estate was divided among thirty-nine first cousins on his father's side, and five on his mother's; and some of these shares were still further subdivided among numerous families. The sixty thousand acres, when divided, gave to a cousin's share over sixteen hundred acres, but some parcels amounted to but thirty-three acres.

"Its earlier reputation—it has one for purity, for peace, and innocent *abandon*—kindly cared for, has brought frequenters from a distance. Here the massive brain and keen perception which, as Chief Justice of the State, pronounced the judicial *fiat* of its highest Court against legislation trenching on reserved privilege; the legal giant of the Fifth District, venerable and replete with learning, to whom the 'hour' rule of the Court seems to have no reference; and that fatherly Judge, laborious and faithful to the public business, who could consent to stay in Lewis County over one week to discharge his functions, and others have been found refreshing their jaded intellectual

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powers, lulled by nature's kindest harmonies. Constable's 'shanty,' at No. 4, and their "Point," on Raquette Lake, forty miles beyond, and the names of ladies on the 'Notched Tree,' on top of Mt. Emmons, (Blue Mountain,) eighty miles in the wilderness from Lowville, reveal who are frequenters of the attractive regions of the Adirondack; while the annual return of a member of the New York Sportsman's Club, throwing a line of one hundred and fifty feet, with reel, impresses its value to the Waltonian.

"In 1822, a settlement was begun in the eastern portion of the town, (Watson,) on No. 4, Brown's Tract, by Aaron Barber and —— Bunce. In 1826, Orrin Fenton settled, 'and is still, with one exception, the only settler living in that part of the town.'—[Hough's Lewis Co., 'Watson,' p. 225.]

"There Fenton and his 'busy housewife' lived for nearly forty years, until his head was whitened with the snows of seventy-nine winters.

"'While years
Have pushed his bride of the woods, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of her age.'

"With an intimate knowledge of every locality within miles, the 'runways' of deer, the 'haunt' of bear and panther, and 'resort' of game; the discoverer of lakes and streams, fish-holes, beaver meadows, and windfalls; a faithful disciple of Walton—he quietly pursued his gentle avocations of the fisherman and hunter, remote from busy haunts, and secluded beyond most men from the world, for above the average of life.

"For about eighteen years, two families, Smithand Wetmore, were his only neighbors. Without litigation—

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almost beyond all public duty or burdens, except the draft, (the call of war reaches every abode,) these families, without schools or ministration, mingled the duties of the farm, and sports of the field and stream. As if to mock them of their happiness, the town elected Arettus Wetmore a constable, and imposed road duties upon another—but the processes which the one carries, are as scarce as the civilized victims of written law within the great area of nature which, with his unerring rifle, he so often traverses.

"The first settler in the vicinity of No. 4 is believed to have been Ephraim Craft, on the Champlain road, beyond No. 4, on this (west) side of Beaver river.

"One Lippincott first bought and lived one season at No. 4, in a stockade of upright sticks, between Francis and Beaver Lake.

"As in remote localities in new countries, inducements were offered to the earlier settlers. In the West, a free village lot, or water right; here, a farm of one hundred acres to the first ten settlers. Men yield to them to find, often, East and West, the inducement is about all a pre-emptioner ever obtains. Following the ten pre-emptioners, drifting around them, settlers came in shoals and schools. They presented as varied character of usefulness and merit as the fish abundant in their streams and lakes.

"Then came Jabez Carter, who settled in February, 1825, on one hundred and two acres, under contract with Harrischoff, to remain thereon four years, to clear sixteen acres, and build a house and barn—on which he was to receive, at the expiration of the four years, a deed of his 'inducement.' He removed therefrom in December, 1831, but not without giving the settlement the benefit of his varied skill and capacity, he having taught at No. 4

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the first school, of about thirty-five scholars, at fifteen dollars per month, and boarded himself. Engaged in the mercantile business and potash manufacture; and established a still for expressing hemlock, balsam and tamarac oils, of which he marketed a total of one hundred pounds. He also acted one year as superintendent of the common school, of which he was the teacher, and trusted out as a permanent sinking fund, about $300 of his goods and groceries, for the general well-being of the infant settlement. He still retains, however, the fee of his one hundred and two acres, with its ninety cents yearly tax, though his attention at the age of seventy-three, in public affairs, is engrossed in the manifold and multiplied duties of Liquor Commissioner of Lewis County, residing at Lowville. One Douglass succeeded him as teacher, removing West.

"Of the first shoal of settlers, endeavoring to fix a permanent abode in the Wilderness, at No. 4, were:—Peter Wakefield, who settled on the now Smith place, about 1826, or 1827, which place was thereafter occupied by Wilbur Palmer; Isaac Wetmore, (about 1834,) the white slab of whose grave, (he died September 11, 1853,) is visible from the roadside, below Fenton's, and to draft whose will, L. C. Davenport, of the Lowville Bar, traveled twenty miles and back; Orrin Fenton, (son of Ebenezer,) born July 1, 1784, at Mansfield, Conn., successively a resident of Windsor, Conn., Champion and Lowville, and who, losing his wife, —— Barber, by whom he had seven children—five now living—afterwards married, at Lowville, Lucy Weller, of Westfield, Mass., (of their three boys and two girls, four survive,) settled at No. 4, March 20, 1826. Of these settlers, but Fenton remains, 'a rude forefather of the hamlet.'

"One incident, illustrative of Fenton's early forest

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experience, must suffice. About 1835, Fenton set, about half a mile from Beaver Lake, and ten rods from the river of that name, a wolf trap secured by a chain to a sapling. On visiting his trap, he was somewhat surprised in not finding it, and by marks upon shrubs he traced it into a cedar swamp. Examining carefully, he discovered a 'big track' therein, and arming himself with a club, advanced to a closer acquaintance with the possessor of the trap; but finding on the bushes gray hair instead of black, he wisely concluded it was not a bear, but was a wolf, which he might dispatch with his club. While pursuing carefully the track, he looked forward where, crouched upon all fours, beside a log, lay, ten foot from him, a large panther, with the lost trap on his fore foot. Fenton made for the other side of the log with his club, when the panther run from him some ten rods, bearing the trap. Concluding the job (with his club,) was a little larger than expected, he returned for his rifle, and returning with I. Wetmore, at forty rods overhauled the panther. Fenton fired at four rods, hitting him below the eye, but did not kill him. He jumped up and faced his adversaries, growled, and savagely showed his 'ivory,' when a second shot by Fenton brought him down. He weighed about two hundred pounds, and measured nine feet from tip to tip.

"About 1832-35, there were about seventy-five settlers, and in 1842 a religious revival took place, at which Elder —— Blodget and others ministered, with about sixty converts.

"As one by one the pioneers removed for more inviting localities, new ones came in—squatters upon the improvements of the last owner—remained a short period, and followed his predecessor. Upon some of the lots several in succession settled and then departed, as the clouds of

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disaster settled, and disappointed hope grew gloriously feeble.

"Hence, George Turner was found on the Chandler lot, and Henry Loomis, McBride, and Henry Davis, opposite Turner's lot, succeeded each other, while John Gordon and Brown located below Smith's, on same side.

"Bunce, whose house is still held together by the coherence of old carpentry, on 'Old Road,' became first a settler on the lot of Fenton's, and Chubb afterward succeeded him as possessor for a season, of the coveted domain on No. 3.

"Of the residue of the settlers, temporary sojourners in that land of early promise, little is remembered. Where Grott and Burton 'chopped,' north of Beaver River, the most distant effort—'picket duty against the wilderness'—is pointed out; while Fletcher's chopping is a known locality on this side that river. Peter Wakefield's family was among the last who "dug out" from No. 4, in 1847, to New Bremen.

"These settlers came in the palmy days when Governor John Brown Francis figured as proprietor, and Charles Dayan, John Beach and John B. Harrischoff were agents —for it required agents bustling with authority, to manage such possessions in those days.

"Of the new residents who from time to time made investment in the locality, I am not informed. On Champlain road, out from No. 4, half a mile beyond Craft's clearing, is the one hundred acres which was lost by Geo. W. Bostwick on a bet with Hon. Charles Dayan, against a new saddle, on the political result of Lewis county in the memorable contest of 1844. The vote of the county having been given against the 'great commoner,' the lot was deeded in March, 1845.

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"At Stillwater, eight miles from No. 4, is the grave of James O'Kane, a strange recluse whom no one understood, and who lived and died there. The following appeared in the *Northern Journal*, in January, 1858 :—

"Died, alone in his shanty, near the confluence of Twitchel Creek and Beaver River, (Stillwater,) Herkimer county, New York, on the first day of January, 1858, from cancer in the stomach, James O'Kane, aged about seventy years.

"Deceased has lived alone in his shanty, where his lifeless remains were found, for about twelve years. From his position on his couch by the fire, his head and shoulders being gently elevated, and his hands quietly crossed upon his breast, his last hours and the departure of his spirit, were in harmony with the solitude around his forest home. An abundance of flour, cheese, butter, bread, potatoes, &c., were found in his shanty. He was a fisherman, trapper and hunter; said to be of fair education. A worn copy of the 'Gospels,' and a work on the 'Piscatory Art,' constituted his library. He owned several boats that plied, at command of hunting and fishing parties, upon the lakes, sometimes as far up as Albany Lake. From parties he was usually the recipient of the leavings of 'provisions and potations,' by which his larder was replenished. Many a sportsman will recall with delight his night spent beneath the protecting roof of 'Jimmy.'

"On the 5th inst., a party consisting of Elder Robinson, Ex-Sheriff Kirly, Jos. Garmon, William Glenn, E. Harvy, T. Kirly, F. Robinson and A. Wetmore, buried his remains on a bluff overlooking the river, near the well-known shanty, a spot selected and formerly pointed out by 'Jimmy' to Elder Robinson as the place of his repose. A rude

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wooden monument marks the head, and an old oar the foot of his grave. He died alone.

"'Found dead and alone!
Nobody heard his last faint groan,
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat;
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound,
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

"'Found dead and alone?
There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the homeless here;
One, when every human door
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portals wide;
Ah! God was near when the wanderer died.'

"The writer, while at Wetmore's, in August, 1862, was requested to act professionally, by the proposed purchaser of Fenton's occupation and rights, in drafting the necessary papers to effectuate a sale. Being the sole attorney in the vicinage, this rare and unexpected professional engagement induced a prompt attendance at Fenton's after dinner on the day following, (Saturday.) Fenton and the purchaser having concluded their long consultation, and the old gentleman having occasionally exchanged views with his 'better half,' still active in household duties, though stooping with age; and John being called from the garden to concur in, and approve the arrangements, the papers were in process of preparation for signature, when the original title deeds were deemed a proper muniment and guide on the occasion. The deed from Governor Francis and wife, produced after consider-

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able delay, dated in 1826, was acknowledged before John Beach, Commissioner of Deeds, and was discolored with age. Having never been of record, it was brought to the clerk's office, where they are supposed to know the signatures of commissioners who died about the time the clerk was born, and to record them as genuine!

"The reluctance of the proprietor to dispose of his old home, and remove from his haunts and fishing grounds, was evident. It took an entire afternoon to 'do the business,' for which ample compensation was accorded by a ride out with John, who was going out the day following to Lowville. Fitting regard for the feelings of attachment and regret which age cherished at such an hour, was had by the purchaser, as one by one different articles of husbandry were mentioned—oftentimes with a sigh, as again thought passed over the ancient woods home—by refraining to remind him of the boats and craft with which he had so many times pursued his route over the lakes, and to fishing grounds, and which had been agreed upon should pass with the lands. By reason of such omission, they were not mentioned in the written transfer to Louis B. Lewis, with possession, which he assumed on January 1, 1863, of the well known stand and farm of Fenton, No. 4."

It was in regard to this little pamphlet from which we have so liberally quoted, that Charley Smith, the guide, and son of old Chauncey, made a remark which is, perhaps, the most concise and certainly the most outspoken criticism upon the literary effort of Murray, before referred to. It was from Charley Smith that we first learned the existence of such a pamphlet.

"Did the author succeed in selling many of them," we asked.

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"O, no," said Charley; "he didn't do much with it; it didn't sell like Murray's book."

"What was the reason of that? how do you account for it?"

"Well," said the honest guide, "the fact of it is, Mr. Stevens' book is mainly a little accurate history, dealing in dry facts; if he had *lied like Murray*, no doubt the book would have sold."

On this clearing of perhaps a thousand acres, the distinguishing feature of No. 4, there are at present but two houses, one owned and kept as a tourists' hotel by Charles Fenton, a son of the Elder Fenton before mentioned, and the other in the same capacity by Chauncey Smith. The "signs" at these places are characteristic. Bears' paws on gate posts, bear skins nailed to buildings, and antlers upon housetops, give the sportsman a twinge of pleasure. Fenton's house is the larger of the two, and the most frequented. A conspicuous upright with pleasant balconies has lately been added, and the whole overlooks the placid Beaver Lake. The land at No. 4 shows some evidence of having once been cultivated; but we say again, and we have had occasion to reiterate the remark whenever we have seen a cleared spot in the Wilderness, that the man who can obtain a living from a lot of land in that section, no matter how large, would make a good partner for the two who, while shut up together in a felon's cell, succeeded in considerably bettering their worldly condition by the intellectual pastime of trading knives.

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THE ADIRONDACKS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

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CHAPTER XXI.

WE dined at Fenton's, and then hastened on toward "Wardwells," or "Waddells," as Uncle Atkins said, at Stillwater, on the Beaver River; distance from Fenton's, eleven miles.

Eleven miles of continued forest; nothing to break the monotony. All of us walked that distance but Uncle.

Put seven lively chaps into the woods for an afternoon jaunt of eleven miles, all full to overflowing of good nature and fun, and rest assured the monotony will not be wearisome. The road the most of the way is paved—by Nature,—and the paving stones average perhaps two feet in diameter. That is why we didn't ride. Don said he had no special desire to be sifted out along the road through the bottom of Uncle Atkins' wagon, and we all shared the same feeling.

Ned shouldered the old Queen's-arm and marched bravely on ahead. All at once we heard an unearthly screech to the left of the road. Ned halted and grasped his gun with a firmer hand. Again the cry, a startling panther's yelp, came from the thick wood. Now, Ned crept into the bushes, every limb quivering with excite-

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ment, and we all slowly and cautiously approached the vicinity.

Scree-e-ech, again from the wood, and on went Ned, with his gun at his shoulder ready to fire. At this instant we saw him drop his gun to his side, and with downcast looks slink back toward the road.

"Boys," said he, as he approached, "there is a beautiful grove of pines up on that side hill."

"Yes, yes!" came excitedly from the rest of the party; "but what animal was that?"

"Animal! well you *are* a set of Nimrods. Animal; why, don't you know that was a couple of trees rubbing together!"

As a means of bodily exercise and as a promoter of digestion, that road from Fenton's to Wardwell's stands out in bold relief. It winds on its ten or eleven miles through a leafy arch—an arch all loveliness, except the bottom. It got to be a thing of common occurrence to meet a rock as big as a cow, directly in the middle of the road, on either side of which wagon wheels had dug holes from two to three feet deep. It was amusing for us who were racing on ahead to look back occasionally and view the astonishing gymnastics of the horses, wagon and Uncle Atkins. O, but didn't they bounce, though!

On we went.

About half way between Fenton's and Wardwell's is one of the best springs of water in the Wilderness. The way we came to notice it was this. Burnie had bent down to take a hearty draught of the nectar, when upon rising he noticed a stick three or four feet long standing upright in the soft earth beside the water. The top of the stick was split and into the opening was inserted half of a stamped tobacco wrapper, on which was written in pencil

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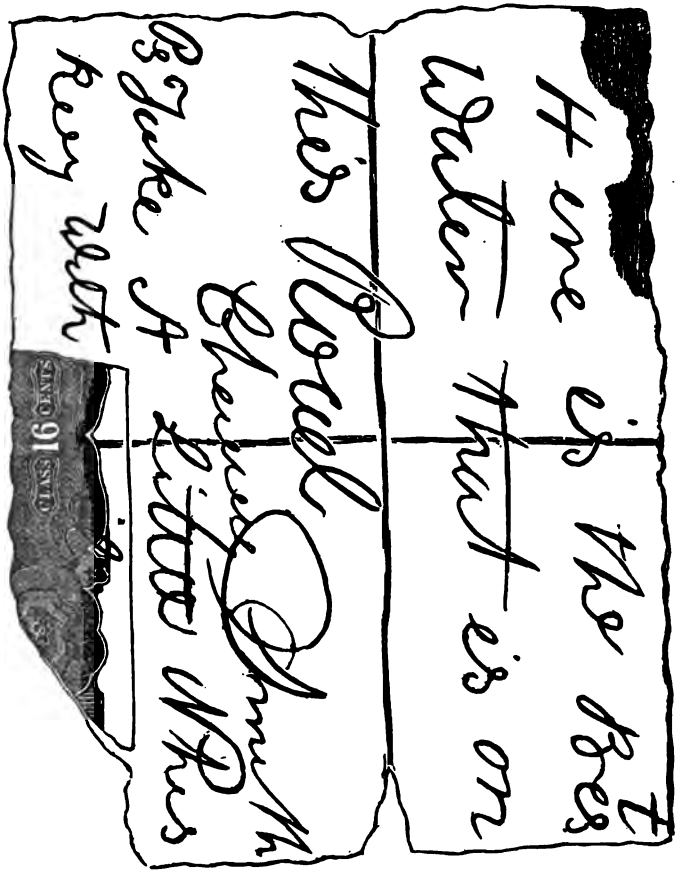
the following proclamation and postscript advice. We give a *fac simile, verbatim et literatim :*



At first sight, we concluded we should meet the venerable editor of the *Tribune* before we returned, and that he

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had left a manuscript extract from one of his editorials. A little further investigation proved to the contrary. It advised us to take a little whiskey, and then it was altogether too legible for Horace to write.

We had met the old veteran of forty years life in the woods, some miles back tramping on in his moccasins, and no doubt, out of pure benevolence, he had taken the pains to write the above, and leave it for the benefit of all travelers. We drank deep at the bubbling fount, and "took a little" with it.

There is another spring on that road. It is appropriately named. The bottom looks as though it was covered by fine brown sand. But that sand was alive. There was eleven million lizards in there! So Ned said, and he remained there about half an hour and counted them!

We reached Wardwell's at sundown, hungry and tired; but many hand's make light work (that's not original) and we soon had our neat tent upright, and a bright fire crackling in front.

The flickering light of the fire streaming away out over the sleeping waters, stabbed gleaming holes into the surrounding darkness, as the warm night settled around us.

Don serenaded the frogs for about half an hour, and we then stretched our weary forms upon our blankets, and were soon lost to this wicked, but very pleasant world.

. . . . . .

A word about our outfit this year, which differed materially from the usual one. First, instead of depending for shelter upon the hunters' bark shanties which are scat-

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tered at intervals through the woods, we took a tent, such as are known as "A" tents, and we here record our advice to all sportsmen to do likewise, and for these reasons:—If a portion of a party wish to spend a day or two in the vicinity of some lonely lake, they can roll up the little tent, and they are sure of a comfortable "home," no matter where they are or what the weather. Then, no party is compelled to acomplish just so many miles in a day in order to reach a shanty. On the contrary, their house is always with them, and can be erected anywhere, and at any time in a few minutes, if overtaken by a storm. A tent is especially desirable to parties who intend to visit many different parts of the Wilderness.

We also, on this trip, carried our own boats with us. This is not always advisable, as in hiring a guide, the price paid him always includes the use of his boat. We mention the fact that it may be seen how nobly independent we were, and to speak of the merits of the Cleveland sectional boat, C. E. Bond's patent and manufacture.

This boat, as its name indicates, is built in halves, being readily keyed together in the middle. When not in use or when being transported, one half sets into the other, making a very compact burden. The sides are thin strips of iron, galvanized with zinc, making them absolutly indestructible. In the middle is an air-tight compartment, which makes it impossible to sink the boat, and which also serves for the rower's seat. A craft of this description with capacity for five persons weighs less than ninety pounds.

There is but one condition that this boat does not perfectly meet, *i. e.*, very rough water on a lake. For this they are not intended, the bottom being partially flattened, and consequently they are too shallow to stand a heavy sea;

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but for all the ordinary inland purposes of the sportsman they are unexceptionable. Their low price is another argument in their favor.

OUR BOAT.

READY FOR TRANSPORTATION.

That evening at Wardwell's found us too weary even to talk, and we consequently slept—after supper upon the last of Aunt Atkins biscuits and tea.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THIS point on the Beaver River, known as Wardwell's, was formerly called Stillwater, from a broad bay that sweeps inward from the river. The old State road touches the river at this place, but immediately leaves it, going nearly straight east, while the river bears to the north. From Wardwell's to Little Rapids by land the distance is about nine miles; but the river is crooked as men's ways, and by that thoroughfare it is twenty-six miles!

The sun rose for a glorious holiday, and sent his glad rays across the earth on the bosom of a refreshing breeze.

We had breakfast; (we breakfasted every morning in the woods).

Then we bade good-bye to Uncle Atkins, jointed our boat, loaded our baggage, and "took to the water."

It was a delightful transition. The constant windings of Beaver River only add to its beauty, making its scenery, as we glided up its channel, an ever-changing panorama. Miles and miles it stretches its way through the valley, lined on both sides with billowy windrows of alder bushes that grow clear into the water, their foliage kissing its own shadow below.

For the first dozen or fifteen miles the current was

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scarcely perceptible, and the reflection of the banks and the heavens was wonderfully perfect.

On and on we went between the beautiful green walls until high noon, when we stopped upon a sand point for dinner.

Here we met that large-hearted gentleman-guide, C. Murat Alger. He was noticed in a whispered conversation with Burnie, who immediately after took his trout rod and started along up the stream to where a cold spring brook steals into the river. Here he jointed his rod, looped a "Brown Hackle" to his line, and threw it far out upon the still water, where it alighted like a snow flake, and in twenty minutes as many astonished trout of from one to three pounds weight lay sprawling in the sand at his feet. So much for Alger.

O, but there is a delight in catching those finny beauties unequaled by any other—unless it is eating them.

Sundown that night found us twenty miles from Stillwater (Wardwell's) at the mouth of South Branch, which empties into Beaver River on the South.

That whole section of country up the river, and through the old road, was twenty years ago familiar to Uncle; but Time, the great "obliterator" had rubbed out a landmark here, set up a new one there, and made such a general confusion of all, that he was not very reliable.

However, he thought it must be in this vicinity that he once helped old Chauncey Smith build a log house. So up the Branch we literally squeezed our way for a few rods, and selecting the most promising site, landed; off started Uncle into the forest.

We had scarcely touched land, when an army of punkies attacked us. It was Don's first. His random slaps at his face, ears and hands; a blow, a scratch, a rub, then a mut-

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tered ejaculation of wrath followed each other at a fearful rate.

"Say, boys," said he, "are these things punkies, that make a fellow itch like this?" Every word was separated in the middle, by a slap here and there.

We assured him they were the veritable insect of which he had heard so much.

"Well, boys, now about how many miles should you judge it is, in a direct line, out of this wilderness. I dislike to give up an enterprise when I have once undertaken it; but I am afraid my old mother is very anxious about her wayward son before this time. Look at my hands and fingers; they are actually swelling up with constant irritation, and I shall soon have about as much capacity for grasping anything, as an elephant with his foot? And moreover, how many feasts like this one do you suppose my body will make, if used economically!—and the bones picked clean!"

We hastened to assure the persecuted fellow that that was the very worst locality in the whole Wilderness for punkies, gave him some penny-royal ointment, and at that moment back came Uncle announcing that he had found the house—that it was unoccupied and only half a mile distant. We grasped just as little of the baggage as we could possibly get along with, and hastened on toward the old house.

O, ye wonder seekers of the world—ye relic hunters of both hemispheres! gather together under that crazy roof, and you will be enriched beyond measure.

Years ago, a Mr. Prince, of one of the Eastern States, became the owner of fifteen thousand acres of land in that vicinity. He probably was annoyed by some vague dream that he might make a fortune out of the timber on

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it; and so he would if he could only have got it to market.

Poor man, he is dead — died poor! But before his demise he presented Chauncey Smith fifty acres, (thereby enriching himself), if he (Chauncey) would erect a house, and while hunting and trapping watch his timber, and prevent it from being destroyed by fire.

So Chauncey and Uncle Bailey built the house, and there the old trapper has passed much of his time for fifteen years. Seven thousand acres of this tract are now owned by Messrs. Norcross & Saunders, lumbermen, of Lowell, Mass. It is a little too early yet, to ascertain whether they have got enough to kill them or not.

To return to the house. It is safe to assume that the number of different people who have passed at least one night there, during those fifteen years, would reach away up in the thousands. Probably one half of them were on their way out of the Wilderness; and, from a desire to lighten their burdens, or to make the old hero some little present, the accumulation of "furniture" was fearful to contemplate.

The largest portion of the ground floor is partitioned off into bed rooms. Each bedroom is a stall, six feet long, and about as wide as a man. The sets with which they are furnished consist of coarse ticks filled with hay, thrown upon the floor.

We made a partial inventory of its contents; it is not entire by any means; we wanted a little room left in the book for something else. There was a rifle hung upon the joists overhead, one partially wrecked cook stove, four "Jacks," one whiskey bottle, a large cheese box containing an old tea pot, two quarts of beans, some plug tobacco, paper of salt, box of matches, etc., two whisky jugs—

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empty, one battered tea kettle, a bottle (smelling of whisky), two bottles marked "Rye," one broken pack of cards, (ace of spades nailed on the door for memorandum,) one frying pan, three jugs, one of them broken, a steelyard, more whiskey bottles on a shelf, a once elegant carved boxwood shaving cup, one moccasin of alligator skin, a whisky jug under a bunk, (nothing in it,) an auger, one looking glass —frame, one large suspicious-looking jug, a plate on the table on which lay two clay pipes and a kerosene lamp with an inch of candle stuck in it, a bottle hanging by a string from joist, ten bottles up stairs (per estimate by Don,) one iron kettle (jug in it,) a flour sack(jug under it,) another tea kettle, a bottle under the stove, a powder horn —(the only horn in the house,) cups, saucers, etc., all broken, one meal seive, five jugs and bottles, some broken, all empty, pin cushion, a mouse trap containing skeleton of a mouse; ("conclusive evidence," said Don, "that every man has a skeleton in his closet,") some more bottles, some jugs, etc.

"Burnie," said Don, when we had completed our explorations, "just you mention that all jugs and bottles found in the invoice, and not designated as empty, had nothing in them," which was a fact.

In this "old curiosity shop," we made a royal supper from the trout Burnie had caught; and as we sat gathered about a "smudge" at the door, enjoying our pipes, and listening to Uncle's backwoods tales, there came the ever welcome sound of Don's guitar. Every tongue stopped, while on the night air there rolled such a song and such a flood of music as those old woods had never heard before. We knew the strange fellow had been dreaming of home that day, and there was just a tinge of sadness in his voice as he warbled forth the words he had written of "Daisy Burns."

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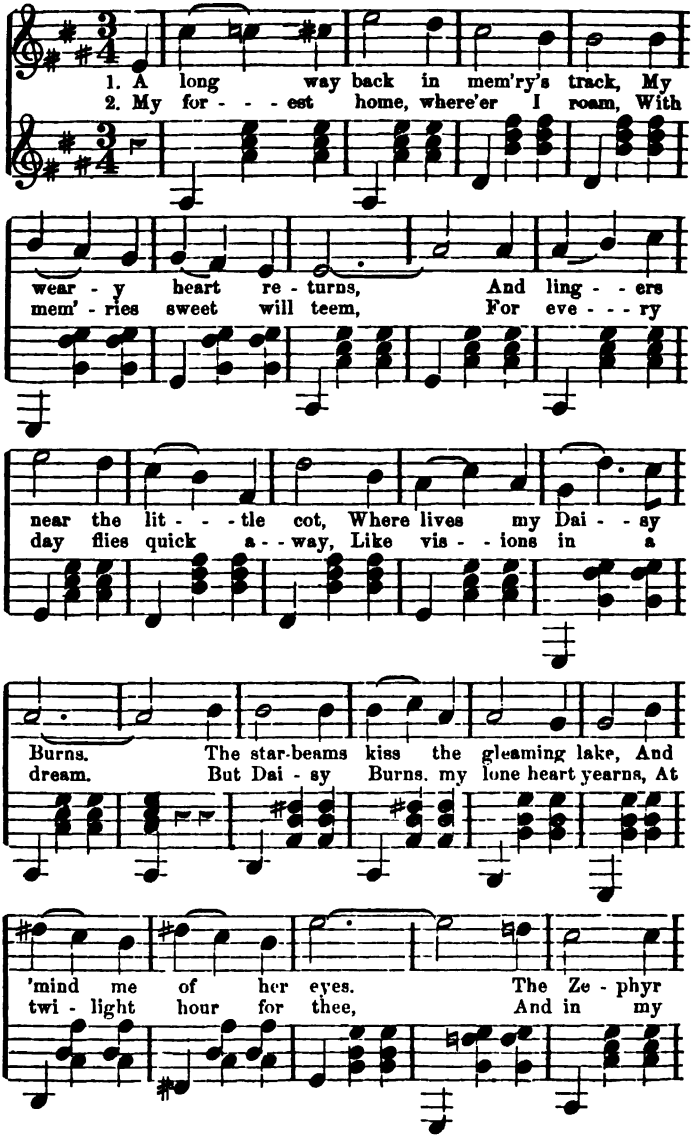
1. A long way back in mem'ry's track, My
2. My for - - - est home, where'er I roam, With
wear - y heart re - turns, And ling - - ers
mem' - ries sweet will teem, For eve - - - ry
near the lit - - - tle cot, Where lives my Dai - - sy
day flies quick a - - way, Like vis - - ions in a
Burns. The star-beams kiss the gleaming lake, And
dream. But Dai - sy Burns. my lone heart yearns, At
'mind me of her eyes. The Ze - phyr
twi - light hour for thee, And in my

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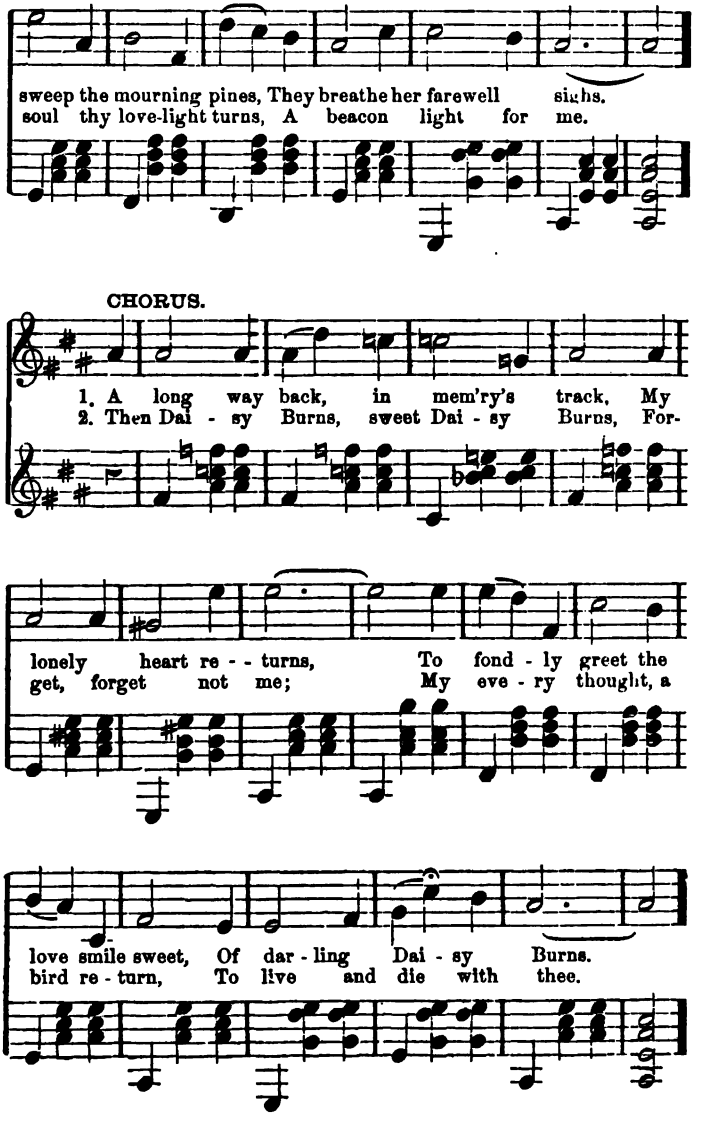
sweep the mourning pines, They breathe her farewell sighs.
soul thy love-light turns, A beacon light for me.
CHORUS.
1. A long way back, in mem'ry's track, My
2. Then Dai - sy Burns, sweet Dai - sy Burns, For-
lonely heart re - - turns, To fond - ly greet the
get, forget not me; My eve - ry thought, a
love smile sweet, Of dar - ling Dai - sy Burns.
bird re - turn, To live and die with thee.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

BY exercising a lively imagination, the floor of the log house made a tolerable bed, and early next morning we returned to our boat, and pulled away for Little Rapids.

Here Don got his first experience on a "carry." However, it was but a short one, perhaps fifty rods, and we soon had everything over. A little more than a mile beyond Little Rapids, and just before entering Albany Lake, is a portage, around rapids, three-fourths of a mile in length. We "took it cool." It was about night when the last load was over and our tent pitched upon the river bank.

"Gentlemen," said Ned, as he dropped his last burden, and with more than his usual display of sentiment, "Gentlemen, were there no carries, no hard work up here, even all this grand scenery, this exciting sport, and our healthful release from care, would soon lose their charm. Were this life all pleasure and happiness, even they would soon pall upon the taste, and we mortals would seek again for an indefinable something we should never find. When dear friends are constantly near each other, there is just a little danger of becoming two intimate — of discovering every little flaw and peculiarity of character, thus opening

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a road for trouble. So, perhaps it is better for the best of friends to sometimes separate; if for nothing else, that we may learn how sweet it is to feel the warm clasp of the hand, or the welcome kiss from a returning truant."

The lower half of Albany Lake has no particular claims to beauty, but after passing a strait in its middle, we emerged upon a circular water view, a vision of wild loveliness. This upper half, from any point on its shores, has the appearance of a lake complete in itself, the thick forest seeming to join hands on all sides. We found a good unoccupied camp on our left, and took immediate possession.

Away to the north-east, encircling the gurgling waves, lies a half-mile crescent of silver, and farther to the east, a belt of golden sand, pure as diamonds, and fine enough for an hour glass. With these exceptions, all that the eye takes in is one unbroken view of green forest.

By the golden beach is the famous "Partridge Camp." It was built by Carl Hough, the guide, for a consumptive New York gentleman, who spent several summers there, and from whom it takes its name. He is dead—stayed too long with the M. D.'s.

As we were approaching the vicinity of the camp, on our advent to the lake, and while a hundred rods from the shore, Don cast his wondering eyes landward and saw a beautiful red deer feeding in the water edge. Now every nerve in the boat began to quiver. It was decided, as Don sat in the bow of the boat, and had also first discovered the game, he should have the honor of shooting it.

Uncle slowly and cautiously propelled us nearer and nearer the coveted animal.

Don grasped the long barrel of the old gun we had borrowed of Atkins, and silently awaited the moment

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when we older sportsmen should pronounce him near enough to risk a shot.

On and on we went, the graceful picture of the feeding doe every moment growing more distinct. See! she raises her head. The oars hang motionless above the water and not a muscle moves. She stares a moment, then drops her nose again among the lilies. Still as a gliding serpent the boat starts again. Don brings his piece to his shoulder but does not fire, as every foot of distance is precious. Now the deer shows signs of uneasiness, and the word to fire is passed up from Burnie to Don, just as the broadside of the animal turned towards us, and she was leaving the water.

Snap went the cap, and a few seconds later, and after Don had removed the stock an inch from his shoulder, a lingering report like thunder rang out over the lake. We were perhaps fifteen rods from the deer, and not one among us but counted on at least fatally wounding her; but we were not posted on the capacities of that ancient piece of mechanism, which looked so much and acted so little like a gun. The boat gave a little lurch, the smoke lifted, and there lay Don, his long legs tangled up among bags of provisions and fishing rods, flat in the boat, the gun at right angles across his breast.

Burnie, who sat nearest the prostrate Nimrod, snatched up the gun, surely expecting to find the breech-pin out, or the lock blown off; but no, the old thing appeared in prime order, and as innocent of flooring Don as it was of injuring the deer, which, with a crackling snort, bounded away into the forest. The charge of buck shot rattled from the muzzle of the old pepper-box, rustled among the trees on shore, and raised little blisters on the water, over perhaps an acre in extent.

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Don, with the utmost earnestness, opened his eyes, partially turned his head, and exclaimed :—

"Well, gentlemen, are you going after that deer, or must I get up and do it?"

In the laughter that followed, Burnie might have been heard :—

"No wonder Aunt Atkins killed the hawk! I tell you, that is the instrument to slay game 'on the wing,'—the farther the bird flies from where you aim, the more likely it will be to kill!"

The next day, which was our last one on Albany Lake, was the Sabbath, and as usual, on the evening before, while seated around the smoking embers, suggestions were offered as to the best and wisest method of spending the holy day. Nearly every one present had his idea on the subject, and freely disclosed it. Don sat a little back from the rest, threading the labyrinths of one of his exquisite guitar voluntaries, and had not favored the party with a word.

"Come, Don," said Burnie, "what is your idea regarding the best manner in which to pass a pleasant Sabbath in the woods?"

"Go to church," was the gruff answer.

"O, no nonsense, now. You can at least favor us with your opinion."

"Go to church, I say, and I'll preach!"

"All right! all right!" came from every tongue. "Don will preach." No doubt the first sermon ever heard in this wilderness.

We knew very well that he had been an attentive listener to the conversation, and behind his gruff "go to church," there was a meaning.

Albany Lake has ever been noted as a favorite haunt of the deer, and it was decided Wash and Sanderson should

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"float" that night, that we might have fresh venison for Sunday.

They paddled away into the darkness, and the camp heard them no more till Sunday morning, when our opening eyes beheld a fine young buck beside the camp.

Don announced that he would deliver his discourse at the "usual hour," and we were on the tip-toe of expectation.

When the hour arrived, the preacher's quaint figure issued from the shanty, a little testament in his hand, and taking a position behind a large stump, from which a tree had lately been cut, announced the arrival of the time for service by a few vigorous blows on the bottom of a long-handled frying-pan.

In front of him, around the stump, gathered as motley a congregation as ever greeted a preacher. An accession had been made to our number by a party of four from Partridge Camp. Don announced a hymn, which he sang himself, accompanied by his guitar; and if fervor of soul and devotional expression go far to make worship acceptable to our Heavenly Judge, surely Don's hymn is placed to his credit. Then ceremoniously opening his book, upon which he placed a chip, he placed his hands upon his hips and began.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

MY friends, the subject, or more properly, the subjects, of my evening's discourse, you will find scattered somewhat promiscuously between the covers of a book, the publication of which constitutes the most successful literary enterprise ever attempted. I mean the Bible. I believe that is where texts are usually found!

I don't like the plan of ministers taking up one paragraph, or one line of the Bible, and hammering away at it for hours, until all their mental machinery is in confusion, and their brains as empty of everything interesting, as their contribution boxes of money. Those gems of inspiration are like iron—they can be spoiled by hammering; and then, like iron, they soon get cold beneath such blows.

So I skip around!

Ladies and gentlemen—excuse me—Gentlemen (without the ladies,) just open your bibles, (when you get home,) to Mark, 16th chapter, 15th verse, and you will find these words—"Go preach the gospel unto all men."

That injunction has been fulfilled to a wonderful degree, until now, only eighteen or nineteen hundred years since it was uttered, the ministers of the Gospel throughout the world are numbered by tens of thousands.

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Now let us, my sleepy hearers, look for one moment at what they have accomplished. Why, sirs, on this beautiful Sabbath day, far away from our woodland home, in every direction, in thousands of places of all descriptions, from the little spireless church (not the one around the corner), around which the bob-o-link slings forth broadcast a shower of melody over the daisied meadows, to the stately edifice all in an inward rustle with silks and satins, millions of human beings listen (and sleep) beneath the droppings of the sanctuary. This is all well; and what is much better, among those suppliant millions, hundreds of thousands perhaps are scattered along the narrow highway that leads straight up to the Great White Throne.

But, my open-mouthed listeners, do you think that among all those worshipers there is no hypocrisy—no hypocrites? No; you are too well posted in that well known article. I tell you hypocrisy runs rampant! No it don't; but it grows like a potato in a cellar—on the sly, and mighty fast, and the darker it is and the deeper it is, the faster it grows. Hypocrisy, my weary toads, is the ruling sin of the world to-day. It is what lets the grass grow in the straight and narrow way, and through its agency there will be apartments to let on the right hand of the Almighty, in the great hereafter,

Look at that gray-headed old millionaire, who occupies a front seat in Trinity to-day. See how ostentatiously he holds up that "V" by one corner, before he drops it into the contribution box for the benefit of shirtless little heathens in the Tropics. He wishes in his heart that it were as big as a United States Flag, and that the figure "5" in the corner might be seen by every one in church. Do you dream that he helps to support the little ones of the widow whose husband caught his death laboring in the wet to

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subdue the fire in a burning building belonging to the old hypocrite? Not a bit of it. I wonder if he never saw the words which you will find somewhere else in the Bible: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." No doubt his right hand does many things he would be ashamed to have his left know—or any one else.

The above expressive passage reads, through (Governor, are you asleep?) his perverted eyes, "Let not thy right hand do any good deed unless everybody knows it!" and by that precept he lives. I tell you, hypocrites wont need overcoats in the next world!

A grave minister says in his prayer this morning, with the light of salvation shining all around him,—"We are all poor miserable sinners;" but let him make that assertion to his congregation during the business transactions of the week, and he would be made to run the gauntlet of half their boot toes.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," said the greatest and best preacher the world ever saw. (There are some preachers, however, who don't take that view of the author of those words.) How many people in the world to-day, my beloved Nimrods, love their neighbors, or anything else, as themselves, unless it be their neighbors' wives? Nine-tenths of the people throughout the world to-day, come very near it, however—they love their neighbors' money as themselves—some of them so well that they can't keep their hands off from it.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," said Christ upon the little mount. Wake up, Ned, for I tell you, many people now-a-days, have got that promise confused, and are wont to read it, "Cursed are the poor in purse," and they act accordingly, turning over heaven and earth, figuratively speaking, to get rich. I wonder if they don't know that

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all their money will be a dead weight by-and-bye, to *hold them down.*

"How much did old Money-bags leave?" said a sympathetic friend, at the funeral of an old nabob; "I suppose he was very rich."

"Yes," replied a wag, "and he left every dollar—didn't take a cent with him;" and such will be the case with all.

I once listened to an old "covey," in an attempt to read that sermon on the mount, which, by the way, is the most comprehensive discourse ever preached.

"Blessed are the meek," said he, and he fairly shivered, for he knew that didn't hit him.

"Blessed are they that are persecuted for" *self*-"righteousness sake," and he smiled, for he thought that was a good thing for him.

"Blessed are the *purse*-makers,"—another unctuous grin; and so he went on—self first—dollars next.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

Ponder upon that assurance, ye mortals who are perverting all the good in your being to the base uses of money-getting at any cost. Not that I think our Divine Master meant to convey the idea that it is impossible for a rich man to secure eternal happiness, for note what he says but a moment earlier: "Forsake thy riches, give of what thou hast to the poor and follow me." There is the path, ye millionaires; walk in it or take the dire consequences.

My uneasy chums, perhaps you are thinking that my lengthened remarks upon the hoarding of wealth are strangely inappropriate at this time, and before this body of irresponsible fugitives.

O, I know your financial standing, Governor. It won't

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be very much of a sacrifice for you to "forsake your riches."

The truth is, this discourse is destined to be the foundation of many an eloquent sermon. I shall send it to H. W. B., who will promulgate it from the rostrum of Plymouth. It will be published as original with the great actor, and scattered broadcast over the land. The lesser lights of the Pulpit, throughout the country, in making their miscellaneous selections, will of course fasten upon the best of it; so I shall be the instrument of much good. My motives are pure.

Again!

My friends, if you will endeavor to retain consciousness for a few hours longer, I—will return to the hypocrites. Hypocrisy is so mean, so sinful, compared with all other sin, that I can't keep my caustic tongue from it. Thieves, even, are patterns of morality by the side of hypocrites. A thief steals and we know it, and upon his approach we elevate our chicken roosts and lock up our spoons. A murderer is, of course, dangerous to the public quiet; but in the presence of one, we prepare ourselves for the worst, we make ready to fight—or run. A drunkard is disagreeable in the extreme; but he is his own worst enemy, and he gets a portion of his reward by being shunned by his fellow men, and from a self-accusing conscience.

And so with the whole catalogue of sinners—except the hypocrite. He smiles in our faces while he cuts our watch-guard. He shakes us by the hand immediately after blackening our character with his slander-covered tongue. He murmurs his responses in the church service, almost under the shadow of the Devil's wing, who has backed him through half the business of the week; and *she* bids poor Jack good bye at the side door, with words of affection,

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and in a moment welcomes Adolphus Henry at the front in the same manner.

At home and abroad, in the church and out of it, and especially in the vast machinery of Government, hypocrisy appears to be the ruling power. Why, sirs, the very name of national politics should be changed to national hypocrisy. Judas was a man compared to some of our politicians; and many of them would do a creditable thing to adopt the formula of his latter end—the end of a rope.

A man gets into politics, and if he is not upheld by the solid platform of Christianity, the chances are in favor of his becoming Jeff Davis-ed, Butler-ized or Vallandigham-ed, until his former good name is lost in the chaos.

Uncle, I notice with deep regret that Morpheus is getting the best of you. I cannot consistently talk to the birds and the trees, though they appear to be about as observing as some of my human hearers. It pains me to record this fact, and I will commence to close.

It is not expected by me, nor any other talented gentleman, that humanity ever will reach perfection. But there is a great principle of right somewhere, and it is not generally "hid under a bushel-basket." Persons of ordinary intelligence will be able to discern between it and the other course—if they want to.

Don't, my wood-nymphs, ever hesitate between what you know to be right and what is known as policy; for in the end, right is always the best policy. "Bread cast upon the waters will return to you," and if it is usually a little soaked, make the best of it, and accept the fact of its return in any shape, as evidence that you are not forgotten.

I subside, reluctantly; I descend from my lofty flights of eloquence to indulge in the earthy recreation of scrambling over the table with the rest of you, for eatables.

Over our supper we criticised Don's sermon.

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CHAPTER XXV.

ON Monday morning early, while the sun was silently lifting a thin veil of mist from the lake, we dispatched our breakfast, cut our "register" upon a tree, loaded our resources, and pulled away for Smith's Lake, which is only about two miles distant, though three-quarters of a mile of it is "carry." Monday was a good day for the task, as we were all fresh.

"Come on, boys," said Don, and he posted on ahead, with his guitar case slung across his shoulders, and a light knapsack in one hand. We didn't get angry at him, for we knew that his only hope of another year or two of life, lay in easy exercise in the pure air of the Wilderness.

Hereafter, let any and every man be hissed down, who shall ever hint in our legislative halls, of "improvement," "resources," and such like penurious suggestions, in connection with this blessed spot. That the State should become the owner of all the lands in the region, is not only practicable, but desirable, and that any and all efforts to make them more accessible than they now are, should be defeated. Because, to-day this vast tract, comprising thousands of acres, is one grand natural park, fashioned by the Great Architect of the Universe, beautiful with mountains and valleys, with hills and plains, and with

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rivulets, rivers and lakes, and invigorated by an atmosphere that is only found above the haunts of men, containing the essence of heaven's own purity. A place where the toil-worn man of business may find new life, and where the lover of the pure and the beautiful may become satiate, if such can be, with all these grand old scenes about; where man, away from all that is contaminating, can commune through nature's glorious work, with nature's everlasting God. They should remain so to-morrow and forever; but if we open up this wilderness with avenues through and from it, we but challenge the cupidity of our people; and that which is now magnificent will becomc a barren waste. Where the speckled beauties now sport in their chosen home, the bull frog and the catfish will hold high revel. Where the panther, the deer and other denizens of the forest now roam in their native freedom unmolested, the tinkling of the squatters' cow-bell, or the barking of some out-law's half-fed pup, will be the only sounds to greet the ear of the weary wanderer. We say, where all is glorious and beautiful, all should so remain; and the State will be remiss in its obligations to those who are to come after us, if it does not see to it that this thing is done and these grand old woods kept for them and their children after them.

We found that lovely resting-place, "Syracuse Camp," occupied by a gentleman named N. Wilson Parker, from Hamilton, New York, an old campaigner of twenty-five successive years in these hunting grounds, and a genial, whole-souled gentleman. His present earthly happiness was being looked after by that large-hearted man and experienced guide, Charley Smith, whom we have mentioned before. We were the recipients of many favors and pleasant visits from them while on that lake.

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What was our joy to-day to behold, sweeping up the outlet, the whole rank and file of what is popularly known as the Syracuse party, eight of them, as follows: George Raynor, O. C. Potter, S. P. Pierce, J. A. Dunham, G. N. Kennedy, E. J. Foster, P. H. Agan, J. W. Yale; with the guides, Carl Alger, Charles Smith, Vet Edwards, Boyd Edwards, Ike Stone, and boats, baggage, and everything to make camp life pass pleasantly.

They took possession of the Syracuse Camp, where Mr. Parker had been stopping. They own that camp by a sort of pre-emption claim; and it is always vacated at their approach.

We have got a pleasant little anecdote, which has been communicated to us as a portion of their experience that Summer. It is nothing more than the result of a deer hunt by a worthy member of the party.

He had scarcely become settled in camp before he was attacked with a fever to go out "floating;" he must kill a deer.

The night was favorable. Taking the best guide he could select, they prepared a "jack," and our sportsman took his seat beneath its light, in the bow of the boat, the guide grasped a paddle, sat in the stern, and away they went for the inlet.

They had proceeded but a short distance up the gloomy stream, when the guide detected a "hist" coming from the bow.

"Careful, careful!" whispered ye Syracusan. "Twenty rods ahead there, on the right hand."

The guide was somewhat astonished, as deer were seldom killed near that point. But he had no alternative but to obey.

"Steady, steady!" hoarsely whispered the Nimrod.

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The boat slid ahead with no more sound than would be made by a feather running down the current of a stream.

"Sh-h-h!"

The boat stopped. The hunter slowly raised his rifle, took a deliberate aim, and the crack of its report slashed through the still night air, smote against the hills and mountains, and was tumbled back in a thousand echoes.

The deer never moved a muscle. Didn't even fall!

Five minutes later you could scarcely have measured the length of that hunter's face with a yard stick!

He had fired into, or against, a great reddish boulder that lay on the bank of the stream! No wonder it didn't acknowledge the shot. It would have taken a hundred-pound Parrott to have splintered it in the least.

They paddled up to the boulder, and there it was in all its certainty—a little speck of an indentation, as the guide said, "Just behind the fore-shoulder of that rock!"

It has been hinted that the brave hunter offered the guide fabulous sums of money if he would never report that shot.

At any rate, he has got a monument in the Wilderness as lasting as though it were cut in marble and placed in the square of his native city.

Such things won't keep. Had it been a deed of Christian charity, no one would have heard of it.

We give a verbatim copy of one among hundreds of similar letters that sportsman has received at intervals since that notorious shot:—

SYRACUSE, ———, 18—.

DEAR ———:

As the sporting season is approaching, I drop you a line to ascertain what plans you have in view for the summer. I am going up to the woods again; but fearing it would be impossible for you to get away from your

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business, I have bought a boat and set in my back yard. At convenient distance from it, I have, at a great deal of trouble, placed a large rock. You can easily get along with a candle for a jack, and you are welcome to come up here and blaze away all Summer. Yours, etc.,

———.

A storm was approaching, in fact the *avaunt courier*, in the form of fine cutting drops of rain, driven through the air by a strong breeze, admonished us that we must look out for a shelter for the night. On the right of the outlet, after fairly entering the lake, a high promontory shoots its nose far out into the clear water. Its sub-soil is rock, which forms a clear beach all around its base, gradually flattening out into a broad, circular sweep around its point, making an excellent landing place. Its summit is covered with verdure, and great beds of yielding moss cover the ground. In this lonely spot, about half way to the summit, we upraised our canvas house. All hands, except Don, turned to, and in ten minutes from landing, our tent was up and a bright fire blazing in its front.

"There, boys," said Uncle, as his long legs crinkled under him, preparatory to sitting down, "there, now let it rain. We've got lots o' trout, plenty o' venison; we are up here where the least bit o' breeze will carry off every punkey, and I think we can be happy here for a few days."

"Yes," said Don, "and it will be a lovely time for Ned to make those crackers of which he has talked so much. And if they are half as good as the loaf of Graham bread he made the other day, he shall have a medal—made of one of them."

In our stock of provisions we had an ample supply of self-raising Graham, one of the best articles of diet one

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can possibly take to the woods; also corn meal, wheat flour, etc. The day before, Ned had appropriated Uncle's office to himself, had mixed up a loaf of the light Graham, put it into a frying-pan, turned another one over it, buried the whole in living coals, and the result was a grand loaf of brown, light bread. Every hour since, he had taken the liberty of priding himself on that bread. Now, he could cook anything; and his last hobby was crackers. He knew if he could bake such a loaf of bread as he had made yesterday, he could take some white flour and make some crackers, of which we were getting short. "And then," said he, "they will be fresh, too."

It is amusing to note the effect it produces upon his countenance, to say "crackers" to him, even to this day.

Ned went at it, and that was his last effort at cooking. Ten minutes later, he sat in the front of the tent, surrounded by every dish in camp, and all of them covered with a pasty-looking mess, which he was pleased to call dough. Some of it he had cut out round, with a box cover, while some lay around him in little masses, in different stages of kneading. At last he announced himself ready to bake.

Uncle had provided a good bed of coals, all the while chuckling at the idea of making crackers in the woods. Now Ned filled a frying-pan with the little wafers he had made, and after roasting them a few minutes, as he had done the bread, he turned them out on a plate, and really, they looked a little like crackers. After manufacturing a half peck of them, he got tired of his work, and patting and rolling what dough he had left, into a large, round cake, similar to his bread loaf, he carefully arranged that king of all crackers in the pan, the bottom of which it nearly covered, and placed it in the coals. His remarks

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upon the advantage of baking it all at once, when considered in the light of the result, were somewhat ludicrous.

The warm-hearted Scotchman says:

"The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang aft agley."

That stuff, baked and steamed, and dried and burned; was turned around, and turned over, and almost turned inside out, and finally it was pronounced by the Delmonico—"done." And so it was.

A guide called at our camp at dinner time, and imprudently tested that enormous cracker. He is dead.

That cracker, or "short cake," as Ned called it, followed us for weeks.

Short cake! It hung on too long for that.

Two stiffened corpses of striped squirrels lay beside it the next morning, and the edge of the cracker bore the prints of their teeth.

Long after, Burnie asserted having caught Uncle in the woods, where he had mortised a hole through it, in which he had stuck a stick, laid the ends in two crotches, and was grinding his axe on its edge!

All this time, while Ned was baking, and his proceedings were being watched and commented on by most of the party, Burnie had stretched himself upon a blanket in the back part of the tent, his ear close to Don's guitar, whose sad minor tones went out to meet the wailing wind, and there he scribbled away for two hours.

Supper was soon announced by Uncle. It was placed upon a box in the middle of the tent, and around it we gathered, while the driving rain fell harmlessly upon our canvas house.

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"Well, Burnie," said Uncle, "'taint letters you've been writin' all this time; now what is it?"

"O," said he, "in contrast with this dismal afternoon, I have been conjuring up a dream of a fair summer day, at home,—green hillsides, verdant valleys, singing streamlets, meadows sweet with the smell of new mown hay,—O, I see it all; and if you will get lots of good hard wood, and keep us a roaring fire this evening, you shall see it too."

So supper was cleared away, a great back log was brought, a pile of smaller ones laid in front, among which the flames crept up, higher and higher, until the whole bluff and the beating waves below us seemed ablaze.

At this moment a song came over the water on the breeze, and soon after a boat grated upon the rocky landing, and Mr. Parker and Charley stepped ashore.

"Ah, gentleman," said Ned, who greeted them, "you have arrived at an opportune moment. We were sadly afraid of a dull evening, but now we shall surely have a pleasant one. With our own resources and yours added, we shall find the hours too short."

When all were seated in the tent, in front of which glowed the cheerful embers, Burnie came forward with an apology to the strangers, and a remark that he had but a a few lines, which might, perhaps, carry their thoughts homeward, he read:

One forest-covered hill in front, and one a sweeping lawn of green,
Above these hills, a summer sky, a fruitful vale between.

Upon the green hillside I lie and doze away the hours,
My listless spirit steeped in dreams of song and sun, and flowers.

A pleasant tree with leaf and limb, a cool retreat has made;
And just enough of life I feel to follow up its shade.

Above my head the squirrel leaps, a dream of agile grace;
He wonders what I am, no doubt, then chuckles in my face.

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Above, the golden oriole is singing in his nest,
He proudly plucks his modest coat, and plumes his yellow vest.

The robins fret about their young, with wild discordant note,
While floods of music greet my ear from Bob-o-Lincoln's throat.

Sleek cattle, anxious for the shade, come mouthing round the tree,
And, half unwilling, bend their knees, and so lie down by me.

Along the valley's verdant breast, winds on the silver stream,
So far away I cannot hear its music in my dream.

Along its banks a meadow lies, of half its beauty shorn,
The mowers stop and listen there to hear the distant horn.

The patient oxen gladly turn and homeward work their way,
Before the creaking wain, half hidden 'neath the hay.

They lumber o'er the wooden bridge, and thro' the gateway go,
While on the breeze I faintly hear the driver's long-drawn—w-h-o-a!

Anon from out the meadow comes the grasses' dying breath;
I wonder why the clover should be sweetest at its death.

Just at my feet the golden wheat is ripening in the sun,
Already on the southern slope the harvest is begun.

Through all the air a monotone song so dreamily goes, dreamily goes,
And where are the millions singing the song—nobody knows, nobody knows.

Glad Summer dwells on field and hill, and swells my heart and brain,
My spirit, gone so far toward home, O come not back again.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The day is well nigh done! Far down the slope the shadows creep;
The day is done, and o'er the earth the Heavens softly weep,
The flowers feel the dewy breath and close their eyes to sleep.

Across the meadow far below, the mowers trudge along,
While on the breathless evening air comes up the milk-maid's song.

The darkening shades come trooping on and hover round my head.
The night steals on with stealthy steps, like watchers round the dead.

O, Thou whose reign is constant; whose ways are not our ways;
Grant my death be calm and peaceful as the death of Summer days.

This was followed by Charley's narration of a little bear incident that occurred on Smith's Lake eight years ago.

"A family named Constable were camping on the lake at that time, among the members of which were two girls, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen years, and a little

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boy of ten or twelve. This youthful trio started one morning to row across Eldredge's Bay—the quiet little cove that lies just behind this point on which you are camping—to take up a set line. Before they had gone half the distance, they discovered an object moving in the water, which they supposed to be a deer. Upon approaching it, however, they soon learned, from unmistakable growls, that it was a huge black bear. Then began a desperate struggle for its capture. The little party had no fire-arms of any description, and the battle was carried on with the oars only, and with these the girls pounded old Bruin's head vigorously, while the boy managed the boat with the paddle. The great beast made frantic efforts to board the little craft, but was repeatedly driven back to his bath by the well-aimed blows of the oars. Finally, either by the constant hammering on his cranium, or by a little extra muscle applied to one blow, the old fellow rolled over on his side and breathed his last. The brave girls clutched their hands into his hair, and the boy paddled the boat back to their camp with their trophy, to the unbounded astonishment of their father."

"Mr. Smith," said Don, as Charley concluded, "can you tell me if either of those young ladies have escaped the toils of matrimony until the present time?"

"No," was the reply, "I have entirely lost track of the whole family. But why do you ask?"

"O, nothing in particular. Only I have been for ten years hunting for a young lady with just such pluck as that, and haven't found her yet. I am now disappointed again it seems."

An hour later, we bade our friends "good night," and turned to our first night's rest on Smith's Lake.

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SMITH'S LAKE.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE general outline of Smith's Lake is circular, and Charley says it is a twin of Blue Mountain Lake in beauty. Its diameter is about three miles, and it contains seven beautiful islands. Its distant mountain scenery is grand. On its northern side rises a precipitous bluff, five hundred feet above the lake, known as Smith's Rock. It was named for old David Smith, who, thirty years ago, made a small clearing at its foot, and attempted to get a living from it. Of course, he failed; and we here assert that when any man is caught making an agricultural experiment within the bounds of the Wilderness, his friends should look closely to him. It is pretty good evidence that he is insane!

Two young chaps from Boston, came with their guides and elaborate trappings, and constructed a camp near the foot of Smith's Rock. They partook a little of the George William Brown character, whom we met on the Fulton chain, though they were mild-mannered, inoffensive young men.

An Uncle, whom we did not see, came in with them, passed one night and left the next morning, with one eye closed, and one cheek puffed out as if it covered a billiard ball. He had furnished life-giving sustenance to in-

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numerable mosquitoes and black flies, and he left disgusted.

Our slight acquaintance with these young fellows was pleasant, and we left them, one sitting on the shore in a sheltered spot, gazing abstractedly over the fair water; the other ten feet from him, on a great boulder, grasping a rod six or eight feet long, from which there dangled in the still water a fly! He was patiently awaiting a bite; and Don said he might as well fish in the river Styx!

Our second day on Smith's Lake was a glorious one, and our whole party resolved on a visit to the peak of Smith's Rock.

We breakfasted at an early hour from a saddle of delicious venison that Charley and Mr. Parker had forgotten the evening previous, and soon we were afloat, the steady stroke of our oars regulated to the soft music of Don's guitar.

Safely landing near the foot of the southern side of the great bluff, which is the most accessible, we drew our boats upon the shore and started.

We have given the hight of this rock as five hundred feet, and that is the figure given us; but before reaching the top that warm morning, soon after a hearty breakfast, we became pretty thoroughly disgusted with the system of the surveyor who measured it.

It took us an hour and forty minutes to make the ascent.

A person can descend it on one side at least, which is absolutely perpendicular, and faced with solid rock, in less than forty seconds, and Don insisted that the surveyor took that method of ascertaining its hight, but failed to explain how he first reached the top.

We considered the plan of descending on that side; but

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funerals not being popular in the Wilderness, we restrained ourselves.

The view from the top of the rock is more than grand. To the right, the eye just catches a glimpse of Albany Lake. All the remaining horizon line, except in the immediate rear, is bounded by the everlasting forest-covered mountains.

Away in the blue distance, Mt. Marcy, the highest point in the State, five thousand four hundred and sixty-seven feet above the level of the sea, pricks its sharp summit into the clouds, and all the intervening distance of sixty or seventy miles, is one grand and continuous stretch of forest-covered peaks, piled one upon another, and over lapping each other in graceful lines, all growing darker as they approach the eye. No break, no clearing, not one solitary evidence of civilization in all that vast domain.

On that perfect Summer day, in the stiff breeze that cooled our brows, the shadows of the driving clouds chased each other over the tops of the matted forest in one grand race, while the armies of the wind marched in majestic evolutions across the lake away below us, their hurrying feet kicking the clear water into foamy waves and white caps, and tumbling them upon the rocks around our white speck of a tent away to the south.

There are comparatively few people in the whole realm of America, who even dream that right at their doors lies such a Wilderness, made up of grand and peculiar scenery the equal of which may be sought in vain this side of Switzerland.

To the new comer into these wilds, fresh from the busy ways and noisy shops of civilization, who finds himself in our position, on such a day as that on which we gazed en-

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raptured upon those miles of forest foliage, growing dim, and dimmer in the distance, until earth and sky seemed one, it is difficult for him to divest himself of the idea that just over that mountain, or in this little valley on his left, fair farms and white cottages are smiling in the warm sunlight; and with but little exercise of his imagination, he expects to hear upon every breeze the scream of the locomotive.

But he don't!

Our bosoms swell with pride when we think of the dinner Uncle had prepared for us on our return. And we blush with shame to this day, when we remember what became of it, and what a disgraceful desert our table presented to view when the last man had been removed!

Two of us, Burnie and Sanderson, left the balance of the party bathing in the sheltered bay, back of our camp, and started with rod and reel for the rapids a mile below.

Our little iron shell skimmed the water like a duck, and she was soon moored at the head of the rapids.

The bed of the river at this point, runs down a gradual slope, the soil of which has, by the action of the water, been carried away, leaving the great boulders, varying in size from a small house down to a bushel measure; and the bed of the stream is so thickly strewn with them that the sportsman need not wet his feet in the whole length of the rapids, while he can reach every pool and eddy among them.

There is but little doubt, that the very acme of the high art of angling, is embodied in fly-fishing from a boat, in a secluded lake.

As Mr. Murray has written, "the highest bodily beatitude" he expects to reach, is, "to match a Conroy rod against a three-pound trout." But for us, the two hours sport we enjoyed that day, from the tops of those thousands

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of rocks, with our leaders now skimming a swift current, now lingering in an eddy, and at short intervals seized with lightning-like stroke by a two-pounder, who would tax our ability to the utmost to secure him, unaided by gaff or landing net, and in the middle of the stream, was happiness unsurpassed. The few moments of joyful anxiety and wild expectancy, mingled with a little well-tempered fear of loss that must ensue between your "stroke" and capture of your fish, are necessarily fraught with unbounded excitement and satisfaction to one who loves his art.

We returned to camp at sunset, just as the shades of the forest darkened the turbulent waters of the rapids, while the droning music of the evergreens, as they were touched by the mystic fingers of the night breeze, mingled with the unceasing song of the hurrying waves.

That night was to be our last upon Smith's Lake, and Don pronounced a soliloquy over the clean bones of the fifteen pounds of trout we had caught, before retiring.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

EARLY next morning, every body was astir—but Don. That fellow was as sleepy as Dickens' Fat Boy, and was always tired! A sure presage of the destroyer that was on his track.

While Uncle made us a rousing breakfast of pancakes, venison, etc., we "folded our tent," anything but silently, carefully packed everything in our boats, and prepared to leave the beautiful surroundings of Smith's Lake.

The sky looked threatening. Wild looking masses of dark cloud, driven by a stiff breeze, swept above us, and an occasional drop of rain hissed in our fire.

"Boys," said Uncle, "we are going to get a blow."

No answer.

Don's countenance fell as he cast his eyes across the lake and saw an occasional white cap break its surface.

"Does rough water on a small lake like this often make one sea-sick?" he asked, as he shut the cover of his guitar case. "You see," he continued, "I must be careful, for I have often been forced to show an exhibit of the contents of the human stomach, by no more than a sleigh ride.'

"No danger, Don; no danger," said Governor, whose element was water—except as a beverage.

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"It is well enough for you chaps of ordinary hight between joints to talk of 'no danger,' but to one of my build, the idea of nausea in the stomach presents a dreadfully long array of disagreeable sensations."

Frank escaped all participation in the labor of "packing up," for he could not get his boots on. He sat by the fire warming them and saturating them with grease for a good half hour.

"Frank, they ought to be treed," said sympathetic Uncle.

A brilliant idea thereupon hit the Governor.

"I'll fix 'em," said he, and Frank joyfully tendered them, and sat down to breakfast. His meal concluded, he sought his boots.

"Governor!" but Governor was down at the landing; so he tip-toed half way there in his stockings.

"Governor!" he shouted, and got a faint reply.

"Where's my boots?"

"Treed!"

"Where?"

"Up there in that pine on the top of the hill!"

The boy saw he was sold and the reader must imagine his mortification as he climbed thirty feet into that pine, where his boots hung over a limb, effectually "treed." His only reply was:

"It is well enough for you who are destitute of all personal pride, and who wear boots so big you must go on a "turn-table" in order to change your course, to laugh at me for wearing a boot that was made in-doors."

During our preparation the wind had freshened still more, and though we did not feel it much around our sheltered camp, we could see, by the rising waves and

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gleaming white caps far out upon the lake, that it was rough.

In the largest boat were Uncle, Governor, Frank and Sanderson, with a little more than half the baggage. In the smaller one, the balance of the party and less baggage. The former boat, propelled by the strong, experienced arm of Uncle, shot away eastward toward the inlet, and after a long and hard pull, reached its destination. The smaller boat, under the direction of Ned and Burnie, and carrying the slender Don, after following the other perhaps a hundred rods, was in danger of swamping. The little iron shell behaved nobly, but the beating of the swell against her sides and over the gunwales was too much, and she was compelled to put about and run with the wind for the southern shore.

After much difficulty she was landed, and upon discussion it was decided that three of the number, including Don, should walk around the sand beach to the inlet, perhaps a mile distant, and the other one should row the lightened boat.

Wash could not swim a stroke, Ned was inexperienced in the management of the oars, and of course it was out of the question for Don to undertake the task.

There was no alternative but for Burnie to perform the perilous voyage. Stripping himself to his shirt and pants, he took his seat upon the air-tight compartment in the center of the craft, braced his feet firmly and was pushed from the shore. His only course was to row for a mile away past the inlet, directly in the face of the wind. If his muscles endured this strain, then put about and go with the wind, gradually bearing off eastward, and thus reach the inlet, or a point near it.

The little craft shot bravely out, in the face of the rolling

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surf, now rising lightly upon the foamy crest of a wave, and then sinking out of sight in the hollow left by the racing billow, and every foot of distance contested by the beating of the waves against her frail sides. More than half the distance northward is gained, and Burnie is seen by the anxious watchers upon either hand, to rest his oars an instant, and draw his hand across his forehead. But delay at that point is death! He is now in the most dangerous part of his trip. The boat is tossed like a cork upon the waves. And see! a lofty billow comes foaming on with relentless wrath and threatens to overwhelm him. Burnie's eye has caught its onward sweep. A moment he hesitates; then, with a sweeping stroke, and with all his powers, he drives his boat's prow against the rushing wall of water. The great wave breaks into a shower of fragments! Heavens! is he gone! No! drenched to the skin, and with just strength enough to put about in the rough sea, he heads with the wind for the inlet, and with only a motion of the oars to keep her head on, he quickly runs down to his comrades, where he is fairly dragged from the boat, as he would, perhaps, have been from the breakers.

The balance of the day was spent in pulling up the inlet to Smith's Lake. The stream didn't remind us very forcibly of the Hudson. In fact, we passed up, or through, or over some points, where one of us could have stood upon either bank and shook hands over the stream.

Our memory of that day's labor and the following night, is not very vivid; and we are well content to leave the whole matter in obscurity.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALL the next day it rained. It was not a shower; but one of those copious falls which makes one's anxious thoughts run back to the days of Noah. It seemed as if the whole dome of the heavens was converted into a shower bath, the supply of water unlimited, and the gate wide open.

All that long, long, wet day, we lay in camp somewhere in that dozen miles between Smith's and Beach's Lakes; but just the precise point, we are, fortunately, unable to locate. We say fortunately; for, should we designate the spot, some other unlucky sporting party might stop there. We lived through it; but we were tough. Others less hardened might not come off so well.

One bright vision remains to partially light up the otherwise gloomy remembrances of that interval. We refer to the Salmon Lake region, on the morning after the rain. This is one of the most secluded spots in the Wilderness.

For a long distance each side of the inlet, the land is low and level, and is covered with tamarack trees, loaded with their strange foliage.

During that rainy night, and after the rain had ceased falling, first the falling drops, and then the rising mist from

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the stream, had clung to every one of the millions of mossy-looking leaves, enveloping in a shroud of gray but half transparent gauze, each separate tree and shrub, and presenting to our eyes, as we slowly drifted along, a procession of forms so weird and ghostly in appearance, as to impress it indelibly upon our minds.

The fog lifted, the warm sun smiled upon the silent scene, the trees threw off their strange drapery and stood forth the beautiful tamaracks.

There is rare sporting in that region; and Charlie Smith will take you in his boat on any Summer evening, run you up that inlet, and around these Salmon lakes, will paddle you within easy range of a deer.

As a general rule, in the Wildnerness, where there is good sporting it will be found inaccessible and secluded in proportion as it is good.

This is eminently the case with this region lying between Smith's and Beach's Lakes. The streams are narrow and more or less obstructed. *More*, we conclude on second thought. And some of the "carries," which should be pathways, or, at least, lines of blazed trees, exist only in the fertile imaginations of guides.

The long and short of the matter is this:—When that region becomes so open and easy of access that any and all sportsmen can make their way over it with ease, then the occupation of the guides is gone.

The promptings of human nature in the Wilderness are about the same that they are outside, and therefore a guide rarely removes an obstacle in a stream or carry. That's what they have done in this section.

Between Smith's and Beach's lakes lies the heart of the Wilderness; parties from the west rarely going much beyond the former, and those from the east, seldom pene-

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trating farther than the latter, except on short hunting excursions. The result must be evident. It is sublimely wild!

There is one carry of about half a mile in length, between Little Salmon and Big Salmon, the difficulty of traversing which rises far above the comprehension of the feeble human intellect! Experience, of course, will post a man on the subject. We have been there. We admit being the possessor of the shortest and weakest memory in the country; but with all its deficiencies it has never failed on that particular subject. The slightest reversion of the mind to that particular carry, brings it clear and distinct, in all its hideousness, before our mental vision.

It is difficult for any one but a guide to understand why it is called a carry, except upon the flimsy pretext that it is a passage over a strip of land that you can't get through by water!

This strip of land, as might be supposed, is forest-covered, and the towering old monarchs whose branches cast a shadow upon the dusky savage ere the first white man gazed upon fair Columbia, have gone on for all these years busily propagating their species, until there is not a square inch of ground in that particular locality, which is not studded with numerous shrubs, varying in hight from a foot to twenty feet.

It is customary, along the line of a carry which is but little traveled, to bark the trees, or "blaze" them, as it is called. Perhaps it is needless to say that this custom had not prevailed to any great extent along that one. If it ever had been done, it was so long ago that the growth of the trees had carried the marks high above mortal vision.

We were constantly reminded that when in trouble it is ever best to look upward.

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If an outsider could have done such an impossible thing as to look down upon our party through that great impenetrable hedge, as we went dodging about in the underbrush in search of big trees, then running around them with eyes turned heavenward, looking for a blaze, he could have arrived at but one conclusion, viz: that the forest was alive with small game and that we were an enthusiastic band of hunters in pursuit of it.

"Let's condemn the whole carry to 'go to blazes,'" said the Governor; "then perhaps parties will get through in the future with more ease."

It is a dozen miles from Smith's to Beach's Lake, and taken altogether it is the worst dozen miles to get over that we ever encountered. We got through at sunset, dreadfully demoralized.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE old State road that was surveyed and opened across the Wilderness over thirty years ago, passes for some distance along the shore of Beach's (or Brandreth's) Lake; but it is many years since it has been passable for teams except the dozen miles between this lake and Long Lake, over that portion of which distance lying between Beach's Lake and the Raquette, parties are sometimes carried in a wagon.

The reason the lake has two names is this. Some years ago Dr. B. Brandreth, whose name is famous for having long supplied the market with millions of boxes of busy little pills, purchased a farm of about twenty-four thousand acres, within the limits of which lies this beautiful lake. However, as it is better known by its old name, we shall hereafter use it.

Judging by appearances, Dr. Brandreth was very enthusiastic when he first came into possession of this broad tract. It may even be supposed that he was one of those deluded victims who had agricultural dreams in connection with his great farm; for he employed one Joel Plumbley to clear about one hundred acres, a mile and a half from the lake.

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He then erected the two commodious block log houses, where night overtook us at the close of the last chapter.

The Doctor is one of the fortunate few who have learned by dear-bought experience that one cannot raise potatoes on a rock!

For many Summers the old gentleman came up from New York with portions of his family, a retinue of servants, a great store of indigestible luxuries, and went in for what he thought was a good time.

The two houses we have mentioned are beautifully located in a little clearing, a few rods from the lake, nearly the whole expanse of which they overlook.

One of them has always stood open for the accommodation of luckless sportsmen like ourselves, while the other is closed, and is supposed to contain the furniture, boats and all the paraphernalia connectcd with the wealthy Doctor's visits, which the general law of the woods leaves in perfect security.

Of late, we believe the Doctor has discontinued his annual visits to his real estate in the forest. Doubtless he is a little tired of it, as a child tires of a new toy; and he must certainly be discouraged with it as a speculation, for we know of single acres, but a short distauce from some of our thriving inland towns, the yearly income from which would double what he should expect from that great tract as long as he lives. What it may be in that mythical time called the future, is a tough conundrum.

We dropped our burdens on the chips which covered the ground about the door-way to the open house that evening, with much the feelings of a crew of storm-bound, ocean-tossed sailors, who have at last reached a safe harbor and home.

Inside, things looked a little musty. Like the inside of

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old Chauncey Smith's house, the first objects that greeted our eyes was a miscellaneous array of bottles. Bottles empty, bottles full, bottles half full, bottles broken and bottles whole, bottles open and bottles corked, bottles labeled "laudanum" and bottles labeled "gin."

Don deliberately walked to a rude shelf against the wall, on which were arranged a number of those dusty relics, took one of them by the neck, and brought a smile to the face of every weary wanderer, with the familiar query:

"Well, gentlemen, what will it be?"

In the middle of the room stood a rickety box stove. An apology for a table was also there. In one corner a rough cot, or bunk, made of poles, and covered by a hay mattress. The other room (we say the other for there were but two) was bare of everything except an old-fashioned bedstead, across the cords of which a deer had lately been slaughtered; two or three dilapidated "jacks," and some broken oars.

A voluptuous coating of dirt, of varied composition, covered the floor.

Here we were to pass the night. To a fastidious snob, just from velvet carpets and soft beds, the outlook would not have been very inviting; but let such a one do our day's tramp with a heavy load of necessaries, and it would look like a palace to him.

So it was with us; and after a hastily prepared supper, which was as hastily dispatched, and while the lake glowed beneath the rays of the sinking sun, now a mirror of quicksilver, fast changing to a pale purple, and then to a darker, deeper hue, until it slept in the mouning of the night, we made our simple preparations for rest.

In order to give a little more force to our explanation of our first night's experience in that place, we must inform the reader that Ned, though not a coward in any

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sense of the word, yet possessed a natural fear of a mouse or a rat. The touch, or even the sight of one, would almost drive him distracted!

That house was alive with mice, and we must sleep on the floor!

Mice, did we say? Yes, that is what they were; but they were the biggest and boldest lot of mice we ever encountered. All sizes, from an apple seed to an ourang-outang. And so hungry and gaunt. One could put a string around the body of one of the leanest among them, draw it up in a hard knot, and scarcely touch the mouse! Fact. They looked like long-tailed weasels.

Well, we had scarcely tumbled into the warm embrace of sleep when one drove came rattling down the rough stairs, and another came rattling up stairs from the cellar.

Some of us awoke, and in the dim light we could occasionally catch a glimpse of a gymnastic feat by one of those mice that would astonish a circus manager.

Ned snored away. After having devoured whatever provisions we had recklessly left, after our supper, they became more friendly; they sought our acquaintance by such little informal introductions as trimming the rim from some one's ear, or removing the partition between another one's nostrils. Finally one great hungry wolf, with a tail like a whip-lash, went for Ned. His first onset was to take a chip from the ball of his thumb. He awoke with a blood-curdling screech, which brought every man on the floor to his feet. What a sight was beheld! There was Ned suspended two feet above the floor, clinging to a pin in one of the joists overhead.

The poor fellow rolled himself in his blanket and sought a doubtful rest the balance of the night upon the cords of the old bedstead in the back room. Next morning his body was laid out in squares like a checker board

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CHAPTER XXX.

FOR about three days we passed the time very pleasantly upon Beach's Lake, in hunting, fishing and recuperating ourselves for our trip to Forked Lake and the Raquette. But time was hurrying us along toward Autumn, and we had yet many hard miles to get over.

It is about six miles from Beach's Lake to Forked Lake—over land. Of course we didn't dream of transporting our boats and baggage over such a carry, though we afterwards met striplings at Long Lake, who had taken an eighty pound boat on their shoulders and traveled the four miles between Beach's Lake and the Raquette without stopping, or resting. But, as we have said, we didn't dream of performing such feats; or if we did, our dreams never came to pass!

The sun rose on our third morning at Beach's Lake, betokening a lovely day, and we bade good-bye to the mansions of Dr. Brandreth.

In passing down the lake, we saw, away to the south, a very strange optical illusion. A steamboat appeared in the dim distance, coming up the lake. One of those low river boats, with two smoke stacks, peculiar to the Mississippi and other shallow rivers. Her low hull, wheel houses, smoke stack, steam and smoke in clouds above her, all ap-

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peared to our astonished eyes with vivid truthfulness. Not until we had rowed a mile nearer, did it begin to take on its real form—that of an immense rock, rising just out of the water, and covered with vines and shrubbery, in such positions and colors as to create the illusion. Its most perfect deception is seen from perhaps a mile from Brandreth's houses, in a nearly direct line towards Rock Island, and doubtless can be seen any Summer by the tourist.

We rowed up under the very shadow of that bluff, and lazily floated for an hour over water forty feet deep, beneath which every stone, stick and fish could be seen, clearer and brighter than through the same distance of ordinary atmosphere. The visions of that landscape as it slipped back from beneath our boat away down under the crystal fluid, will remain stamped upon our memory as long as memory lasts.

We finally reached a point near the outlet, and where the old Carthage road comes near to the lake, and here we decided to leave Uncle in charge of our stores, and walk to the Raquette, where we expected to find transportation over the road.

O, such a joyous walk as that was over those four miles!

The road nearly all the distance wound through a delightful forest. Every shrub and fern and wild flower was fragrant, and the air was laden with an overpowering wild wood perfume.

It was no smooth, well-worn, dusty highway; but a road in the very tracks of which bloomed the modest violet, and over which leaned long ferns and flowers, uncrushed by carriage wheels. Now it wound around the steep slope of a rocky hillock, down which trickled little streams of icy water. And now it descended into an elysian valley, and our spirits swelled with such enthusiasm

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for the grand old forests, that we would start with a shout on a run down the slope to the bottom, over which tumbled, with much chattering and liquid gibberish, a gurgling brooklet, on its woody way to the outlet. Wild birds sent forth their songs, strange but not unwelcome to our ears. The sly partridge started from our very feet and whirred away among the branches. The long body of a rabbit occasionally shot a gray streak across the road and disappeared in an instant; and when half way over the distance, the ungainly form of a black bear clambered up the steep hill side on our right. There was not a gun among us, and we were compelled to see him go out of sight over the hill-top.

We don't say it would have been otherwise if we had carried a dozen guns!

About ten o'clock we reached the little clearing at the head of North Bay, in the Raquette, the whole surface of which stretched away to our right.

This was familiar ground to some of us, as it was here we had landed long before, when going up to Cary's after provisions.

Two miles further to Cary's and we cast a lingering look along the crooked shores of the Raquette, and started. Half way from there to Cary's is what was once a clearing, now overgrown with birch and cherry shrubbery, a dense thicket of young trees from ten to twenty feet high. In the middle of this opening are the ruins of a log house; and here we learned once lived a man named Gibson. He was a farmer at that time; but he could'nt stand it long. We did not learn the exact cause of his death, but presume, from his avocation, that it was starvation!

We had entered this clearing but a few rods, when the strange sound of a tinkling cow-bell reached our ears.

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We opened our eyes and looked at each other in a suggestive way. Our eyes said as plain as Greek, who will go for her?

Don took the hint, loosened a pint cup from his belt, took another from Burnie, and started in the direction of the animal.

He had gone a few rods, when the sound of the bell ceased. He stopped and listened, and in a few minutes was regaled with its music from another quarter of the clearing, forty rods away. Nothing daunted, he plunged here and there among the thick shrubs and brambles until he thought he must be near the animal, when he stopped again to catch the sound of the bell. This time its dulcet tones reached him from still another point in the clearing.

It has since been estimated that at this juncture he swore.

However, visions of bread and milk, butter and such blessings, were reveling in his brain, and away he went again. Ah! now we felt confident he had her. We had sat down by the road side, and through the bushes could just discern the cow, as she neared our position, and there was Don, who had evidently got his eye on her. Carefully he crept nearer and nearer, when all at once the beast gave a snort and started, with Don after her. She had not, probably, seen a man before in a year!

O, what gymnastics that animal performed during the next half hour! It didn't seem any extraordinary feat for her to jump over a tree three or four hundred feet high, and all the time Don's tall, gaunt form was close upon her heels.

He had the advantage, as he could get through the shrubbery easier than the cow. Crash, slash, smash they went, over logs and through the brush, until at length Don

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grasped the brute's tail, and a moment after, whisk they went across the road some rods ahead of us.

All at once the rush ceased, and our next vision was Don coming up the road with downcast eyes and empty cup.

"Why, Don, what's the matter?" "Where's your milk?" "Did you get hurt?" etc., were among the questions that overwhelmed him.

But one response greeted us, and that came in a hoarse whisper, between the struggles of his difficult breathing, and this was it:—

"Boys, it is the wrong kind of a cow!"

We ate our dinner on a little mossy knoll in that clearing and hastened on to Cary's. What was our astonishment to learn that he had gone to Long Lake, and would not return till morning.

Here was a dilemma. Uncle must assuredly remain alone on Beach's Lake that night. But he was well provided for.

We had some hours of the afternoon left us, and we started out prospecting.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

CARY'S house, or the one between the Raquette and Forked Lake, is a model one — the worst model ever conceived.

He owns another on Long Lake, as will be noted hereafter.

No doubt the one we are describing is comfortable enough inside, and it has, perhaps, passed as a haven of rest to many weary sportsman; but outside it looks like a great overgrown barn. It is two and a half stories high, twenty feet wide and six or eight hundred feet long—seemingly.' The back end of the house stands up eight feet from the ground on one or two crazy abutments and is higher than the front, giving it the appearance of a mule that has just kicked a man up in the air, and had been propped up in that position. It is wood-colored, and its numerous windows are shaded entire inside by white curtains, making them look like white caps in a great sea of brown clap-boards. It is said that horses run away and cattle jump the surrounding fences (if there are any) when they come in sight of it.

There is quite an extensive clearing around Cary's house. Trees can't grow much in sight of it. The whole premises, including one thousand acres, belongs to Prof.

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Joel T. Benedict, of New York. He won't sell it—he can't! Probably he thinks of turning his attention to agriculture some day. Then there will be another coroner's inquest.

We reluctantly left the house, and the bewitching courtesies of two forest damsels who keep it for Mr. Cary, (he being a widower,) and started for the old landing on Forked Lake.

There was formerly a sportsman's hotel kept there by Wm. Helms, of Long Lake. It was burned down some years ago. There is also a clearing there of some acres, reaching over the ridge that separates Forked Lake from the Raquette.

As we were returning through the clearing, capturing here and there a straggling strawberry, we met a dog. He smelled of us, then ran back a few rods, and accompanied his master to where we were standing. We saw a man of medium size, face bronzed with exposure, in which shone a kindly eye. He was dressed in a nobby checked hunting shirt, open at the throat, tight-fitting pants and vest, the bottoms of the former enclosed in thick woolen socks, outside of which he wore a stout shoe. A fine double gun lay lightly across his shoulder.

There he stood—Mr. Sidney Hay, of Saratoga, and the gentleman with whom some of us had become slightly acquainted on the Raquette a previous season.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," and we returned the salutation.

"Are you going down to Long Lake?" he then inquired.

We then explained to him that we were, but, owing to the absence of Mr. Cary, we should be unable to get away for a day or two.

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"Come right back to my camp," said he, "and we will see what we can do."

We found him beautifully located in a space of open wood, overlooking Forked Lake, and occupying alone the most perfect camp we ever saw. The model Syracuse Camp was a poor affair compared with it.

It comprised three separate buildings, besides the kennel for his dog "Jim."

These were all erected by himself and were marvels of neatness. Built of logs, the crevices between which were all tightly closed, and the roofs absolutely water-proof with a smooth shingle of bark, while the inside of his sleeping and dining house was actually papered with the thin lining to birch bark, which can be stripped off at certain seasons, in great thin sheets a yard square. He had imported a cooking stove, and had gradually surrounded himself with many domestic conveniences. A few rods in rear of the camp, he had constructed a rude ice house, and there in mid-summer, we ate butter and meats fresh from the ice this genius had packed early in the Spring. At least nine blessed months of every year, that hermit lives alone in the Wilderness!

We found him a man of culture, education and refinement, and he numbers among his friends and relatives many well-known and notable families. He said he had traveled much over the world, but had finally settled down to his hermit life in the woods.

In cooking he would rob of her laurels many a young lady of this nineteenth century, as was shown by the supper he prepared for us that night.

After supper, as we sat about the roaring fire that lighted the forest for rods around, the sound of voices reached us from the landing below, and a moment after, the stalwart

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form of a man, followed by a bright-looking guide, appeared.

Hearty salutations were exchanged between Mr. Hay and the new comers, and we were introduced and thereafter passed a delightful evening in the company of Mr. A. F. Tait, the eminent artist of New York, and Mr. Palmer, from Long Lake.

We found Mr. Tait a jolly Englishman, a good sportsman, and a great lover of Nature.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said he, in our conversation around that genial camp fire, "some people may call my friend Hay eccentric for spending three-fourths of his time here in the woods alone, but I think, on the whole, he is sensible."

The evening hours passed quickly away in talking over camp scenes, but mainly listening to entertaining yarns drawn from the excitements of Mr. Tait's twenty-five successive summers in the Wilderness.

The fire partially died down, and as the smoke and blaze diminished, the punkies increased, bringing conversation to their attributes.

"Do you ever wear a head-net, Mr. Hay?" queried Ned.

"No, I always feel oppressed under one of them; I can't breathe through them."

"D—n it," exclaimed the artist, as he slapped his face. "Excuse me, gentlemen. Mr. Hay, you've no business to breathe when the punkies are around. You want too many luxuries at once!"

At a late hour we turned to our rest, upon the couches prepared for us by our generous host, and there, shut out from the world and shut in from the punkies, we sweetly slept.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

WE were aroused the next morning by the hearty voice of Mr. Hay calling us to a bountiful breakfast. We dressed and, for the first time in many days, enjoyed the luxury of washing ourselves in a tin wash bowl—or, in fact, any other.

Most of that day was occupied by Mr. Cary in transporting our baggage to us.

A portion of our party lounged about camp through the day, or made short excursions to neighboring points of interest, while a portion of us took Mr. Hay's boat and made a tour of the Little and Big Forked lakes.

These two bodies of water have received altogether too little notice from writers and visitors. The large one is six or eight miles long; the smaller one, two or three, and for beauty, especially of coast surroundings and mountain views, their equals do not exist.

All around the many capes, bays and islands, Nature has fairly outdone herself, and run riot in the variety and luxurious voluptuousness of foliage. Thousands of shrubs, and bushes, and even great trees, bend under their weight of many colored blossoms, while now and then, on a long projecting point of land, that stretches its slender neck

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away out into the still water, almost severing the lake in two, a regiment of young pines has marshalled its ranks close to the water's edge, and their strange sighs fill the air, when there is not a ripple on the water. O, how their glossy, green tassels shone, as they swayed in the sun.

Myriads of bright wild flowers line the shores of the cool shady coves; the strange leaves of the pitcher plant hang over the lake, in one of which a person can dip up a gill or more of water, and can even boil it over a fire without burning the leaf.

In the language of the Indian guide, Sabbattis, to whom we spoke regarding those lakes, we say:—

"Any one who wants to see *woods* in Nature's most beautiful luxuriance, can see them there."

About the middle of the afternoon we returned to camp, and found Uncle and Mr. Cary down by the Forked Lake landing, unloading boats and baggage.

In reply to our inquiries as to how he had fared in our absence, Uncle said:—

"O, it was like ole times to me! I tell ye it was jolly there all alone."

Before night everything was prepared for our departure for Long Lake; and early next morning, we left our whole-hearted hosts with lingering hand grasps, and pulled away to the outlet.

We had not followed the stream far, when the distant roar of the rapids reached our ears.. For nearly two miles the angry waters are tumbled about amid thousands of great boulders, until they reach a broken ledge, thirty to fifty feet high, over which they plunge in the snowy foam of Buttermilk Falls.

Many stories are told at Long Lake, of fearful boat rides

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down those rapids, and many people have received into their brains, from reading the Rev. William Henry Harrison Murray's exciting Phantom Falls fiction, the idea that he has once been over those Buttermilk Falls in a boat.

But he hasn't!

All of the experienced guides, however, make a practice of running the rapids; and some of them and their companions have narrowly escaped with their lives, while making the perilous trip.

We afterwards heard from the lips of John Sabbattis, son of Mitchell, an account of his attempt to run the rapids, in high water, with a gentleman from Boston, who persisted in a determination to "try it," regardless of the remonstrances of his guide.

They started, and ere they had gone half the distance, an oar struck a submerged rock, snapped asunder, and the next instant the frail boat was thrown by the giant waters sidewise against a great boulder, and was splintered into kindling wood. With commendable presence of mind Sabbattis grasped the frightened sportsman by the collar, and after being carried many rods in the boiling current, and bruised against the rocks, he succeeded in grasping an overhanging limb and dragging the half-drowned man ashore.

The conscientious guide took the whole of the blame upon himself, and on their arrival at Long Lake, said to the gentleman and his party:—

"I suppose you don't want anything more of me."

"Yes, indeed we do," was the hearty answer; and they immediately made up a purse, purchased a new boat, and started for further adventures.

We lunched about midday, close by the beautiful falls,

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passed a listless hour upon the great rocks near by, watching the water break upon the ridge, and tumble, a boiling mass of foam, into the creamy cauldron below; and then pulled away for Long Lake, whose dark surface, lined upon its eastern side with some cleared fields, and actual framed houses, greeted our vision with wonderful strangeness, as though we had not seen such for years.

To the tourist, on his first visit to the Wilderness, there is such a total absence of everything familiar, every object which for all his years has greeted his eyes at every turn upon life's road, and he is so completely isolated from all habitual associations, that the sight of signs of civilization, after a few weeks in the woods, though very welcome, comes upon him burdened with a strangeness of years. So with us on that mellow Summer afternoon; we gazed upon those rough cottages scattered along the lake, as the traveler might upon the dwellings upon the other side of the earth.

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BUTTERMILK FALLS.

OWL'S HEAD MT.—DON'S FAIRY.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUR first vision of the village, or settlement of Long Lake, was a glorious one. Not that it possesses special attributes of splendor; but to us, whose eyes had not dwelt upon a rood of naked earth, or a more pretentious dwelling than a bark shanty for weeks, the scene was bewitching.

The first feature of interest, as we entered the long, narrow lake, was the farm and dwelling belonging to Mr. Cary, whom we met on Raquette Lake.

This house, we suppose, is ere this, fitted up for the entertainment of sportsmen; but at the time when its windows first dazzled our eyes as they were filled with the glory of the western sun, it looked a *little* dilapidated. The roof boards, for some unexplainable reason, were left bare and projecting a foot or more beyond the gable; while here and there a shingle was missing, or a clapboard hung suspended by a single nail at one end, giving the outside of the building the appearance of a pair of black broadcloth pants covered with divers patches of bed ticking; window sash painted a dirty red, making the house-front exhibit a sort of sore-eyed aspect.

But to us it was a house, set in green fields, and sur-

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rounded by sleepy cattle and noisy fowls, and it made our hearts flutter with home thoughts.

Let the reader picture to himself a winding country road, say two miles in length, running along the westward falling slope, now gentle, now rough and steep, of a green hillside, occasionally spotted with some feeble attempts at agriculture, and a few patches of forest.

At the foot of this hillside, and stretching away beyond it to the northward a dozen miles, the bayou-like Long Lake. High up against the western sky, the bare rocky peaks of Owl's Head, and many other mountains, whose sombre shadows darken the still water when the day is scarce three-quarters done.

Away to the north-east, high up towards heaven, the blue summits of Mts. Seward, Sandanona, Henderson and others.

Along the winding road we have mentioned, at pleasant intervals, the humble dwellings of some of the Long Lake guides—John Plumbley, Mitchell Sabbattis and his sons, Uncle Palmer and others.

At a point two or three miles beyond the dwelling of Mr. Cary, a descending hill of considerable hight, and at its foot the village (?) proper, consisting of twenty or thirty houses, including the hotel, post office, etc., scattered irregularly down this hillside, in the little valley, and up the opposite rise.

There you have it, for better or for worse, Long Lake and village as we saw it on that ever memorable afternoon.

Every heart in our boats beat faster, and there was a smile upon every face, as we lazily floated along down the lake, towards the landing below the pretentious dwelling of Sabbattis, where we decided to pitch our tent.

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Joyous laughter, lively conversation and witty repartee made the distance to the landing seem short.

"Ah! boys," exclaimed Don, "the sight of these signs of civilization makes my blood tingle. What pleasant days we shall pass here—our last in the woods this season—surrounded by home-like scenes, and yet far away from the corrupting influences of the crowded city. Social visits with these primitive residents, and doubtless some happy hours in the companionship of the fair sex will serve to enliven the coming week; and I dare say there are some rosy-cheeked wood-nymphs here, before whose glances we must needs guard our hearts. See!" he went on, pointing to a rude dwelling on the hillside, "Hurrah! hurrah! there is one of the dear creatures now;" and sure enough, there stepped from the door a woman!

This sight was no more wonderful than we had witnessed thousands of times, but to our eyes at that time anything clothed in calico was a welcome and joy-inspiring vision.

"Ah!" said Don, "see the graceful forest fairy as she goes forth with pail; doubtless for water from the bubbling spring with which to prepare the husband's frugal supper!"

O, distance! what a beautifier thou art.

We afterwards learned than Don's forest fairy weighed two hundred, was cross eyed, and on that particular occasion was carrying a pail of swill to an effeminate pig of the alligator breed.

The deluded musician serenaded the delicate being, and as our boats simultaneously ploughed their prows into the golden sand, called the dusky daughters and grand daughters of the Sabbattis family down to the landing with this tender song, doubtless the first music of the kind they had

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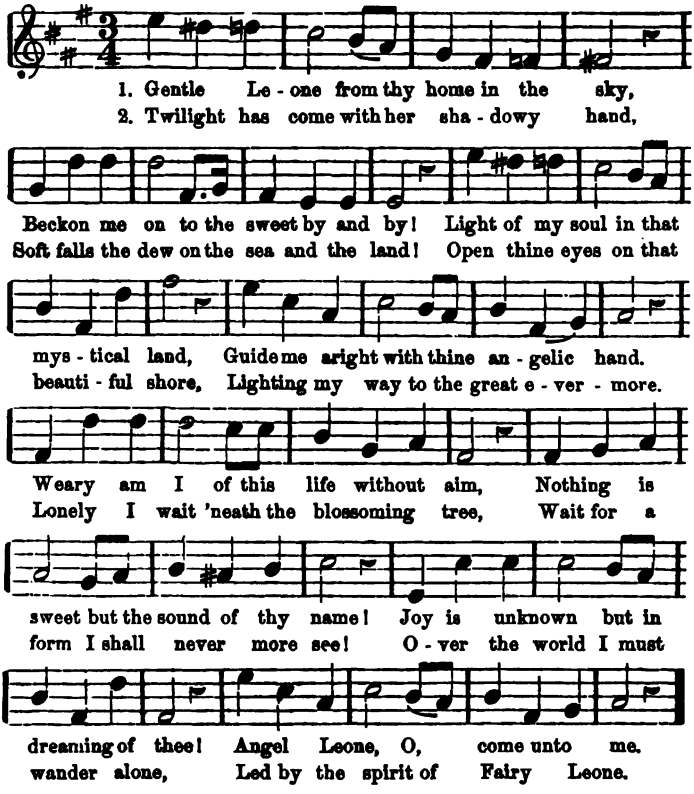
ever listened to, and mayhap the last they would ever hear:—

LEONE.


1. Gentle Le - one from thy home in the sky,
2. Twilight has come with her sha - dowy hand,
Beckon me on to the sweet by and by! Light of my soul in that
Soft falls the dew on the sea and the land! Open thine eyes on that
mys - tical land, Guide me aright with thine an - gelic hand.
beauti - ful shore, Lighting my way to the great e - ver - more.
Weary am I of this life without aim, Nothing is
Lonely I wait 'neath the blossoming tree, Wait for a
sweet but the sound of thy name! Joy is unknown but in
form I shall never more see! O - ver the world I must
dreaming of thee! Angel Leone, O, come unto me.
wander alone, Led by the spirit of Fairy Leone.

The sweet music died on the evening air; our tent was soon up and supper prepared, seasoned with some fresh milk we had obtained from a neighbor, and, very weary and very well contented with the world, we turned to our first night's rest on Long Lake.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

EARLY next morning we turned out in search of novelties and incidents—and we found them.

Long Lake village lacks the energy of, and isn't spreading like Chicago; though it has a church!

For this edifice it is chiefly indebted to the perseverance and liberality of the Indian Guide, Mitchell Sabbattis, whom we have before mentioned. Our intercourse with this man was very pleasant, and we found him, although a full-blood Indian, a devout Christian, a conscientious gentleman, and one of the best guides in the Wilderness.

Long Lake is the headquarters of numerous parties, who enter the Wilderness from the south-east. It is not as fashionable a resort as some others farther north; yet it is in the midst of grand scenery, good sporting, and furnishes good accommodations at its hotel, kept by Mr. Kellogg, a gentleman and a natural landlord. We remember his many courtesies with feelings of gratitude.

Some years ago, an artist-correspondent of Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, penetrated the Wilderness from the south-east, as far as Long Lake, and made some lively sketches and caricatures of scenery and residents.

We remember one guide and family who were made especially notorious. We refer to William Helms—"Bill,"

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vulgarly. His was the first voice that greeted us, in a kindly answer to our anxious inquiry for the post office.

"Right down in the holler there, gentlemen," said he, and away went his tongue—"I suppose 'tis you that pitched the tent as I see down to Sabbattis' landin' there this mornin'; an' did you bring them odd-lookin' boats there? I 'spect you've come across from the west, p'aps?"

We thought we arose early that morning, but we found Helms placidly leaning over his gate, looking as though he had stood there for hours.

We have been told that he never sleeps. He is said to be the last man seen at night, and there is no one living who has seen him make his first appearance on a morning. There is always some one else about town who has "seen him before." He appeared to have the least to do, and to require more hours of sleeplessness in which to do it, than any person we ever met.

When he was shown up in Leslie, he had, if we remember correctly, about two children! That was, perhaps, a dozen years ago. He had more when we visited him; either twelve and a half, thirteen and a half, or somewhere in that neighborhood, we forget exactly; but its no matter one or two either way. No person has since that time been able to give us a record of his family at any particular date when his children could be numbered by full units; there is always a fraction!

His family were up and stirring on our return from the post office.

"Are those all your children, Mr. Helms?" enquired Burnie, pointing to a dozen or so of male and female urchins in the yard.

"O, yes," was the reply, and he looked with an admiring eye at the motley group. "Won't you have some fresh

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milk, gentlemen, for your breakfast?" said the generous guide. We accepted the offer with many thanks, and hastened on towards the dwelling of Sabbattis. There we were stopped by the old Indian and introduced to his family.

"Mr. Sabbattis," asked Don, "may I enquire whose are those two white children playing with yours?"

"O, certainly," was the reply; "those are Bill Helms' boys!"

"My conscience!" exclaimed Don.

We turned across the little garden and so down to the landing, accompanied by John Sabbattis, a worthy guide and son of Mitchell.

Uncle had our breakfast in waiting.

"Hello!" shouted Governor, "there's a boat full of young boys, and it seems to me there is danger of their capsizing. Mr. Sabbattis, whose boys are those out there in that cockle shell of a boat?"

"Those—why they belong to Bill Helms!"

"The Devil!"

Ned got some particulars for the Guide Book in regard to the Bog River vicinity, from Mr. Sabbattis, whither a party from Boston had just gone.

"Who were with this party as guides?" queried Ned.

"A couple of Bill Helms' boys!" was the reply.

"Great Cæsar!"

After breakfast we all hurried off for a a visit to John Plumbley, whom Murray has immortalized.

We found him clearing his barn of three or four youngsters, who, he said, were "foolin' round" his boat—a little beauty that he was building, fourteen feet long by two and a half wide, would carry four persons, and weighed, when completed, forty pounds.

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"Them boys have been tamperin' with my tools, I'll bet a cent," said John.

"Mr. Plumbley," said Wash, "whose boys were they, who would dare come here and meddle with your work?"

"O, you might know, they are Bill Helms'!"

"Je-rusalem!"

"Mr. Plumbley," said Don, after eyeing the beautifully, modeled boat for some minutes, "have you any children?"

"Yes, sir; there is my boy up there by the house."

"Ah! possible! Don't you think now that perchance that youth belongs to Bill Helms!"

"Does your little town appear to be thriving, and the population increasing?" asked Ned of Mr. Kellogg, who came by.

"O, yes, Bill Helms is well."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

OWL'S HEAD, the bare peak of rocks that rises three thousand feet above the lake, had stared down upon us rather superciliously for some days, and we determined that on the morrow we would climb to the peak.

To get a sure thing on the route, we strolled from our camp up toward the village in the evening. We stopped a few moments at the house of Sabattis, who kindly and intelligently posted us in the matter.

"I cut out the path, gentlemen," he said, "for a Boston party. There is quite a hill, over which you will pass, directly over on your way up; and those Boston chaps had a good deal to say about going up the mountain and then down again. But I showed 'em right where I would come out, up there on the south side of that white rock, and I didn't vary ten feet from the spot."

We expressed astonishment at the sagacity that enabled him to trace his way directly to a certain point through two miles of dense forest.

"O," said he, "I had a guide that never fails me. I took my head to it!"

We sauntered along down to the village, where we found

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an interesting game going on among the young men of the town. It seemed to be a mixture of cricket, ten pins, base ball, billiards, etc., and is played with a great ball, queer looking bats, and boys. They took a deal of interest in the game, and it appeared to be about all the intellectual amusement the Long Lakers enjoyed.

Society at Long Lake is homogeneous. No aristocracy. No bloated bondholders. Children are born—often—tossed out upon their little world, and in a few years are guides. We saw no old people there, and no one could tell us when there had been a funeral.

Mr. Kellogg came in there thirty years ago on a bed—given up by physicians.

They gave him up too quick; that saved his life. He is now well and hearty.

Long Lake boys of eight and ten are adepts at rowing a boat; and they cannot be drowned any easier than a frog.

Governor concluded "the blasted imps were born web-footed."

At fifteen they are guides. If they ever rise above (or sink below) that profession, it is to become merchants, or, more rarely, boat-builders; still more rarely, both. Every man at Long Lake, and some women, who are not ready at any moment to accompany you into the woods, is a merchant. That settles it. Don't "lay the flattering unction to your soul," that you have caught us in a misstatement, when you ascertain that one of their houses is only twelve feet square, and the proprietor of it is the father of forty-seven children. From under the bed, up chimney, or somewhere in that house, he will drag out a piece of pork, a sack of flour, a cake of sugar, a gray-haired ham, or some other commodities known as stores.

We found one man who was a merchant, a shoe maker,

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a blacksmith, a doctor, a horse racer, a tailor, a barber, and who sometimes preached!

Long Lake guides, especially the unmarried ones, are not noticeable for energy to work, unless it be at their favorite profession. We cannot blame them much, for there isn't much else for them to do; nothing, in fact.

Of course, by hard labor they might get a few simple vegetables out of the earth. But farming is looked upon by most of them as too transparent a covering to hide a man's demented condition.

Their conversation, of course, though often interesting to the stranger, is not always the most intellectual, nor upon current topics.

They are forty or fifty miles from a railroad, and news is so slow in reaching them, that the Fourth of July is often long past before they know it.

On that evening when we had started out in search of information regarding Owl's Head, the on-coming darkness drove the players of that conglomerate nameless game, and all we lookers on, into the hotel, and the company of the gentlemanly host and others.

Burnie requested of Mr. Kellogg a match to light his pipe.

"Step right behind the counter there and help yourself."

"Ah! gentlemen; you see I am actually forced into the legal profession, and without any study—already admitted to the bar!"

Around that room sat twenty or thirty diverse characters, and the conversation was not allowed to flag, for Lysander Hall was there!

He was a guide, unmarried, and had not yet reached the merchant stage. He at length nearly monopolized the conversation.

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"Talkin' about yer big fish, gentlemen," said he, (though fish had not been mentioned the whole evening,) "I jest want to say a word about that laker I got up to Tupper last year, when I was out with that New Yorker."

"How much did he weigh?" asked Burnie, with a ghost of a wink at Don.

"Well, I had no scales with me, but he weighed about forty pound, and I was goin' to tell you how I got the feller. Ye see, I had been up near the inlet throwin' a fly a little, and I didn't get any, when I thought I would put on a big hook and run down to where I had a buoy. I'd no sooner sunk the hook, than a big chap took it—

"How heavy was he, Mr. Hall?" interrupted Don.

"Well," replied Hall, a little confused, "I was goin' to say that he must have weighed thirty-eight pound. He took that hook and I felt the line tremble a little, and then begin to move through the water, and I knew I had a big one. So I—

"If not impertinent, Mr. Hall, might I inquire the weight of that trout?" blandly asked Ned.

"O, the trout I suppose would weigh thirty pound, or thereabouts," said Hall, coloring a little. "He struggled pretty hard when I got him,—

"Good Lord," shouted Governor, "how much did he weigh?"

"Why, I told you once he weighed twenty-five or thirty pound!" excitedly, "and he was soon clean out of the water, and I could see just about how long he"—

"I caught a trout in almost the same manner once," interrupted Sanderson, "and I presume just about the same weight—how much—how heavy—"

"Well, I didn't come in here to be insulted by a lot of town chaps, and I guess I ain't wanted!" and Hall marched off in bewildered anger.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

NEXT morning, in good season, we started for the rocky peak of Owl's Head, leaving Don and Uncle in camp.

We were refreshed with a night's good rest, and our journey up went on swimmingly—or climbingly.

It is three hours pretty hard work to ascend the mountain. The path is a little blind most of the way, and especially so near the top.

A few years ago, just at night, some of the Long Lake boys lighted a fire near the peak, and then rushed down the mountain side to get a good sight at it. The scene was described to us as sublimely grand, the whole top of the mountain being enveloped in flame.

We found acres of bare rocks, all seamed and scarred by the fierce heat, and scarcely a green thing thereon.

Standing upon the highest point, the eye rests upon a landscape whose impressive, wonderful beauty and strangeness, astonishes the beholder.

Eleven lakes, deep set in their forest fringes, lie asleep in the sun—little green bowls half filled with water.

Forty or fifty miles in either direction, except about Long Lake and eastward, the eye rests upon *nothing* but

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those eleven lakes, and mountains and valleys covered with their mantle of green. Forest, forest, everywhere.

Thousands of feet below us, nestled the little settlement of Long Lake, and nearer by, the narrow lake lay on its green couch, so small that it might seem a strip of looking glass in a green door-yard. It was very easy for us to imagine that the whole world lay beneath our gaze, and that we constituted king and court who royally ruled the whole; the little toy village away below, containing all our subjects.

We have since learned that was not the case.

It was nearly noon when we started on our return, and down that two miles of pathway we run, slipped, fell, jumped, sprawled, slid and stumbled, until we reached the bottom, our joints so loose we might have been packed in a box—if it was large enough.

We pulled back to camp in a faint condition, having eaten nothing since our early breakfast.

Just north of where we landed to ascend the mountain, stands a dilapidated log house, in which live an aged couple, man and wife, who have passed the best years of their life there. We got the prominent part of their history. The old man was a guide once; but he has gone down steadily through all the different gradations of Wilderness prosperity, until he has reached the bottom—a farmer.

His business characteristics reminded us of Don's. No matter what the enterprise, or how well it promised, if he dipped into it, from that moment it was doomed. There was a general looseness about him and all his transactions.

He could keep nothing—not even his tobacco in his mouth; and so it and its extract run down at the corners.

He was at one time a merchant—of course, and of course

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he failed at it. Meat spoiled on his hands, his cheese got pin-feathery, and prices went down, until at last he sold out and went to trading, or speculating. He would work a little until he was the possessor of a small sum of money, then buy a cow, or more likely a bull, as he would be of no earthly use to him; pay, say twenty dollars for him; feed him ten dollars worth of meal and then sell him for twenty-five dollars, and you could not convince him that he had not made five in the operation.

He finally got to dealing in horses. The horse business was never very lively at Long Lake, there being but half a dozen in the vicinity. But he got one of them at last, and he traded and traded, never getting any "boot," until he finally got hold of an old mare that couldn't trot a mile in three minutes—nor three hours. She had to lie down to eat grass, and if a horse-fly alighted on her she would shudder, begin to weave to and fro, and finally fall down under the burden.

When she reclined, her legs spread out in all directions, like a star-fish, it being an impossibility for her to bend them under her body.

The old man harnessed her one day and hitched her to a lumber wagon, and started down the hill to the village. She got along well for a few rods; but the pressure of the wagon soon overcame her. It crowded harder and harder, until she squatted down in the road, the wagon ran over her, peeled the harness from her, and left her in the middle of the highway.

The old man had just made his last trade when we arrived. He traded his horse for a boat. In a general way it would have been a profitable exchange; but the boat was as bad off as the horse—neither of them would hold a wagon.

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He brought his wife across to Long Lake the day we went up the mountain, and we found his boat laying at the landing after we had returned and eaten up our whole camp.

It was a cross between a scow and a skiff. It was a temperance boat—never was tight. It was big enough to float a dozen people. In the middle of the afternoon, the old man and his wife came down to the landing with a few little bundles, and prepared to start for home.

There lay the old sieve, one end on the sand and the other completely submerged in the lake. We expected to hear him either express some astonishment, or curse the old thing *high and dry;* but no, not a word escaped his lips. Proudly he went to work with a tin pail, bailing out the water, and when he had got within two or three inches of the bottom, the aged couple splashed into the old raft and started for home; he rowing, she bailing—a picture of contentment. Ah! there's the secret of it, contentment. What to him were the trim, neatly painted, water-tight shells of his neighbors, as long as he didn't care for them?

Yet, whether it is better to be contented with what, to most people, would be misery, or through discontent, get *out* of the gutter, is a question.

Envy, jealousy, ambition, or, to cover the whole ground, discontent, are the influences that drive men on to achieve noble deeds—to rise in the world. Why then are they not virtues? Why—why—we pause for a reply!

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

S we were strolling along toward the little village the next morning, we met an acquaintance from our native city. We say, met him, when it would, perhaps, be better to say, he overtook us; for he had traveled the entire route over which we had passed, but, accoutred as he was, and considering the time at which he started, he had been unable to reach us until we were nearly ready to start for home. He had arrived at a late hour the night before, and, rather than disturb our camp, he had gone with his guide directly to Kellogg's. He had started out in search of us, when we met him in the morning. His name was Peter Eugene; but owing to some peculiar physical training and specialties of disposition, he had been nicknamed "Limber Reed." The most prominent trait in his character was what we will call impulsiveness, for want of a better word. Give him an opportunity to take a ride in a balloon, gratis, and he would spurn the offer; but it would be in perfect consonance with his habitual conduct, to insist at the last moment upon making the aerial voyage, and "catch on" the ropes or basket, and go—as long as he could hang on.

It was just so with his trip to the woods.

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"Why should I leave the comforts of home, to go up there, and suffer the thousand privations and hardships of a life like a soldier's. No," said he, "not I."

We knew how useless it would be to urge him. But after we had been away a week, the idea of following and overtaking us struck him one hour, and the next he was on the road.

His general equipment showed how sudden had been his departure from home.

He had on a silk hat—carried an immense buffalo robe—wore thin calf boots and blue cotton overalls.

When he reached us, his hat looked like a rusty half-joint of stove pipe! Nothing but his perfect constitution and the services of a good guide enabled him to reach us at all.

The next day he was ready to start for home with us, and we only mention him at all, for the sake of making his name immortal! Reed accompanied us back to our tent, and joined us at breakfast.

"Oh! boys," said he, "I have brought you a little delicacy from home. I have, at great trouble, kept it all the way in my haversack, and now we will eat it."

He proceeded to expose his delicacy. It appeared in the shape of a large and long roll of what is known as jelly-cake. A thin sheet of cake, covered with a layer of jelly and then rolled up. That, or something similar, we believe is the formula of making it. Reed had, doubtless, bought it at a bakery, and had carefully kept it wrapped during all the trying journey, that we might have a taste of it.

It isn't so much of a wonder, after all, that the cake kept well. Looking at it in the light of after events, the great marvel is, that it could ever be destroyed. And

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perhaps it never will be, for we left it bleaching in the sand by the lake.

Reed being strong, and having a sharp knife, succeeded in cutting from the end of the roll, a number of slices half an inch in thickness. Those slices resembled little Catherine wheels constructed for pyrotechnic displays. Unroll one of them, and it seemingly only needed marking off to transform it into a measuring tape! Those slices were even suggestive of tape worms! The thin coating of jelly which lay coiled up between the successive layers of cake, from its long and close confinement, had all the appearance, consistency and strength of a strip of oiled silk; and the cake itself might be appropriately called rubber belting. Of course, it was scarcely eatable. One with an extraordinary large æsophagus might, perhaps, swallow a slice of it, but he could as easily digest a peck of anthracite coal!

Limber Reed's disappointment, as he saw one after another chew away at that mysterious compound, and perspire, and swear, and groan, and finally drop it from fatigue, was pretty plainly visible in his countenance, as he tossed the whole mass out upon the sand. It is there yet; we will swear to it.

That afternoon we visited Uncle Palmer's. His house is somewhat ancient, and it is small; but it stands in a lovely spot on the eastern shore, the bold face of lofty Owl's Head staring directly down from the west upon his doorway.

Inside the house, we discovered the reason why he is always over-run with visitors. Everything was neat, clean, and home-like. There Mr. Tait, the artist, makes his Summer headquarters, and there we met his amiable wife and his accomplished niece, both glad to turn from New

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York society for the quiet comfort of a home in the Wilderness. The taste of the wine, etc., they generously provided us, still lingers with us.

In the afternoon, we roamed away up to the top of the hill on the east side of the lake, where the first clearing was made by a white man, nearly forty years ago. We found strawberries quite plenty, and peeling a piece of smooth bark from a young tree three or four inches in diameter, which formed a clean tube, we made a bottom in it with green leaves, and filled it with the delicious fruit.

Forty years ago, as we have intimated, not a stroke of a white man's axe had echoed among those mountains, and along the beach of that lake at that time, on a Summer day, a dozen deer could be seen at once, splashing the water and nipping off the green lily-pads.

It is not entirely civilized now, for in the Summer of which we write, bears had been seen within a mile of Long Lake village.

We returned to our camp for the last time, at a late hour. A quiet feeling of sadness, mingled with warm expectation of soon meeting our dearest friends, fell upon our party.

On the morrow we were to put ourselves under the care of the garrulous stage driver, who would take us to Pottersville, N. Y. From there by another stage to the Glen, which was the most northern point where we could take the cars for Saratoga.

The sun crept down to old Owl's Head, gilding his bald crown with a halo of glory. Our fire beamed bright, then grew faint and fainter still, while we watched its dying embers, and saw therein pictures from our past Summer's life, and endeavored to read a horoscope of our sweetest hopes for the future.

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But there comes the world again with all its passions, its jealousies, its heart burnings, its trouble, and it takes a brave man to face them.

We retired to the music—

Of the tireless, tireless waves,
  All day they beat on the beach,
All night on the sands they beat,
  Striving for something they never reach.
They climb the golden sands,
  Then, fainting, roll back to their grave,
And they leave on the beach the glittering grains.
  The coarse and the black they save.

O, wearied, mortal men,
  Long years ye grasp and reach,—
Ye strive the long years in vain,
  For less than the sands on the beach.
For trifles here on earth
  Your lives to the winds ye toss,
Sweet content is dead at its birth,
  Leaving the gold and saving the dross.

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PLACID LAKE.

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DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE

TO THE

ADIRONDACKS.

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"Go, little book, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayer
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all."

CHAUCER.

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GENERAL DIVISIONS.

I.

INTO THE JOHN BROWN TRACT, OSWEGATCHIE AND GRASS RIVER REGIONS.

II.

INTO THE CHATEAUGAY AND ST. REGIS WOODS.

III.

INTO THE SARANAC REGION.

IV.

INTO THE ADIRONDACK, HUDSON RIVER, RAQUETTE AND LONG LAKE REGIONS.

V.

INTO THE GAROGA, PLEASANT AND PISECO LAKES REGIONS.

VI.

THE RAQUETTE WATERS.

VII.

APPENDIX—COMPRISING OUTFIT, LIST OF GUIDES, &C.

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ABBREVIATIONS

USED IN THE

DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE.

N—North.
S—South.
E—East.
W—West.
r—right.
l—left, long, or length.
m—mile, or miles.
r—rod or rods.
ft—feet.
R—River.
Mt—Mountain.
Pt—Point.
L—Lake.
P—Pond.
(4 × 2)—Dimensions of a Lake or Pond. The example indicates a length of 4 m and a width of 2 m.

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INTRODUCTION.

The Great Wilderness of north-eastern New York, the limits of whose several sections are indicated below, is generally known as "THE NORTH WOODS," or as "THE ADIRONDACKS;"—according to the view taken of its surface. The former title indicates merely a wild, densely wooded region;—the latter, a region occupied by all the varied scenery pertaining to a most remarkable Lake and Mountain system! The one may have been the fit baptismal offering of a Botanist;—the other of a Geologist. We can easily understand how strangers, or the more sordid trappers and hunters, may think and talk of "*The North Woods;*" but the more intimately the cultivated and intelligent tourist becomes acquainted with its wonderful diversity of permanent characteristics, the more instinctively he thinks and talks of "*The Adirondacks!*" And if our State authorities will but wisely take counsel of the increasing host of such, the science of Geography must soon add to its best vocabulary, this euphonious designation of one of the world's popular resorts:—"THE NEW YORK STATE ADIRONDACK PARK!" Foreigners shall then recognize in it—while perusing "*The American Tourist's Guide*"—a fitting place for a few weeks rest after their wearisome Atlantic trip; and a happy disciplinary school for the thoughts and feelings, before proceeding to the

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western prairies and the "GRAND NATIONAL YO SEMITE PARK!"

"*John Brown's Tract*," perhaps the most widely known of the Adirondack sections, extends across Herkimer County, and into Hamilton on the east, and Lewis on the west, and includes 210,000 acres.

"*The Oswegatchie and Grass River Regions*" are mostly embraced by the southeastern portion of St. Lawrence.

"*The Chateaugay Woods*," occupy the southwestern portion of Clinton, and the central portion of Franklin.

"*The St. Regis Woods*," lying immediately below, also embrace a part of the middle portion of Franklin.

"*The Saranac Region*," including the Tupper Lakes section, comprises the southern portion of Franklin, the southeastern corner of St. Lawrence, and the northern borders of Hamilton.

The northern portion of Warren, and nearly the whole of Essex, are comprised in the territory of the "*Adirondack and Hudson River Regions.*"

"*The Raquette and Long Lake Regions*" consist of the northern half of Hamilton.

"*The Garoga Lake Region*" is included within the northern third of Fulton.

"*The Lakes Pleasant and Piseco Regions*" are contained by the southern half of Hamilton.

The territorial aggregate of these various sections, amounts to more than 3,500,000 acres—a tract of land affording an area about 75 miles square.

Into this wild region of primitive forests, majestic mountains, magnificent lakes and beautiful rivers, we invite the reader's good company on the following excursions.

E. R. W.

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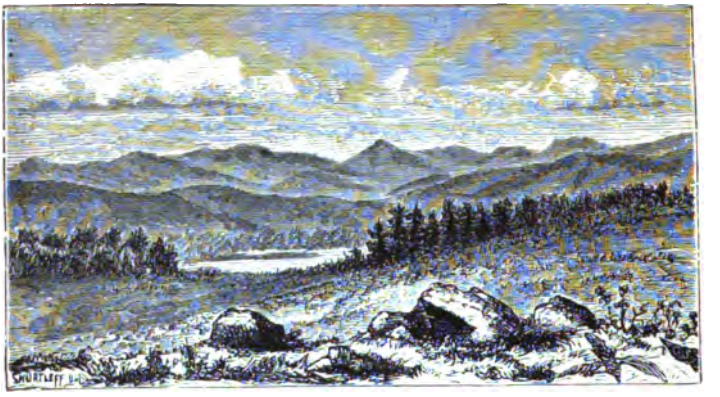

MT. MARCY—WOLF POND.

BIG FALLS, NEAR WILMINGTON PASS.

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THE PRINCIPAL AVENUES INTO

THE GREAT WILDERNESS,

From Northern, Eastern, Southern and Western New York.

DIVISION I.

INTO THE JOHN BROWN TRACT, OSWEGATCHIE AND GRASS RIVER REGIONS.

The routes usually taken are those leading from Trenton, Prospect, Remsen, Alder Creek, Boonville, Port Leyden, Lyons Falls, Martinsburg Station, Lowville and Carthage, all of which are located on the Utica and Black River R. R.; and from Governeur, De Kalb Junction and Potsdam, each a station on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway. From any of these points, a short day's journey conveys the tourist into an unbroken wilderness.

First—TRENTON FALLS. To this romantic spot the route is familiar to many of our readers. Easy of access (17 miles north of Utica), perfectly adapted to the requirements of the pleasure-seeker, and presenting a variety of charms really enchanting to the lover of Nature, Trenton Falls will ever remain a popular resort to those who would examine a multiplicity of natural attractions, with but little

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trouble or expense. Moore's Falls House, a splendid hotel will afford the visitor an agreeable home during his sojourn at this delightful place.

Those not desiring to penetrate the woods farther than Joc's, or the Reservoir Lakes, and yet who would find excellent fishing and even hunting, regard the route from this locality and from Prospect, one mile beyond, somewhat desirable ones, the two becoming identical after a short passage.

Second—FROM PROSPECT—a very pretty waterfall here—by a passable road to Gang or Hinckley's Mills, 2 m; thence to Grant, 3 m; Ohio, 5 m; Wilmurt Corners, 6 m; Dick Paul's (W. Canada Creek), 2 m; Ed Wilkinson's, 5½ m; thence to Joc's Lake, 9 m. Total 32½ m. Travelers will prefer to walk over the latter portion of the route.

Joc's or Transparent Lake (6 ⋈ 1), is a handsome sheet of water, and is one of the chief sources of W. Canada Creek, upon which are Trenton Falls. It received its name from its discoverer, "Uncle Jock Wright," one of the famous trappers and master hunters of early days. For years it has been a favorite resort for trout fishing. Three miles to the S. W. is South Lake Reservoir, and 2 m W. of that is North Lake Reservoir, the first accessible by path, and the latter thence by road. These pretty little lakes are headwaters of Black River, and are termed "Reservoir," on account of their being employed as "feeders" to the Black River Canal. Their length is about 2 m. South Lake is especially famous for fish, and what is remarkable for a North Woods lake, furnishes not only trout, but suckers, and in great abundance. Indeed so numerous are they, that sometimes in the lake's only inlet, their backs, plainly visible, furrow the surface of the water.

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The Woodhull Lakes, also sources of Black River, are visited from this vicinity by following good paths extending to them. Distance 6 to 9 m.

A route also leads from Prospect *via* Ohio to the Piseco and Pleasant Lakes region, as follows:—Ohio to Morehouseville, 13 m; foot of Piseco Lake, 10 m; thence to Lake Pleasant, 14 m. Total distance from Prospect, 47 m.

The Myron House and Jones House, are the hotels of this village, where good accommodations may always be obtained.

Third—FROM REMSEN to Bellingertown, 10 m; thence to Dawson's old place, 7 m; North Lake R, 5 m; South Lake R, 2 m; thence to Joc's Lake, 3 m. Road fair. Parties ride to the head of South Lake, and then take boats to the foot, from whence the pathway leads to Joc's Lake. The same localities may be visited from Remsen by way of Prospect (2 m), or *via* Dick Paul's place, (16 m). Travelers, at the outset, are provided with comfortable quarters, or with a full variety of supplies at Dawson's Hotel, Remsen. Being an experienced woodman, he is thoroughly posted as to all their wants.

Fourth—FROM ALDER CREEK STATION to Alder Creek Corners (Geo. L. Thurston's Hotel), ¾ m; thence to Forestport (Maibach's Forest Hotel), 2 m; Bellingertown, 6 m; where the route joins the one starting from Remsen. Or from Forestport to White Lake Corners, 6 m; Studor's Hotel (a road diverges here to White Lake, 1½ m N. Kraft's Hotel); John Landson's place, 3 m; Woodhull Lake, 8 m. Total 19¾. The road is in good condition as far as Landson's; from thence it is well adapted to *dyspeptics*. The Woodhull group comprises additionally,

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Chub, Bisby, &c., Lakes. One and a half miles beyond Woodhull is Moose River, where excellent sporting may be found; and 6 m farther in the same direction is the Old Forge. This was the first of the three roads that John Brown, the owner of the "Tract" opened to the settlements, which terminated at Remsen. From the Forge to Woodhull Lake it is now mostly overgrown with trees and only a hunters' trail indicates its course. Parties will always find men in readiness at the different villages named on the line of the railroad to convey them to all the lakes thus far noted, where boats can invariably be procured.

Fifth—"BOONVILLE," says a correspondent of the Utica *Herald*, whom we frequently have occasion to quote, "has long been the common point of entrance to the 'Hunter's Paradise.' The people of that village unite in making welcome and aiding pleasure parties. There men can be found who have passed the greater part of their lives in the woods, who know exactly what the tourist needs and what he should leave behind. There guides, horses and conveyances are to be obtained on short notice or on demand, unless the demand prove too great. There is located the Hurlburt House, which for the last thirty or forty years, has been the rallying point of pilgrims to the Wilderness, where they have planned their trips, and where they have returned to celebrate their success with rod and rifle. The flavor of trout and venison is as natural to the place as fragrance to a rose. Many of our readers, whose steps are feeble and whose heads are gray, will recall with a smile and a sigh the days when 'Dick' Hurlburt, most genial of landlords, dealt hospitality with a generous hand, and when they told the story of their

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exploits by his blazing fire. Richard Hurlburt will never again give words of cheer or advice to hunter or fisher, but the Hurlburt House still remains, and as popular as ever. The new American Hotel is now ready for the reception of guests, and the Central is always open to its many friends. Parties desiring to have horses, guides, or rooms engaged, or any other arrangements made for them in advance, also to gain full information in regard to outfit, cost, &c., should address B. P. Graves—an honored merchant and an extensive dealer in all kinds of furs, for which he pays the most *generous* prices—E. N. Arnold, or C. S. Sperry, Boonville, N. Y. C. E. Snow & Son, located across the street from the Hurlburt House, will furnish them all the needful fishing tackle, baskets, etc., which are selected with special reference to this very market. As they are manufacturers of their own flies, and leaders, those who purchase of them, procure goods of first hands.

The following are the distances *en route* from this place to Raquette Lake:—

Boonville to Lawrence's, (Moose River,) -	12½	miles.
Thence to Arnold's, - - - - - - - - - -	11½	"
Thence to Old Forge, - - - - - - - - -	2½	"
Moose River, - - - - - - - - -	2½	"
First Lake, - - - - - - - - -	1½	"
Second Lake, - - - - - - - - -	1	"
Inlet, - - - - - - - - - - -	20	rods.
Third Lake, - - - - - - - - -	1	miles.
Inlet, - - - - - - - - - - -	⅛	"
Fourth Lake, - - - - - - - - -	6	"
Inlet, - - - - - - - - - - -	¼	"
Fifth Lake, - - - - - - - - -	¼	"

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Thence—Portage,	$\frac{3}{4}$	miles.
Sixth Lake,	$\frac{1}{2}$	"
Inlet,	1	"
Seventh Lake,	2	"
Inlet,	$1\frac{1}{4}$	"
Portage,	1	"
Eighth Lake,	$1\frac{3}{4}$	"
Portage,	$1\frac{1}{4}$	"
Brown Tract Inlet,	4	"
Total, (nearly)	$52\frac{1}{2}$	"

Several miles from Boonville the road enters the woods, and when the traveler arrives at Lawrence's, with an appetite sharpened to a razor-like keenness, by the joltings he has received while passing over the several patches of corduroy occurring on the way, he is ready to dispose of the excellent dinner that awaits his coming at this Hunter's Inn. It is truthfully remarked that "no steam whistle or driver's call, will give unwelcome warning that the train or stage is about to start, before the appetite is dulled."

The houses of the small settlement here, now called Moose River Village, are mostly occupied by the families of the employes engaged in the mammoth tannery of C. J. Lyons, located at this place.

Moose River at this point, is twice as large as W. Canada Creek, and is very rapid. From its principal sources, the "North and South Branch" and the "Eight Lakes," it flows from Hamilton Co., S. W. across Herkimer, into Lewis where it empties into BlackRiver, just above Lyons Falls.

Those familiar with this particular route, will be pleased to learn, that a bridge now spans the river here, obviating

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the necessity of fording, as in former times. The road from Lawrence's to Arnold's is not as smooth as Nicholson pavement, though greatly improved of late; so much so, that ladies now ride the entire distance on a "spring board." Some, however, still prefer pack-horses. It is stated by veracious witnesses that an increase of beauty and appetite is the invariable result of such a trip. When within 2½ miles of Arnold's, by turning to the right from the road and proceeding 20 or 30 rods, the Hell Gate Lakes, two secluded little ponds, 30 or 40 rods apart, may be visited. One mile N. W. of them lies another small lake. "Arnold's," says our spicy correspondent, "is dear to the hearts of the members of the old Walton Club, and of the hundreds of others, who have enjoyed the shelter of the house. N. and E. of it the country is as wild, as on the day when Christopher Columbus shipped his baggage for America."

From Arnold's the tourist may either follow the smooth and pleasant road to the Forge (2½ m), or proceed 50 or 60 rods E., to Moose River, and gain the same point by boat (4 m).

From the bridge where the road crosses the river, ½ m beyond Arnold's, a good portage extends 1 m S. E. to Nick's Lake, one of the prettiest sheets in these woods. It is only about 1½ m long, but its shores are so serrated with bays and promontories, that it is some 6 m around it. Trout are plentiful in its waters, which empty into Moose River. Its east inlet flows from a sweet little pond hardly three boat-lengths distant. Two and a half miles S. E. of Nick's Lake is another beautiful little pond, well supplied with speckled trout.

A short distance above the bridge the N. Branch enters the river, l. By diverging from the main stream and fol-

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lowing this branch for about ½ m (1¼ m from Arnold's), the "Indian Spring Hole," a celebrated trout resort, is reached. Gibb's Lake, lying 1½ m farther N. is accessible from it by path.

At the Old Forge, on a slight elevation that slopes gradually to the water—an extended reach of which it pleasantly overlooks—stands the new and commodious hotel of C. S. Sperry, containing ample accommodations for 100 guests. When tourists are again reminded that they are here afforded 10 or 12 m of boating in either direction, that they can descend the Moose River some 9 or 10 m before they encounter any serious obstacles, in the matter of falls or rapids, or can pass upwards, from one beautiful lake to another, until the farther extremity of Fourth Lake is reached, and 12 delightful miles are passed, with no interruption to the even tenor of their meditations by a single unromantic "carry," none will fail to pronounce this location a most appropriate one for a forest inn. Ladies, especially, will note its superior attractions as a summer resort.

Two authors of Adirondack books, whose works on this subject we have perused with great pleasure, allude to this part of the Wilderness—John Brown's Tract—in terms of exaggerated severity. One of them speaks of it as "the most repulsive portion of the entire region." To say the least, the expression was carelessly chosen. Where within its limits can be found a brighter array of glittering links than the Fulton Chain? where a much lovelier sheet than Smith's Lake? Headley manifested his true appreciation of this section when he wrote the following:—

"The Eight Lakes are connected by streams, and form a group of surpassing beauty. They vary, both in size and

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shape, each with a different frame-work of hills, and the change is ever from beauty to beauty.

"There they repose like a bright chain in the forest, the links connected by silver bars. You row slowly through one to its outlet, and then entering a clear stream overhung with bushes, or fringed with lofty trees, seem to be suddenly absorbed by the wilderness. At length, however, you emerge as from a cavern, and lo! an untroubled lake, with all its variations of coasts, timber and islands, greets the eye.

"Through this you also pass like one in a dream, wondering why such beauty is wasted where the eye of man rarely beholds it. Another narrow outlet receives you, and guiding your frail canoe along the rapid current, you are again swallowed up by the wilderness, to be born anew in a lovelier scene. Thus on, as if under a wizard's spell, you move along, alternately lost in the narrow channels and struggling to escape the rocks on which the current would drive you, then floating over a broad expanse, extending as far as the eye can see into the mountains beyond. A ride through these eight lakes is an episode in a man's life he can never forget."

Of the physical outline of this "Tract," Prof. Lardner Vanuxem, thus remarks in his volume of the Geology of New York:—"The most interesting feature of the Wilderness region is its chain of lakes, placed so nearly upon a level, that but little labor from man is required to connect those of several counties together. The lakes of Herkimer and Hamilton are arranged upon a line which is parallel with the St. Lawrence R. and Ontario Lake, and with the Ohio, etc.; appearing not to be accident merely, but the result of a law whose operations were in their direction, and on several parallels. These lakes, if a communication

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were opened from E. to W., would be much resorted to. The beauty of their waters, their elevation, and the wild scenery which surrounds them, would not fail to attract visitors."

We need not here enumerate the many other crystal lakes and rivulets that adorn this section, all situated in the midst of the finest scenery, as they are noticed in their proper places.

Here at the "Forge," where Herreshoff, nearly 60 years ago, erected his mills, is one of the best water-powers in the world. The old dam, some 40 ft. long, is still standing, and when first constructed, raised the water in the Fourth Lake 2 ft. (It has since been raised four ft. additionally.) No other vestige (except a rusty trip-hammer) remains to remind the observer of the former business activity of the location. Entering our boats and passing up the stream, pausing at Indian Pt., (1) to examine the spot where Uncle Nat shot his aboriginal foe, we enter First Lake. Here we will briefly turn from our route to make an excursion to the sequestered and rarely visited region of "South Branch," of Moose R. Turning sharply to the right, when near the middle of the lake, we pass Dog Island, and land at a little opening about 40 r this side of the marsh, and from thence "Carry" S. over a good path ¾ m to Little Moose Lake. This beauliful sheet probably covers a surface of 450 acres and contains no islands. A long green promontory nearly divides it in twain, and from its elevated summit we obtain an entrancing view of the whole lake, which is one of the purest and deepest on the "Tract." "It has a beach of incomparable whiteness, and the bottom of the lake, which looks like a vast bed of fine white salt, can be seen, as we sit in our boats, glittering beneath, at an immense depth."—HEADLEY.

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It is famed for the abundance and superior quality of its trout, and it received its name, as did Big Moose Lake, from the fact that it was once a favorite haunt of the now rare moose. The inlet, which enters its eastern extremity, flows from East Pond, containing 40 or 50 acres, which is reached by a carry of ½ m N. E. Its outlet unites with the South Branch. Traversing about two-thirds of its length, we land on its S. shore, opposite the rocky point, and carry ¼ m S. to Panther Lake, which supplies one of its inlets. Passing over this sheet (¾ m) we make a portage of 2 m S. to the South Branch. This carry is a difficult one, but our efforts will be rewarded by some of the very best speckled trout fishing to be found in the North Woods. The noted "Combs Spring Hole," at the foot of the still water, 3 m below the river end of the Panther Lake carry, and "Canachagala Spring Hole," 6 m above the same point, are of remarkable interest to fishermen. Deer are also found here in considerable numbers. On this stream, and nearly opposite Moose Lake, is a small clearing of several acres, called "Canachagala," and supposed to have been made by Indians. Canachagala and the Woodhull lakes, are visited from this locality by taking a path leaving the river, S., which follows the course of the old Remsen road. Distance to Woodhull L., 1½ m; to Old Forge, in opposite direction, 6 m.

The trail to the summit of Bald Mountain, an elevation rising from the N shores of Second and Third Lakes, and presenting a majestic front of naked rock, nearly a mile in extent, starts from Grant's Clearing, at the head of Third Lake. Distance to extreme height about 1 m.

At Fourth Lake, the queen of the group, we will again deviate from our course to examine another resort, very interesting to the sportsman, namely: the North Branch

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(of the Moose R.) Chain. These waters lie parallel to the eight lakes, and their particular names are: First, Second, Big Moose, Moss or Morse, Cascade, &c., Lakes.

We take out our boats about 1 m above the foot of Fourth Lake, l, or ¼ m above the Jack Sheppard and Snyder Camps, situated some 20 to 40 r beyond the first point that we pass after entering the lake. The abundance of cold springs in this vicinity render it a favorite camping ground. We carry N. ⅛ m, then cross Big Pond, ⅛ m; thence carry 1 m; thence pass over a portion of First Lake (¼ × ¼), and up the inlet, r, N. E. (Moose R.) 2¼ m; thence carry, l, ½ m; thence take stream again ¾ m; thence carry, r, ¼ m; thence through Second Lake 1½ m; stream, N., 1 m; thence carry, r, 1½ m to Big Moose Lake. This most beautiful and secluded sheet (4½ × 1) furnishes, it is said, the best June fishing in the Wilderness, and there is no scarcity of venison here. The Constable families, of Constableville, N. Y., and New York City, so long identified with the woods—most enthusiastic admirers of forest life—have constructed a model cabin on the shores of this lake. Big Moose is also accessible from the Beaver R. region. (See route from No 4).

The route to Morse Lake leads E. from the head of Second Lake (N. Branch), and thence N. E. to Cascade Lake. These waters are more easily reached from Fourth Lake, as follows:—Carry N. from the shore opposite Elba Island, ⅛ m, to a lovely little pond; thence carry ⅛ m to another pond (⅛ m l); thence carry to Morse Lake, ½ m; and from thence to Cascade Lake, or follow the trail (not cut out) from Eagle Point, Fourth Lake, 3 m to the latter. This lake is seldom visited except by the hardy hunter. Leaving Fourth Lake, boats are generally paddled up ½ the length of the inlet, and then pushed the

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balance of the distance, by the guides, travelers usually preferring to walk over the pleasant portage. About midway of the carry, is a comfortable log house, built by some trapper, for winter's use.

Lime Kiln Lake is reached by following a trail leading from the head of the Fifth Lake—from a point 10 rods up the inlet, R. Distance 3 m S. The path is hardly perceptible and the marked or "blazed" trees must be closely observed. This lake is about 1½ m l, contains several pretty islands, and is famed for its beauty. Its outlet is the S. Branch of Moose R.

From the Fifth to the Sixth Lake there is a continued fall the intervening distance of ¾ m. With a single lock between these two lakes, a water communication might easily be obtained through the whole extent of the eight lakes. ("Trappers of N. Y.") The portage encountered here is a rough one.

The Fifth and Sixth Lakes are considerably noted as deer resorts. Their shores are generally marshy, and numerous pond lilies abound in their waters.

Passing from the Sixth up the narrow and rapid inlet, we enter the Seventh Lake, delighted with the panorama at this point unfolded to us. This lake has one island (Whites) of some 50 acres, not far from its center, covered with rocks and pine timber. Near the island, off its S. shore, salmon trout have sometimes been caught, weighing from 15 to 20 lbs. in 100 feet depth of water. For speckled trout, visit the little stream that enters near this place, and the inlet and outlet.

Eligible camping places will be found near the foot, on W. shore; at a spot about ½ m from the head, on the same side (Camp Comfort), opposite this, across the lake, at "Pt. Pleasant" and near the inlet, bythe "silver beach," (Camp Lookout.)

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To reach Bug and Eagle Lakes, 2 little sheets lying alone in the forest, W. of Eighth Lake, we follow the path N. that starts from the sand beach, about 60 rods W. of the mouth of the inlet of Seventh Lake. Two immense, hollow, dead pine trees, about 6 ft. in diameter, furnishing ample shelter for a party of four or five, stand near the lake and mark the point of entrance. The route, for most of the way, (1½ m,) is a mere trail, which is followed by the aid of barked trees. Bug Lake is an uninteresting body of water, and its shape is similar to that of a boat, which we think would furnish a more appropriate name. When leaving this lake on the return trip, by turning sharply to the l, and proceeding 80 or 100 r, we will reach Eagle Lake. This little sheet is rarely disturbed, and hence its waters literally swarm with speckled trout, and of the largest size. The weight of nine of them caught here at one time, reached 22 lbs. Carries extend from the various lakes of the Fulton Chain, to other trout-inhabiting and deer-frequenting ponds, not far away, which, though frequently nameless, only help to swell the number of the thousand forest-embosomed lakes and lakelets that grace this wonderful region. The faithful, hardy guides will conduct sportsmen to all these favorite resorts. And here let us record our respectful protest against the practice of penetrating these wilds unaccompanied by a guide. Such a proceeding is fraught with perplexity, hardships and absolute discomforts; and what is more,—and this is in opposition to general belief,—it is attended by but little economy. We have several times been so unwise as to adopt such a policy, and invariably to our great regret.

Many are the vexatious hours we have wasted—though fully equipped with map, guide-book and compass—in seeking for inlets and portages, which the experienced guide would readily find.

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Many are the times our physical, and even mental, nature, unaccustomed to such a process, have been taxed to the utmost, by bearing boats or baggage over the tedious carries, a task which the guide, "to the manner born," would have accomplished with comparative ease.

No; these useful men, generally noblemen at heart if not in pretensions, are really indispensable to those who visit this "forest waste." We present the different routes, not that the services of guides may be dispensed with, but that our readers may be enabled to make a selection from the various avenues that enter the Great Wilderness. "Whichever path they may select, they

> "Cannot err
> In this delicious region."

Continuing our journey up the crooked and sometimes shallow portage, we land l. and pass over the fair portage to Eighth Lake, near the outlet of which a camp is located.

Traversing the rough portage from the head of this lake, we arrive at the Brown Tract Inlet, flowing from two pretty little ponds, lying about 1 m S. W. above the landing—only some 20 r apart—and which may be visited by boat when the water is high. Down this sinuous stream—perchance dragging the craft some distance at the commencement—we wind through a cheerless swamp, and anon the lovely Raquette lies before us. Distance from Arnold's about 30 m.

Sixth — PORT LEYDEN is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Black River, and is surrounded by very handsome scenery. Parties wishing to spend a few weeks in the country will find this a desirable location for a tem-

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porary residence. Tourists *en route* for the Wilderness are furnished with guides and conveyances by the proprietor of the Union Hotel, also of the Douglass House, which has recently been repaired and enlarged with a view to the accommodation of summer guests.

There are two routes from this point to Arnold's; one forming a junction with the Boonville route, about midway between the latter village and Lawrence's, making the distance to Arnold's 22 m; and the other leading to Lyonsdale, 4 m; (Caleb Lyons' gothic villa is located here, in the midst of picturesque scenery and adorned with elegant collections of art;) thence to Deacon Abby's place, 3 m; thence to Arnold's, merging into the Brownville road about 6 m beyond Lawrence's, 16 m. Total 23 m.

The first of these roads, as far as Lawrence's, is kept in good condition. The other is sandy, hilly, unpleasant and almost impassible. Hence people seldom travel that route more than once.

Seventh—LYONS' FALLS, situated near the junction of the Moose with the Black River, affords some very picturesque surroundings. The cascade from which the village is named, plunges over a ledge of gneiss rock—in the Black River—63 f. in height, at an angle of 60 degrees.

The precipitous banks, at and below the falls, are so colored by the iron gradually washed from this ledge, that they seem to have been painted by art, and hence they are called the "Pictured Rocks." There is a factory between this place and Port Leyden, where spruce wood is put to a new use—being converted into paper by a process recently discovered.

The Walton House is the principal hotel.

The route to Arnold's (22 m) unites with the one leading from Port Leyden, at Lyonsdale, 3 m distant.

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Brantingham Lake, a pleasant summer resort, lies 3 m N. E. of Lyons' Falls.

Brantingham Lake Hotel is a welcome resting place.

Eighth—FROM MARTINSBURGH STATION to Watson, called Beach's Bridge, over a good road, 3 m; thence to Crystal Lake, 10½ m; Number Four, 4½ m. Total, 18 m. For 9 m after leaving Watson, the road is very sandy; the balance of the route lies through the woods, and though sometimes rough and muddy, is preferable to the first portion.

Uncle A. G. Atkins, a noble old farmer, also L. B. Lewis, proprietor of the comfortable hotel at the Bridge, will meet parties, either at Martinsburg Station, or Lowville, and carry them to No 4, or Stillwater, at reasonable rates.

P. O. address, Watson, Lewis Co., N. Y.

Ninth—"LOWVILLE," we again quote our correspondence, "59 m N. of Utica, is one of the prettiest, tidiest and wealthiest villages in Northern New York. The center of a large and rich farming country, it is by force of circumstances, an important furnishing depot; and being the home of refined and educated people, it is possessed of good schools, fine churches, and the best of social advantages. The Lanpher, and the Howell House, are the leading hotels. We do not know of another village in the State, of the size of Lowville, that furnishes two such hotels. After a thorough examination of the larder and accommodations of both, we are unable to express any preference. The rivalry between the two is warm, and hence, as a natural result, the guests at either, are cared for in a manner as pleasant as it is unusual. Thus the hotel accommodations, and the natural advantages of the place,

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render Lowville one of the best patronized locations on the route. The roads in this vicinity are good, and the scenery abounds in the varied charms of high cultivation and of the wildest beauty of bluff and chasm. In this connection it may be stated, that those who visit this part of Lewis Co., expecting to find poverty of soil, or lack of agricultural enterprise, will be most happily disappointed. Three m N. of the village are Sulphur Springs, famed in that locality for their health-giving properties, since the days when the Indians tomahawked and otherwise diverted each other in primitive innocence and forests."

Two routes extend from Lowville to No. 4; one uniting with the Martinsburg route, at Watson, 3 m distant; and the other leading *via* Smith's Landing, 2 m distant; and from thence to Dayansville, 3 m.; Crystal Lake, 11½ m; No. 4, 4½ m; merging into the Martinsburg route 7 m from Watson. Total, 21 m. The latter, though the longer of the two, is a smoother and less sandy road.

Number Four was thus named from the original tract or township.

The first house we reach after entering the clearing is the house of one of the "Patriarchs of the Wilderness," the famous hunter, Chauncey Smith. Here his family entertain such parties as happen to require their attentions, but "Uncle Chauncey" passes most of the summer, and even part of the winter, at South Branch, 18 or 19 m deeper in the forest, that he may the more successfully follow his regular vocation of trapping and hunting. Although upwards of 76, he is still as lithe and active as many people twenty years his junior. He takes great pleasure in displaying a rifle, with which he claims to have destroyed "no fewer than twelve hundred deer, besides scores of wolves, panthers, bears and other wild animals,

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with which these woods abound. Last fall he set one of his traps to catch a buck that was frequenting a certain locality. He was successful in the attempt. Resetting the trap he caught a bear, and on the third trial he captured a huge panther. This wholesale slaughter is nothing unusual in his experience. The old gentleman, like all of his profession, is fond of relating his exploits, but one never tires of hearing tales of adventure of this description."—AGAN.

Passing on about $\frac{3}{4}$ m farther, we arrive at the Fenton House, which, with its new and capacious enlargement, affords entertainment to 75 or 100 guests, and is a most suitable resort for those not desirous of camping out, and yet who would enjoy all the advantages in the way of the "line and the chase," that-first class sporting grounds afford, without leaving the R. R. more than a score of miles behind. This explains why No. 4 has become such a popular rendezvous—and especially for ladies.

Beaver Lake, ($1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$) although in full view of the Fenton House, is the frequent resort of deer. Twelve or fifteen of these animals were killed near its shore during the past summer. By rowing down the lake to its outlet, N. W., and following from thence R. N., a path $1\frac{3}{4}$ m, Crooked Lake is reached. Distance from Fenton's, $3\frac{1}{4}$ m.

This is an unattractive sheet, as far as beauty of surroundings is concerned, but it has long been famed for the quantity and quality of the trout it produces.

Size of the lake, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m × 20 rods, and straight as an arrow; hence its *very appropriate* name. The following is from the pen of Patrick H. Agan, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y. a gentleman who has furnished many interesting papers relative to this section :*

*Mr. Agan, once a confirmed invalid, is another living proof of the curative qualities belonging to this health-restoring region.

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"NUMBER FOUR, *August* 20, 1871.

"Something over a week ago, as Mr. Fenton and his hired man were spending a night on Crooked Lake, a panther came prowling about the camp, leaving his tracks in close proximity to the slumbering hunters. A day or two afterwards, Fenton set a trap for his nocturnal guest, and going to the spot, soon found the trap missing. He had fastened it to a "clog," ten or twelve feet in length and two or three inches in diameter. Seeing evidence all around of the departure of some animal from the spot, he followed the trail, and at the distance of about twenty rods he struck a large hemlock, under which lay the missing clog, together with a dozen large branches freshly severed from the trunk of the tree. On examination, Fenton saw that these scattered branches had been cut from the tree by the teeth of some animal, and the clog had been gnawed off the trap! On one side of the tree, for a distance of sixty feet, all the limbs, small and great, had been trimmed off as closely to the body as an axeman could do it. The appearance of things demonstrated conclusively to Mr. Fenton that the real visitor had not been entrapped, but that a good-sized bear had got his foot into the infernal machine; and as the clog had failed to perform its expected service, the animal was now roaming at large somewhere in the untracked wilderness, and, in all probability, not far from the place of its capture.

"The discovery of the capture and subsequent revelations, happened just at evening, and next morning Mr. Fenton and the hired man, after spending a sleepless night, went in search of Bruin. It was a close and sultry morning, and the two hunters, not anticipating such an adventure as this, had provided themselves with no supplies for the uncertain expedition. Mr. Fenton had his rifle along, with

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plenty of ammunition, and thus armed, the two started in pursuit of the retreating foe. It was no easy matter, as one may well imagine, to follow the trail of the animal through such a wilderness. His tracks could be seldom seen, and would not suffice as a means of tracing his footsteps. But for the trap, which still clung to the animal with a remorseless grip, and which, dragged along by the powerful creature, would occasionally tear the moss from the trunks of decaying trees, it would have been impossible to follow the animal on his tortuous course. As it was, the undertaking would have been fruitless to any one except to a person experienced in woodcraft.

"It was early in the morning when the two hunters set out. They had swallowed their last morsel of food the previous night, and the wilderness afforded them no means of replenishing their empty knapsacks. Into the dense forest they plunged, resolved to overtake the object of their search, or starve in the attempt. He who walks beyond two miles an hour through the compact undergrowth of this great wilderness, accomplishes all any vigorous person is expected to do. How must it have been with Fenton and his companions in their search after Bruin? They had no trail to guide them, except here and there the footprints of the animal and the few marks made by the trap. The bear's route was very circuitous, and this added to the difficulty of tracing it. An hour was sometimes consumed in finding the course the animal had taken from one point to another. The hunters were constantly expecting to overtake the bear and capture him, loaded down as he was with the trap; but his strength and endurance proved to be far greater than had been estimated. The sun rose to meridian, and the patient and resolute hunters were still apparently as far from the object of their search as in

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the morning. One, two, three, four o'clock passed, and still Bruin held the advance. Night was coming on, and. the hunters were seven miles from home, with the certainty of lying in the woods over night without food or shelter if the search was longer pursued that day. Under these straightened circumstances a comparison of views resulted in a determination to suspend operations until next morning, and return home, which was done. The time thus consumed in the search was full twelve hours, and the distance traveled calculated at about seve miles.

"Meanwhile the people at Number Four, becoming alarmed at the unexpectedly long absence of the missing parties, Mr. Green, one of the proprietors of the establshment, was dispatched to Crooked Lake to ascertain, if possible, the cause of their failure to return at the time expected. On reaching the lake, the true situation was apparent at a glance; but he could do nothing except to return as speedily as possible and report, which he did. The missing hunters were too quick for him, and made a report of their own, in person, of their day's adventures, before he reached the house.

"Next morning Mr. Fenton shouldered his rifle and again started, this time alone, in pursuit. He had about 7 miles to travel before reaching the spot where the trail was left the evening before. Reaching that starting point, he pressed on with renewed energy and resolution. The trail was no more distinct than the day preceding, and led through a low, swampy region, not often traversed. The trap still clung to the retreating animal, as was evident to the pursuer, and this fact alone led Fenton to believe that Bruin's ultimate capture was sure. After following the trail three or four hours, and keeping meanwhile a sharp lookout for the animal, Fenton at last caught a glance of him through

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the underbrush, and fired. But the ball did not take effect. On the bear went, the hunter not far behind. Rising a small knoll, the animal again exposed his body to view, and another shot was fired, which took effect. Still the animal, although badly wounded, held on his course, making tracks apparently faster than ever, and soon got out of sight again. Fenton, reloading his rifle, followed as fast as possible, and in the course of half an hour, or less perhaps, obtained another shot, as the bear was on the run, and brought him down, the ball entering the head and killing him instantly. The successful hunter immediately stripped the hide from the animal, and it now ornaments the front side of the barn at Number Four. This, no doubt, was among the most exciting bear hunts that have occurred in this great wilderness."

To visit Sand Lake, a charming little pond ($\frac{1}{8} \bowtie \frac{1}{8}$) lying $1\frac{3}{4}$ m farther N., and a favorite locality for deer hunting, row the length of Crooked Lake, and follow the trail leading from the head of that sheet.

Those who would "float" with almost certain success, will paddle down the Beaver River, to the large rock just below the portage to Crooked Lake, bridge their boat from this rock to another a few feet away, shoot the little rapids from thence to the still water beyond, and there obtain their venison.

By descending the stream a short distance farther, (2 m from Beaver Lake,) passing over 2 or 3 intermediate carries of a few rods each, access is gained to one of the wildest and grandest scenes of the Tract, namely: Eagle Falls. The circumstance of a pair of the "winged Arabs of the air," having built, for a succession of years, their eyrie on a cliff overhanging this charming cascade, suggested the name.

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Francis Lake ($1\frac{1}{4} \bowtie \frac{3}{4}$) is also quite a deer haunt. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 m S. W. of Fenton's, in Burnt Creek, near the Watson road, there is a remarkable trout resort, called "Burnt Spring Hole."

To Smith's Lake the distance is $28\frac{1}{2}$ m, according to the following table, compiled by one of the oldest guides of this vicinity, for Mr. Agan:

	MILES.
No. 4 to Francis Lake, by road,	1
Thence to Sunday Creek, by road,	4
Hog's Back, "	1
Lizard Spring, "	2
Stillwater, "	3
Rock Shanty, "	4
South Branch, "	3
Little Rapids, "	2
Thence by River,	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Portage,	$\frac{3}{4}$
River,	$\frac{1}{2}$
Albany Lake,	4
Portage,	$\frac{3}{4}$
River,	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Total,	$28\frac{1}{2}$

The principal road into the Wilderness from No. 4,—the old Carthage road,—is kept open and unobstructed as far as Stillwater (11 m), beyond which wagons are no longer available, as the bridges intervening are either swept away or in no condition to be crossed. Parties occasionally, when the water is high, take boats at Beaver Lake for ascending the river. In this case, should they wish to tarry and fish on the way, comfortable camps, located 1 m

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and also 5 or 6 m above the lakes, will afford them decent shelter for a night. It is the usual practice, however, to follow the road,—the able-bodied traveling a-foot—as it is so rough in places that the ride is far from being enjoyable.

From a point about 6 m above Beaver Lake, a blind trail extends from the river N. 2½ m to the 3 Moshier Ponds. These waters, being seldom disturbed, are generously supplied with trout and are the common resort of deer. This is equally applicable to numerous other lakes and lakelets lying still deeper in the wilderness. Hence the peculiar attractiveness of this particular section as a sporting territory.

Perhaps 3 m farther up the stream, a path is taken also N. to another and larger group of ponds, styled the "Eleven Lakes," from 1 to 5 m distant.

Stillwater is really where navigation commences with parties passing up toward the headwaters of the Beaver. At this important point is located Wardwell's place, and those not already provided with boats and supplies can obtain them here, also comfortable quarters for a night, or a longer season.

Beaver River is 75 or 80 m long, and from its extreme source, within a hundred rods of Beach's Lake, (Trout Pond), and within 5 or 6 m of Raquette Lake, flows in a southwesterly direction, in a line nearly parallel with that of Moose River, draining in its passage 25 or 30 handsome lakes and ponds, and discharging its waters into the Black River, some 6 or 8 m below Lowville. Fifty miles of its course is buried in a dense, unbroken wilderness, rarely trodden by the foot of man, and but a single habitation (Wardwell's) in all this extent, indicates any encroachment upon its primitive character. Throughout most of

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this distance, the scenery investing the borders of the river is full of wildness and beauty.

From Stillwater to Little Rapids there is a reach of navigation of 26 or 27 miles, uninterrupted save occasionally by a fallen tree over which boats must be lifted.

On account of the sinuosity of the stream, some tourists prefer the land route, even at the expense of the wet feet they obtain by fording the streams that cross the way.

Let us examine the different points of interest embraced by both routes and first the one by land:

(1). Two and one half m beyond Wardwell's, a path or trail leads to the r from the road, ¼ m to Mud Pond, ⅛ m l. (The reader is here reminded that there are several "Mud" and "Clear" Ponds in the Adirondacks). Rock Shanty was so named from the fact that the first cabin constructed there stood by the side of an immense rock. This occurred 20 years ago, and the architects and builders were Uncle Orville Bailey, Briggs Whitman, Lewis Diefendorf and Orlando Reynolds, all residents of Hunt's Corners, N. Y. The same party also assisted Uncle Chauncey Smith in rearing his woodland structure at South Branch. We are thus particular in chronicling these unimportant matters, for the simple reason that two of the participants were more or less concerned in several events, some pleasant and some mournful, that are recorded in these pages.

Rock Shanty is situated within 20 r of Loon Lake, a beautiful little pond ¾ m l, whose outlet empties into Beaver River. A handsome pine-tree-covered island of 4 acres, called Round Island, rises near its center. Though often visited by hunters it is still frequented by deer, and trout are abundant in its waters. Wood's, or Sylvan Lake, another very pretty sheet of equal size, is reached by trail

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from Mud Pond, or from the road a few rods S. W. of Rock Shanty. Distance 2 m S. One can walk on its clean and sandy shores, without difficulty, entirely around it. There is a large and peculiar rock near its outlet. It is a famous locality for wild ducks.

The route to Big Moose Lake, S. E., offering the advantage of perfect solitude, leaves the State road 1½ m E. of Loon Lake. It was formerly traveled by pack-horses, but the road is partially grown over now and is but little used. Twitchell Lake, (2 × ¾) another smiling water, lies on the route, 6 m from the main road. It was the scene of the unfortunate drowning of Briggs Whitman, a trapping companion of "Uncle" O. Bailey, by accidentally breaking through the ice many years ago. This, and Wood's Lake, are especially sequestered, and their solitudes are seldom invaded except by the trapper. The scenery around them is very attractive, and but for the difficulty of reaching them with boats, they would soon become favorite haunts of the sportsman, as game and fish are always plentiful. Both are tributary to Twitchell Creek, a stream entering the Beaver a few rods E. of Wardwell's. It is 2 m from Twitchell Lake to Big Moose Lake, (S. E.), Mud Pond lying midway between the two. At South Branch, Uncle Chauncey's double log house is located in the midst of a pleasant clearing. At the confluence of E. and S. Branch, the former flowing from two little ponds not many miles distant, and the latter from Deer and Slim Ponds, still deeper in the heart of the forest, S. E. of Uncle Chauncey's house, perhaps ¼ m, is a notable spring hole. Here, the fisher, rarely throws his fly in vain. A short distance beyond South Branch, the road divides, the l hand branch leading to Little Rapids, (2 m); and the r, the Carthage road, to Beach's Lake, (9 m). From the latter

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route, 3 or 4 m beyond the forks, footways lead N. to Thayers Lake, and S. to Rose and Deer Lakes, lying near the road, and to Terror, etc., Lakes, more remote. (*See route from Albany Lake to these waters*).

(2). Three miles above Wardwell's, a carry leaves the river l for Fish Pond, so called because it contains *no fish*. One and one half m farther up the stream, a path is taken to the r, to Little Burnt Lake, ($\frac{3}{4} \bowtie \frac{1}{2}$,) only 5 or 6 r distant. Two and one-half m above that, a stream empties into the Beaver, l, flowing from a series of 6 or 8 lakes and ponds, N termed the "Red Horse Chain," which furnish very attractive scenery, and which are regarded as superior fishing and hunting localities. They are accessible with boats over passable portages, as follows:—Carry to Burnt Lake, ($\frac{3}{4} \bowtie \frac{1}{8}$,) $\frac{1}{8}$ m. A very comely sheet, and being so easily reached, is a popular camping ground. Carry from thence to Little Round Lake, ($\frac{1}{4} \bowtie \frac{1}{4}$,) $\frac{1}{4}$ m; thence from W. side of inlet $1\frac{3}{4}$ m, to Salmon Lake, ($1\frac{1}{2} \bowtie \frac{3}{4}$). This lake is hemmed in by mountain peaks, and is greatly admired for its picturesque features. Carry from thence $1\frac{3}{4}$ m, to Witchhopple Lake, ($\frac{3}{4} \bowtie \frac{1}{8}$); thence $\frac{1}{2}$ m to Clear Lake, ($\frac{3}{4} \bowtie \frac{1}{2}$)—water exceedingly pure, and "fat" with trout. Crooked Lake ($2 \bowtie 1\frac{1}{2}$), fountain head of Oswegatchie River, and distinguished for its *big* fish, is reached from Clear Lake, by a $\frac{1}{2}$ m portage leading (N).

East of this, about 2 m, lies Nigger Lake ($1\frac{1}{2} \bowtie \frac{1}{2}$), the uppermost link of the Red Horse Chain. It is enveloped by lovely surroundings, and is considered the gem of the group, though each has its peculiar and distinctive charm. Being extremely difficult of access, and therefore left almost entirely undisturbed by sportsmen, its borders are

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the frequent resort of deer, and its waters are richly stocked with portly trout, comprising both speckled and salmon. Some of the former here attain the unusual weight of 3 lbs., and the peculiarly dark color of the flesh of the latter originated the name of the lake.

About 2½ m N. W. of this is Gull Lake (1½ × ¾), also noted for its beauty and its fine fishing.

Partially between Nigger and Clear Lakes lies Beaver Dam Pond, S. W., another link of the "Chain," and through this leads the direct route connecting these two lakes. (*See route from Little Rapids and Albany Lake to the Red Horse Chain*).

Near the mouth of the Red Horse stream, where the carry to Burnt Lake is taken, stands a comfortable camp, which is frequently occupied for a night by parties passing up or down the Beaver. From the opposite side of the river a carry leads S. E., ½ m, to Loon Lake and Rock Shanty. The South Branch, which enters the river, r, about 20 m above Stillwater, affords good sport to the fisherman. By ascending this stream 50 or 60 rods and following a path from thence r, ½ m, Uncle Chauncey Smith's domicile may be visited.

Little Rapids, 6 m beyond the mouth of South Branch, is an important "station" on this route. Good camps and cold water are afforded here. A carry leads from hence N. W., ¼ m, to Clear Pond or Fall Lake (½ × ¼), a noted deer resort; and one from thence N. 1¼, to Big Rock Pond or Rock Lake, (1 × ⅛), whose waters, though deep and cold, contain no trout, a singular exception to the general rule. By following a "line" from this lake N. E. 2½ m, —no carry yet cut out—Nigger Lake is reached; and other members of the Red Horse Chain are accessible from Rock Lake by way of Beaver Dam Pond, W. Only

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by the assistance of marked trees and compasses is it practicable to follow these rarely traveled pathways. Boats must either be towed up Little Rapids or carried around them 45 r; $\frac{3}{4}$ m above this point, near a sand-bar, l, where a little brook enters the river, there is the most remarkable of the many spring-holes that furnish excellent trout fishing along this stream. One-half mile above that, the second rapids are reached, through which also the boats must be dragged or carried, r, over the uneven portage. From thence to Albany Lake ($\frac{1}{2}$ m) navigation is considerably obstructed by boulders.

Big Moose Lake and the intermediate waters are sometimes visited from this lake by the following route, starting from the foot:

Good carry, r, S. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ m to Thayer's Lake ($1 \rtimes \frac{1}{8}$), excellent trouting afforded here; thence nice portage S. E. 1 m to Rose Pond ($\frac{3}{4} \rtimes \frac{1}{4}$), fine fishing and hunting in this vicinity; thence fair carry, little E. of S., 2 m to Lake Terror, perhaps 3 m S. of State Road, ($1\frac{1}{2} \rtimes \frac{1}{4}$,) which furnishes prime sporting ground, as its seclusion is seldom penetrated by hunters, on accouut of the hardship attending such an excursion. It received its name from an incident that once occurred in the experience of a party of hunters who were overtaken near its shores by a terrible storm and there compelled to spend the night without shelter, exposed to its ravages.

A "line" extends from Terror Lake, S. 3 m, to Big Moose Lake.

Slim Pond and a number of other sheets lying between Big Moose and Beach's Lakes, have hardly been explored, even by the enterprising trapper.

Deer Pond lies near the Carthage road, S., 2 m E. of the portage leading from Thayer's Lake to Rose Pond,

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Its shape is nearly circular ($\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$). Two-pound speckled trout are its chief commodities, and the quality of its water and lily-pads is frequently tested by its namesake.

Shingle Shanty Lake ($1 \times \frac{1}{3}$), $\frac{1}{2}$ m farther S., is reached by a good portage. An old military road passes near it. A guide (Charley Smith) speaks of it as a "pleasant sheet, clear of rocks, and abounding in *small* trout and some deer."

A carry extends also from near the outlet of Albany Lake, 1, N. W. 2 m to Rock Lake, before described. This S. portion of Albany Lake is known as the Lower Bay and embrces nearly $\frac{1}{3}$ of its entire extent ($5 \times \frac{2}{4}$). We will note another favorite spring-hole, located at the entrance of a tiny stream on S. side, near the foot.

Albany Lake is especially attractive to sportsmen, for the reason that it is a remarkable resort for deer and large speckled trout. This is somewhat surprising as far as deer are concerned, as the lake is a common thoroughfare. But the rich aquatic pastures of pond lilles and grassy verdure that abound, especially on the Lower Bay, present a temptation which they are unable to resist.

The upper portion of the lake, in direct contrast to that of the lower part, presents a pleasing variety of sandy reaches, rocky shores and wooded heights. There are two good camps located about 1 m from the head, viz; the "Patridge Camp," on the S. E. side, near which is a splendid spring, and the "Eldridge Camp," standing opposite near the inlet up which our route lies to Smith's and Salmon Lakes, which, with Albany and a number of other lakes and ponds, form the headwaters of Beaver River.

At the head of the little bay, a short distance S. W. of the Partridge Camp, where a little brook discharges its waters, the most noted spring-hole of the section may be

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found. In a direct line through the trackless woods it is 2 m S. to the Carthage road. Passing up the inlet a few rods, the third rapids are encountered. (We will note here for "once and for all," that all such rapids in the region are the common haunts of trout). Boats may at some risk and by great exertion be dragged up the stream here, but they are usually carried, l, over the fair portage.

At the head of these rapids, stands a dilapidated dam, built by order of the State, some 7 or 8 years ago, in the furtherance of a plan for improving the navigation of the Beaver, for the benefit of lumbering interests, for which, an appropriation of $10.000 was made by the Legislature. This amount was the same as wasted in an abortive attempt to accomplish this object.

A passage of 1¼ m up the river from this point, brings us to Smith's Lake, the brightest gem of the Brown Tract waters. Its size is (3 × 3) and its shape like that of a letter X. Upon several of the picturesque islands it encircles, especially Snell's Island, delightful camping spots are found. Traces of an Indian fortress are still apparent on Pine Island. Pleasant locations for camps abound—with nice near springs—on the N. W. shore and on the S. E. side on Eldridge Bay. The "Syracuse Camp," a short distance above the outlet, is the model of this locality. Tourists will observe and respect the inscription addressed to them upon the walls of this sylvan lodge :—

"All sportsmen welcome to its use,
But not abuse."

Two other camps of nearly equal merit, stand within 1 m of this farther up the lake. Salmon trout weighing upwards of 20 lbs. are sometimes taken from these waters and speckled trout of unusual size are also obtained.

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Pratt's Mountain, sometimes called Smith's Rock, rises from the S. W. shore. Some 30 years ago, it is said, an Englishman located at the base of this mountain, near the beach, and for a long period led a hermit's life, with no companions but his dogs and gun. Several acres of land were cleared by him, now covered by a thrifty growth of smallish trees. "None knew ought of his history, whence he came, to whom related, or by whom begot." One winter some hunters in pursuit of deer, upon visiting his lodge, found it silent and deserted. From that day to this the mysterious stranger, known as Smith, has never been seen—nor has anything been heard of his fate; and from that day to this, this lonely but lovely inland sea, surrounded on all sides by forests primeval, and nestled in the bosom of a group of lofty hills and picturesque mountains, has been known as Smith's Lake.—[JAMES GRANT WILSON.

The path we follow in ascending Pratt's Mountain, leads from Smith's clearing.

The Tupper waters are accessible from Smith's Lake by three routes, two of which are indirect and difficult, but which possess the advantage of passing through the very best sporting grounds of the Brown's Tract region.

(1). Carry from mouth of North Inlet (first sand beach), ⅛ m N., cross Harrington Pond ⅛ m; thence carry from head of pond, 1 m N; cross Clear Pond (rightly named, but what is wonderful, contains no trout), ⅛ m; thence carry 1-5 m N.; cross Bog Lake (1¼ × ⅛, splendid sporting) afforded here), thence carry from a point on N. side, about midway of its length, 1⅜ m N., or descend the outlet, pushing your way, 4 m, to Mud Lake; thence to Grave's at Big Tupper Lake, 15 m. (*See route from Tupper to Mud Lake*).

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(2). *Direct route*—Carry from the sandy beach N. E. shore, the place being indicated by a rocky point, upon which is a sparse and stinted growth of cedar trees. On one of these trees, which serves as a guide board, is penciled :—

"☞ Portage to Charley Pond, 1 3-4 m.
W. W. Ely, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Wm. W. Graves, Guide, Tupper's Lake."

We need not say that the former is the compiler of the excellent publication, "Colton's Map of the New York Wilderness," and that the latter was the late lamented proprietor of "Sportsman's Lodge," Tupper Lake.

This portage is quite uneven and considerably interrupted by fallen trees.

A prettier sheet than Charley Pond ($\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$) is rarely seen. Perfectly sequestered, "with not a hand's breadth of civilization around it," it is a congenial spot for deer and trout. Its name was doubtless derived from the following incident, given by James Grant Wilson, in the language of one of his guides :—

"Eight years ago I was out deer hunting in the winter with two other men. At Charley's Pond, which was frozen over, Charley Brown said he was going across after a deer. We told him it was unsafe, but he would go, although the ice was thin and rotten, and, when about twenty yards from shore, he fell through. Both being heavier men, we were afraid to venture on the ice to aid him, but we threw him a pole, which he got hold of, and, driving it into the muddy bottom of the lake, there about ten feet deep, climbed up on the ice, which again gave way under his weight. This he did several times until benumbed with cold, and unable to draw himself up, or

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even to hold on longer, he caught hold of the pole with his teeth. When I got back from our camp with a rope, and threw it out to him, he was too far gone to take hold of it, so I determined to save him at all hazards. I crawled out, lying flat on my face, and moving as cautiously as possible. Not a word was said as I slowly moved forward, nearer, nearer, till at last I laid my hand in his. It was as cold as the ice on which I lay. Poor Charley was frozen to death! Fastening the rope around him under the arm-pits, I cautiously and successfully made my way back, and we pulled him ashore with his teeth still fastened on the pole. We had a sad time getting poor Charley back to the still water," was the conclusion of the guide's short story of Charley's Pond.

Pass over about two-thirds the length of the pond, land r E., just off those islands, and carry to Smith's Inlet (outlet of the sheet), ½ m—portage fair, but blind at commencement. Inlet very shallow and narrow for the first 40 or 50 r, over which boats must be towed ; thence to Little Tupper Lake, 3 m it is passable boating. We are indebted to "Honest John Plumbley" for pointing out to us a notable spring-hole located in this stream, about 1 m above the lake on S. side—a stake and a large pine log indicating the spot.

(3). Pass up the S. E. Inlet (really the Beaver River), which enters Eldridge Bay. It is a desperately crooked stream, with its navigation considerably obstructed by "flood-jams." Avoid the branch, entering l, several miles up ; 5 m above the lake, where the river divides, take the l hand stream ; r branch leads into Deer, Little Rock, West and Shingle Shanty Ponds. Trout congregate at these forks. From hence boats are generally towed or

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poled ½ or ¾ m to the portage r of 30 r. Pass over Mud Pond (¾ × ½) bearing S. E.; very irregular in shape—really two sheets connected by a short strait. Lower body mostly covered with lily-pads, furnishing perfect feeding ground for deer. Wolf killed here, 2 years ago, by Milton H. Barnes, of Long Lake. Scenery generally very gloomy. Both salmon and speckled trout abound in large numbers at mouth of inlet, entering r S. E. Pass up this stream, 6 or 8 r, to the fair carry l of ⅛ m, along the rapids. Camp at farther end.

Follow stream again ¼ m, dragging boats at commencement to Little Salmon Lake (½ × ¼)—very pretty and secluded; cross its S. E. portion and take inlet r—stream straight and pleasant. Numerous tamarack trees serve to render the otherwise dismal swamp attractive. Proceed 1½ m, towing boat, considerably; carry l, ¼ m, (blind); take the stream again—still shallow and narrow—¼ m; follow main channel, as branches enter r and l. Forest here, clean and pleasant—ground carpeted with moss and furrowed by paths of wild animals; carry r, ⅛ m—extremely laborious—mere "blaze"—portage should be on opposite side of stream; boating again 20 r; carry over ridge 2 or 3 r to Salmon Lake (2⅛ × 1). This handsome body of water is one of the chief sources of the Beaver, and is encompassed by mountains of moderate height, which slope gracefully to the shores. Camp on W. side. Salmon trout are very abundant here and of large size—some are caught weighing 30 lbs. Fish for them by the buoys. Carry from a point near outlet, up which our route to this lake lies, to Rock Pond, 1½ m, N. This is the noted "Murray Carry"—rough, swampy, and difficult. Cross the pleasant waters of Rock Pond—(2 m) and carry ⅛ m from N. extremity around the falls and rapids. Here

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the river plunges down through a romantic gorge; thence follow stream 3 m to Little Tupper Lake.

Route from Smith's to Beach's or Brandreth's Lake.— To Salmon Lake the route is identical with that just given. Pass to the head of this lake and up the deep and pleasant inlet, bordered by the handsome tamarack, ⅛ m; carry r 1¼ m. For a third of the way numerous prostrate trees obstruct the path; middle portion smooth but swampy; balance of portage a perfect forest road, which merges into the Carthage road about ⅛ m W. of Dr. Brandreth's "Summer Shooting Box," situated at the head of Beach's, or more properly, Brandreth's Lake.

The many charms presented by this sheet, elicit the admiration of all its beholders. Gentle elevations, alternating with abrupt acclivities, completely encircle it. Bald Rock or Big Bluff rises in rugged prominence from the S. E. shore, its precipitous hoary sides glistening in the sunlight like the snowy locks of a mythical giant of fabulous times. West Mountain, lifting its forest-clad heights toward the eastern sky, is revealed in the shadowy distance. A solitary island picturesquely gems the bosom of the lake, whose waters are hardly surpassed in their crystalline purity. Its size is generally over-estimated, it being only 2¾ m long by ¾ m in breadth, according to actual survey, although if its two arms were included, its length would receive an additional mile. It is well supplied with fish, salmon trout being caught with good success near Bear Point and in the N. arm of the lake, and speckled trout in the vicinity of Rock Island.

Sportsmen sojourning here usually occupy one of the two Brandreth houses, both of which are very substantial, and conveniently fitted up with a view to the requirements of woodland life.

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Especial attention is called also to suitable camping places at Bear Point, around which the W. arm curves; and on the pleasant bay E. of the houses, along the extended reach of snowy sand. Other attractions which we will proceed to note, combine to render this comely lake one of the most desirable centers for sporting purposes in all the Wilderness. Several lakelets—admirable fishing and hunting localities—are easily accessible from "Brandrethville."

East Pond ($\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$), a charming water, is reached by following the road $1\frac{1}{4}$ m S. E., and then the path diverging l 120 rods, or by boating down the lake about $\frac{3}{4}$ m, landing on E. shore and proceeding from thence by path perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ m E. To reach Trout or Little Rock Pond ($\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$), follow the path that leads from the road a few rods E. of the clearing, $\frac{1}{4}$ m N. To visit West Pond ($1\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2}$), (formerly called Middle Lake) row up the W. arm of the lake $\frac{1}{2}$ m, land R. and pass over the good portage $\frac{1}{2}$ m N.

From the W. extremity of this pond, a trail leads $2\frac{1}{2}$ m N. W. to Thayer's Lake; and another leads directly W. $1\frac{1}{2}$ m to Deer Pond.

South Pond ($\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$) is reached by a hard carry of $1\frac{3}{4}$ m W., starting from a point on W. shore, nearly opposite and just above Rock Island. By traversing this sheet and carrying from thence $\frac{1}{2}$ m S., the 2 Sister Ponds are visited. These 3 bodies of water are snugly embowered in "the green depths of the forest," and being so seldom approached by man, they are the common abiding places of deer and trout. The Sister Ponds are sources of the Moose R; all the others just noticed empty into the Beaver R. We will briefly resume and conclude our examination of Brandreth's Lake.

The inlet and outlet of this sheet, enter and outpour

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very close together, the latter paying tribute to Forked Lake, thus rendering Brandreth's Lake one of the fountain heads of Raquette River. The Carthage road skirts along the margin of the lake and is passable for wagons from the foot entirely through to Crown Point. The distance to Cary's is 7 m, within the first 4 of which Raquette Lake is reached at North Bay, where parties re-embark for other points.

From Lowville the Oswegatchie fishing grounds are reached by the following route, over comparatively good roads: Smith's Landing, 2 m; Dayanville, 3 m; Croghan, on Beaver River, 5 m; Belfort, on Beaver River, 4 m; thence through the forest to Oswegatchie River, 9 m. The waters in this vicinity are well stocked with trout early in the season, but are not much resorted to for summer sport. Deer shooting is said to be good in these woods. This route is a favorite one for invalids, as they can reach the river with carriages and there step at once into the boats.

Parties should take supplies from Lowville, although there are hotels at all of the villages named. The route intersects the Carthage road at Belfort.

Tenth—CARTHAGE is finely situated upon Black River, and its importance has been greatly increased by the extension of the Utica and Black River R. R. to this place, and by the construction of the railway connecting it with Watertown. The completion of these roads also renders this a most desirable point from which to enter the forest. Most excellent hotels here, the Levis, the Hatch and the Adams House furnish prime accommodation and also ample facilities for reaching the sporting grounds.

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Carthage is the W. terminus of the "Old State Road," opened through the Wilderness to Crown Point 35 years ago. The magnitude of this "forest waste" becomes manifest when the length of this road is taken into consideration. From a point about 20 m E. of this place, to Schroon River (Roots) 94½ m, with the exception of the Long Lake, Newcomb's, and several minor clearings, the route lies through a wilderness not yet invaded by civilization.

The following is a table of distances from Carthage to Crown Point.

	MILES.
Carthage to Belfort,	15
Thence to No. 4,	9
Stillwater,	11
Brandreth's Lake, (*via* Rock Shanty and South Branch),	16
Raquette Lake, (Cary,s,)	10
Long Lake Village,	13¾
Newcomb, (Pendleton,)	13
Tahawus, (Lower Iron Works,)	7½
Schroon River, (Roots)	19
Crown Point,	19
Total,	133¼

As noted elswhere, only portions of this road are traveled by wagons now, viz:—Carthage to Stillwater, and from Brandreth's Lake to Crown Point.

In entering the woods from Carthage, parties usually travel 2 routes; one by way of No. 4, and thence up the Beaver River, or to other points as their inclinations may suggest, the road being good as far as Belfort, and passably

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so from thence to No. 4; the other leading to Harrisville, 20 m distant, (passing through the intermediate village of Natural Bridge, 9 m), and from thence up the W. branch of the Oswegatchie River and its tributaries, to the numerous affluent lakes and ponds situated therein, or from Harrisville through Pitcairn and E. Pitcairn and Fine to the E. branch of the same river, which furnishes good boating from thence, interrupted only by 2 easy portages of 20 r, and ½ m through a dense and primitive forest, to Cranberry Lake, 11 m.

The road from Carthage to Fine is excellent the entire distance. About 4 m this side of Harrisville, the route passes near Bonaparte Lake (a wagon road extending to its margin), which richly abounds in fish, and which is surpassed in beauty of scenery by but few of the Wilderness lakes. It covers about 1200 acres—encircles several wild, rocky islands and is environed by bold, precipitous shores. It was named in honor of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Naples and Spain, who at one time was possessor of the town of Diana, and who erected a rustic lodge upon the banks of the lake for the use of himself and companions while out upon sporting excursions during his sojourn at his summer residence at Natural Bridge. It has been cerebrated in song by the Hon. Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale.

There is a good hotel at Harrisville, Harrisville Hotel, (Ball and Bliss)—from which parties can sally forth in the morning, find and enjoy capital fishing through the day, and return to the house in the evening. A rail road is in process of construction from Harrisville to Carthage.—[O. S. Levis.

Eleventh — Governeur is beautifully located on the

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Oswegatchie River, and is the seat of a flourishing academy, and of a thriving trade. A rich variety of interesting minerals abound in the neighborhood. The Van Buren House, the Central House and Spencer's Inn, are the principal hotels.

Cranberry Lake, well in the heart of the Wilderness, is the chief resort for hunting parties starting from this point. To Hailesboro the distance is 2 m; thence to Fowler, 4 m; Fullerville, 3 m; Edwards, 6 m; Fine, 10 m; thence by boat up the Oswegatchie, as by the Carthage route to Cranberry Lake, 11 m, encountering on the way two portages, one of 20 r and the other of ½ m; the latter occurring near the lake. Total, 36 m.

Twelfth—FROM DEKALB JUNCTION (Union Hotel) to Hermon, 6 m; Russell (Grass River), 6 m; Clarksboro (Clifton Hotel), 12 m; Clifton Iron Mines, 2 m—over an excellent wagon road; thence to Cranberry Lake, 10 m, over a poor road. There is a daily stage from DeKalb Junction to Clarksboro, where conveyances may be obtained for the balance of the route. The R. R. connecting the Iron Mines with E. DeKalb Station is not in operation now. In fact it never was employed as a transit for passengers, being solely used by the Clifton Iron Co., by whom it is owned,* in the transportation of iron ore, which exists in considerable quantities in this neighborhood.

Clarksboro is 3 m in the woods. Tooley Pond, 8 m beyond, and Davis Pond, 4 m beyond that; on the route are good deer resorts. The road strikes the Oswegatchie 2 m below the lake, where is located a little settlement. Here supplies, boats, etc., may be procured of G. M. Dillon,

*Our thanks are due to Supervisor James Sheridan for information rendered respectiug this route.

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Jr., and others; and here parties may embark for the lake —passing up the river 1½ m, and carrying from thence over a good wagon road ½ m; it should be remembered that boats descend this stream to Fine, 11 m.

Cranberry, or Oswegatchie Lake (15 m long) is really an expansion of the Oswegatchie River,* which, rising by 2 branches in N. part of Herkimer Co., pursues a circuitous course of 125 m through St. Lawrence Co., in a N. W. direction, and unites with the St. Lawrence R. at Ogdensburgh.

The waters of the lake are plentifully supplied with fish, and the hunting around it is still very good, although somewhat injured in reference to deer, by the raising of the lake some 15 ft. by means of a dam. The scenery immediately surrounding it is also affected by the same agency, as numerous "drowned" trees standing in the water near the shores, greatly mar its beauty.

Clear, Mud and Trout Ponds, E. and Oval Pond S., are accessible by trails. Curtis Pond is reached by boating up E. Inlet as far as practicable, and following from thence a good path 2 m S. E.

Crooked Lake, the extreme source of the Oswegatchie, lying 12 m S., is reached by pursuing a line indicated by marked trees. It is much more easily visited, however, from the Red Horse Chain. (*See route Ninth*).

There are a large number of good deer and trout ponds adjacent to Cranberry Lake, that have never been laid

*Os-we-gatch-ie or Ogh-swa-gatchie, is an Indian name, the historian, James Macauley, informed the author, J. R. Simms, which signifies "going or coming around a hill." The great bend in the Oswegatchie River, on the borders of Lewis Co., originated its significant name. An Indian tribe, bearing the name of the river, once lived upon its banks; but its fate, like that of many sister tribes, has been to melt away before the progressive step of the Anglo-Saxon.—[TRAPPERS OF NEW YORK.

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down upon any map. Take it all in all, this lake and its vicinity afford an extensive field for the sportsman.

Adventurous parties sometimes penetrate the Bog River region from Cranberry Lake, and proceed from thence to Tupper Lake by the following routes:

(1). By boat, 1 m, up Chair Rock Creek, entering the lake's S. E. extremity; thence carry 2 m S. W.; thence cross Oval, or Darn Needle Pond; thence carry 2½ m S. E. to Fourth Pond. (One authority, Clark Town, states that there is a portage opened from Chair Rock C. to the headwaters of Bog R. Distance 3 m).

(2). Carry from Darn Needle or Oval Pond, 2 m, S. E; cross Grass Pond; carry 2 m S. E., striking Bog R. a little below Mud Lake.

(3). From Curtis Pond, carry S. E. to Wolf Pond; thence S. E. to Bog River.

The portages are not cut out to any extent, but this could be accomplished with a little labor, as they are not much difficult. (*See route from Tupper to Mud Lake.*)

Thirteenth—POTSDAM, a lively and growing village of about 4,000 inhabitants, is located on Raquette River, which is here "divided by islands, broken by rapids, and furnishes an extensive water-power."

It is a pleasant town, possesing many fine streets and handsome buildings, and is the site of the "State Normal and Training School for Northern New York."

There are four good hotels in the place, viz: the American, Matteson, Central, and Elm St., Houses, at any of which guides and conveyances may be procured. This

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route to the Great Wilderness is generally much underrated and hence only occasionally followed by the general tourist, but it really possesses many attractions in the way of diversified scenery and sporting opportunities, rarely excelled. A pleasant ride of only 3 hours from the cars, over a most excellent road (21½ miles), is all the exertion it costs to reach good fishing and hunting territory.

To Colton, the last place of importance on the route, and which is reached by stage, it is 9 m. This is a flourishing village with a population of 800, and contains a hotel, the "Empire Exchange," of whose superior accommodations and management any country town in the State might be proud. Mr. C. C. Sanborn, its proprietor, appreciates the wants of his guests and caters to their tastes in a courteous and satisfactory manner.

The ample livery connected with the establishment is conducted with special reference to sporting parties. From Colton to South Colton or Three Falls, a little hamlet, it is 4½ m; thence to Stark's Falls, at the foot of the Little Bog it is 8 m. Here, at the "Forest House," the sportsman takes his first meal (always an excellent one) in the woods; here also boats are taken, and at this point the sporting field commences. This pleasant hotel possesses adequate facilities for supplying the wishes of transient customers or those who desire permanent board while availing themselves of the attractions and advantages offered by the Bog and the surrounding ponds. Boats and guides can be engaged here at any time by addressing "Petsue & Munger, Colton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y." From Petsue's the journey is continued by boat or wagon at the traveler's option. Proceeding by land, a drive of 6½ m over a fair woods road, carries us to the "Jordan House," at the head of the Bog.

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Continuing from Stark's Falls by water, a row of 1½ m conveys us to Bog Falls, the termination of Little Bog. Crossing a portage of 10 r, easily accomplished, as the boat is drawn over on a track without being unloaded, we reach the Jordan House, at the head of the Big Bog and near the mouth of Jordan River, by an easy row of 5 m. It is proper to remark that the name "Bog," as applied to the 6½ m of river just mentioned, is a sad misnomer. It possesses nothing of the character of a bog; but with its islands and scenery, is one of the pleasantest portions of the Raquette. On the right are high banks, and in the distance elevated hills; on the left is undulating lowland covered with small timber, and in the remote back ground, tower the grand Adirondacks. On this stretch of still-water, too, occurs some of the best deer hunting and trout fishing found any where on the route.

The Jordan House is well kept by David Haws; and persons not desiring to camp out, but to secure a boarding place in the heart of good sporting grounds, will find this a most desirable location. His table is invariably well laden with all the fine things the water and forest produce, and each summer brings to him an increasing number of boarders. From here access is easily gained to Chandler, Clear and Crooked Ponds, by taking a short tramp back from the river. From Haws' to Johnson Seavey's Hotel, at the foot of Moosehead Stillwater, a "draw-by" of 7 m succeeds, passing Rickey's Rapids, Jamestown Falls, Moody Falls and Percefield Long Rapids. Mr. H. and Mr. S. hold themselves in readiness to transport parties and baggage over this passable road. Five and a half miles above Haws' and 1½ m from Moosehead, a road branches from this route, leading to "Grave's Lodge," near the head of Big Tupper Lake. Distance

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about 18 m. At Seavey's place we will be provided with boats and all necessary accommodations. Leaving the foot of Moosehead Stillwater (6½ m l), we have 4 m of good navigation, passing on the way (3 m up) the line of the "Great Windfall" of 1845, embracing an area 50 m l by ½ m wide. We then encounter about 50 r of "quick water," succeeded by 2½ m of easy rowing, terminating at the foot of Hedge Hog Rapids. The Moosehead Stillwater is dotted here and there with many pretty islands, and as the river winds around and between numerous hills and mountains on either side, it presents a great variety of pleasing scenery. This stillwater affords many agreeable camping grounds along the dry and pleasant shores. The sportsman, too, will find his occupation successful here. From a point near the head, a good path leads r 1 m to Jock's Pond, near Moosehead Mountain—a noted deer resort. Lily Pad Brook, entering the river in this vicinity, is a famous trout stream.

At Hedge Hog or Flat Rock Rapids, (an excellent fishing locality) occurs a portage of 50 r. Experienced guides, when the water was low, have rowed up these rapids with great exertion; but the usual practice is to tow the boats or carry around them. From thence, after traversing Burnt Island Stillwater, ¼ m l, we reach the "Piero," where we carry, l, 6 r. Passing over 60 r of rapid water and the Blue Mt. Stillwater, 3 m in extent with one little passage of quick water we arrive at Downey's Landing, W. side. The scenery along the portion of the route just passed is grand and beautiful. Some go so far as to say that there is no finer river scenery in the State.

Parties wishing to make Massawepie Lake and the adjacent waters their camping grounds, leave the river at Downey's Landing, and take the good road leading W.

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1½ m to Catamount Pond. Noah Gale, residing on the banks of this sheet, does the business of transportation, and also furnishes boats, supplies, etc. A short passage across the pond and from thence over a portage W. 60 r, takes us to Massawepie Lake. From there we may visit Horseshoe, Bay, Pine, and Boottree Ponds, near by, and Deer and Egg Ponds farther away. These waters are all sources of Grass River, which, rising in the S. E. part of St. Lawrence Co., flows in a N. direction to the St. Lawrence River, which it enters opposite to Cornwall Island, Canada. Leaving Downey's Landing on our way up the river, we immediately encounter Sol's Island Rapids, ½ m in extent including the "Upper" and "Lower Pitch," where there are 2 portages of 20 r and 10 r, respectively. The remainder of the rapids may be towed or rowed, according to the ability of the guides. Then succeeds 2½ m of comparative stillwater, including Dead and Averill's or Black Rapids (½ or ¾ m above Sol's Island Rapids), up which boats are rowed without much difficulty.

A grander exhibition is seldom witnessed in the woods than that which the tourist finds in Percefield High Falls, as seen in the distance when turning a bend in the river at the head of Averill's Rapids, 1 m below. Over a rugged ledge of rocks, the Raquette fiercely sweeps to a granite shelf below, where the water is thrown up in finest spray or maddened foam; thence it leaps to another shelf, from which it pours a seething mass into the agitated depths beneath. The river falls in sheer decent 35 ft. Here is a hard carry up the face of the rock and over the steep bank, of 15 r. Then follows ¼ or ½ m of stillwater, succeeded by Fish Hawk Rapids, covering a distance of about 50 r, through 5 or 8 r of which boats must be towed or carried. Thence there are 2½ or 3 m of stillwater to Setting Pole

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Rapids or Reservoir Dam, where there is a portage of 6 r. From thence to Raquette Pond it is 2 m; through this pond 2 m; up Raquette River to Big Tupper Lake 2 m. Thus the distance from Potsdam to this lake is about 58 or 60 m. There are numerous lakes and ponds on either side of the river, scattered along between Stark's Falls and Tupper Lake, easily accessible from the route and perfectly adapted to sporting purposes. The Raquette also receives numerous tributaries, the mouths of which afford good fishing during the summer months, as do the rapids in the earlier part of the season.

Mountain Brook, entering from the E. below Sol's Island Rapids, and Dead Creek on the opposite side, about 5 m above, are especially noted for the size and quantity of the trout they yield.

The stillwaters, as well as the neighboring ponds, offer prime deer hunting. The river, interspersed as it is with many islands, and varied by frequent falls and rapids, presents to the admirer of nature a succession of enchanting scenes. The graduated unevenness of its mountain scenery, and the abrupt, ever-changing appearance of its shores, together with the varying colors of the forest foliage, afford the lover of the beautiful, ample compensation for the labors of his journey.*

Fourteenth—" OGDENSBURG.†—The site of this interesting town was occupied by a Catholic Mission at an early day. The ruins of the Fort La Presentation, erected by the

*For the description of this route the writer is under obligations to Messrs. "DeWolf," of Potsdam, N. Y., and A. B. Hepburn, of Colton, New York.

†Ogdensburg, Massena Springs and Rouse's Point, though not strictly "gateways" to the Wilderness, are classed as such, for the information of Canadian tourists.

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French in 1748, remain. Ogdensburg stands near the confluence of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, and is a prosperous place, possessing important commercial and manufacturing advantages. Several steamboat companies connect it with the commerce of the St. Lawrence and great lakes. The Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain, and Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroads, terminate here. The structures of the former are on a magnificent scale. Nearly a mile of wharves extend along the river, with a grain elevator of the largest size at one extremity. A steam ferry connects these roads with the Grand Trunk and Ottawa and Prescott Railways. The city is agreeably laid out in broad and straight streets, and contains many elegant private mansions and imposing public edifices. On the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence may be observed the remains of the stone wind-mill, the scene of an heroic defence during the Rebellion of 1837, maintained by a small band of patriots against a far superior British force. The population of Ogdensburg is about 12,000. The principal hotels are the Seymour House, Johnson House and Myers House.

Tourists bound for the Adirondacks proceed from hence by railroad to Potsdam, 31 m; Brasher Falls, 36 m; Moira, 47 m; Malone, 61½ m; Chateaugay, 73½ m; Plattsburg, 126 m.

Fifteenth.—"MASSENA SPRINGS.—These waters have been for a long period widely celebrated, and it is a tradition that their healing properties were known to the aborigines. The springs (of which St. Regis is the most important) are five in number and not essentially different in their medicinal qualities. They are situated on the Raquette river and are seven miles from Louisville,

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on the St. Lawrence,—to which stages regularly run,—and four from Long Sault rapids, one of the most attractive scenes on the river. The surroundings of the springs are extremely beautiful. The United States and White's Hotels are large and commodious houses. Stages run daily to Potsdam Junction, 15 m, from which it is 6 m by R. R. to Potsdam; and to Brasher Falls, 10 m."—[*Watson's Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad.*

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DIVISION II.

INTO THE CHATEAUGAY AND ST. REGIS WOODS.

The impression usually entertained, that the Chateaugay portion of the Northern Wilderness, has been so far encroached upon by settlements as to be unworthy of consideration as a resort to sportsmen, is in the main incorrect. Indeed, so far is this from being true, that even the "happy hunting grounds of the Saranac" are hardly superior for sporting purposes to the once famed woods of the "Shatagee." The usual points of entrance to this section—also to that of St. Regis, lying immediately below, are Moira, Malone, Chateaugay and Rouse's Point, each a station on the Northern or Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain R. R., and Plattsburg, the S. terminus of the Plattsburg and Montreal R.R.

Sixteenth.—From Moira (Aldrich's Hotel) to Dickinson, 6 m; Dickinson Center—a nice little village on Deer River (Dustin's Hotel), 2½ m; Lincolnson—large tannery here (McNeils Hotel), 3 m; "Humphrey Nine Mile Level," St. Regis River, 9 m. Total 20½ m. Stages run daily from Moira to Lincolnson, to which point the road is excellent. Fare $1.00. Here private conveyances

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may be procured for the conclusion of the journey, which portion of the route is a comfortable forest road, or if timely notice is given, the proprietor of "Spring Cove Cottage," at the "Level," will meet parties at the "tannery," and convey them to his residence for a fair compensation. Address, "D. S. Smith, Dickinson Center, Franklin Co., N. Y." The mail reaches him every Saturday.

Not until recently has the attention of sportsmen been attracted in this direction. Indeed, but few are aware of the existence of such a route.

The following is the history of "Spring Cove Cottage," furnished us by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the facts:

The wife of Mr. Smith had suffered from hereditary lung disease, aggravated by scrofula in throat and stomach, for a period of 16 years—just half of her lifetime thus far. After almost the complete list of patent medicines had been tested, and the "M. D.'s" had fully decided that she must speedily die, it happily occurred to the husband, as a forlorn hope, that her life might be slightly protracted by the pure mountain air of the Wilderness region, medicated by the healing aroma of the forest trees. The idea, though one of desperation, was put into execution, and upon a bed she was conveyed into the woods, near this point, about 2 years ago. The result was truly extraordinary. Shanty life with its concomitants soon produced a marvelous effect upon her disease—stricken constitution; her recovery was most rapid, and within a year she was thoroughly healed. And it is reported to us at this writing, in answer to enquiries, that "Mrs Smith, the invalid lady to whom you allude as so wonderfully restored, has no longer any cough and is apparently well. Indeed, through the past year she has enjoyed sound sleep and

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good health, and has performed an amount of work that was a matter of surprise and comment to all her acquaintances. For a long time she has been able to dispense with the expensive luxury of physicians, her regular attendants throughout the previous 16 years."

Other well authenticated instances of equally remarkable cures wrought by a season of camp life passed in this section, might be given would space permit. They all serve to prove the peculiar salubrity and curative characteristics of this particular portion of the Great Wilderness.*

Another correspondent (Mr. Fay) writes us as follows in reference to this locality:

"The past week I spent in the woods and enjoyed some excellent sport. The weather was very severe and the snow very deep, or I should have made a longer tarry of it. Had plenty of trout and venison, however, with which to line our ribs. If not too late for publication I would like to give you a few items concerning the section of the Adirondacks I have just visited.

"It is as yet but little known to the sporting fraternity, but will doubtless ere long become a popular resort. The district to which I refer, embraces the S. W. corner of Franklin Co., and the particular locality to which I invite your attention, is in the vicinity of what is known as the "Nine Mile Level," a reach of stillwater occurring in the Middle St. Regis River, and the St. Regis proper, about 10 m S. of the junction of the E. branch, or Meacham Lake outlet, with the principal stream. One m from the head of

*Where are the men who so fiercely condemn Mr. Murray's account of the consumptive young man, "whom the Wilderness received almost a corpse, but which returned him to his home and the world as happy and healthy a man as ever bivouacked under its pines."

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this Level, near a little cove or spur of the river, where several bright, bubbling springs roll out from beneath the bank, is delightfully situated a wild-woods retreat, bearing the romantic name of Spring Cove Cottage. It stands in an extensive grove, of spruce, cedar, balsam, hemlock and tamarack trees, all, so noted for their healing properties.

"The restoration to perfect health of an invalid wife, after suffering from pulmonary difficulty for a space of 15 or 16 years, by a season or two of wilderness life, impelled the proprietor to locate here a forest home. Recently he has been persuaded to open his house to those coming hither, there being no place of entertainment near. With the contemplated additions, comfortable quarters will be provided for 30 or 40 guests. No pretensions to style or show are made, but the especial aim seems to be to furnish clean beds and wholesome fare, which includes, throughout the season, fish and wild game daily, and there is a disposition manifested to make visitors feel that they are among friends during their stay at the Cottage. No malt or spirituous liquors are sold on the premises.*

"Boats and boatmen are always ready for the accommodation of parties. Mrs. Smith accompanies ladies on boating excursions when desired.

"The morning of our arrival at the cottage, it presented every appearance of a "Hunter's Abode." Near at hand were hanging 3 saddles of venison, 1 catamount, 2 bear skins, 6 rabbits, a lot of partridges, and also a string of

*And here let us correct the opinion held by many, that the use of ardent spirits is indispensable when camping out. No impression could be more erroneous. The pure, bracing atmosphere of this mountain region, affords all the stimulus that any nature requires; and health will be more readily gained, or more firmly established by the utter rejection of artificial stimulants.

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trout. What picture could be more glorious to a hunter's eye?

"For excellent fishing this river is unsurpassed, as its bed is filled with deep spring-holes, and the angler has 30 m or more of the stream in which to cast a line—rapids and stillwater alternating."

The "Cove," $\frac{3}{4}$ m in length, affords safe and ample exercise for those who choose to leisurely "paddle their own canoes," while others more ambitious and desirous of prospecting or angling, may, with or without guides, pass into the river and down the Level 8 m, passing many springs and brooks on the way, in which the speckled trout abound, or ascend the stream to the rapids 1 m and see what awaits them there. If not fully satisfied with the result of their operations at this spot, they may pass around these rapids, over a good path $\frac{3}{4}$ m, and take another boat awaiting them there, and traverse a second level of 4 m to the "Three Mile Rapids," where no fisher has ever yet failed to experience the satisfaction resulting from perfect success. These river routes should ordinarily be selected by those in search of rest or recreation, as but little exertion is required in following them.

There are a number of picturesque ponds, easily accessible from the Cottage, where excellent fishing is also found.

To Duck Pond ($\frac{3}{4} \bowtie \frac{1}{2}$) the distance is 1 m S. W; Spring Pond (small) lies $\frac{1}{2}$ m S; it is also reached by boat from the river—distance by water $1\frac{1}{2}$ m, a favorite resort for invalids. East Branch Pond ($1 \bowtie \frac{3}{4}$) is 4 m N. W., a wagon road passing within $1\frac{1}{2}$ m of it. It is overshadowed by Catamount Mountain. McCavenaugh Pond ($1\frac{1}{2} \bowtie \frac{3}{4}$) is 4 m away. To Goose Pond (small and marshy) it is 3 m by road.

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The woods in their neighborhood are very pleasant, and abound in small game. Deer also are quite plentiful

We venture to insert one or two anecdotes illustrative of camp life on the St. Regis, in the language of the narrator.

FISHY, BUT TRUE.

"Professor H., of Mass., with A. M. Sabin for a guide, started from Poplar Point, a noted camping ground near Spring Cove, on the St. Regis River; went to the head of the Level, passed around the rapids, took a boat and went to the head of the 4 Mile Level, supplied with the needful tackling to take the finny tribe with that exciting device—the fly. The Professor with his 224 lbs. of mortality, did not aspire to wet feet or a tramp; so the boat was anchored on the rifts, and out went his fly for a victim. The instant it touched the water it was taken by a trout; the Professor pulled—but no trout; again he made the effort—but to no purpose. Friend H. had 'fish on the brain;' his tackling was all right, but no lazy pull takes a trout with a fly. In this dilemma he called his guide, who was near by, bagging trout at every pull—'I say, tell me how to catch them; they snap and are off like lightning. The guide, with a knowing wink, says, 'twitch when they bite.' The short lesson was soon learned, and an hour's time supplied them with 300 nice trout. They then landed, made a bough cabin, did justice to a bountiful repast of trout, and camped by a rousing fire for the night. In a few moments the Professor made the solitude sonorous, if not melodious. At early dawn, they added to their stock, and at sunset reached camp with 500 trout; pretty good for a 2 days' trip."

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SHOOT FIRST, SPEAK AFTERWARDS.

"An experienced hunter obtained a guide with boat and jack-light, and sallied out for a night's hunt for deer. At a point below Spring Cove, called Key Rocks, a deer was quietly feeding on the river bank in fancied safety, being protected by the laws of the Empire State; as the boat turned a short bend in the river, the jack-light revealed to the guide his whereabouts, and the deer's eyes glistened like balls of fire. Rapidly and silently the boat neared the game, but like a statue sat our friend with his double-barrel gun in hand. He had made no discovery; he did not see any game, not he. The guide picked up his rifle, and as the deer bounded off, he pulled; the report brought the youthful hunter to his senses; he heard a noise, but did not see anything. The guide ran the boat ashore, and the plucky little hunter stepped into the tall grass on the bank. There stood a deer not 20 ft. from him, gazing at the light; 'golly, here's another,' shouted the youth, and away went the animal, snorting defiance at his would-be murderers. Lesson—When you see a deer, shoot first—say 'golly' next."

To sum up all, the location may be regarded as peculiarly adapted to the wants of invalids in pursuit of health, or the weary seeking rest, and lovers of the chase or of piscatorial sports, will be gratified to the utmost by their experiences here.

The following is the route from Spring Cove Cottage to Paul Smith's, at St. Regis Lake:

	MILES.
St. Regis River,	1
Portage,	¼
River,	4

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	MILES.
Portage (boats sometimes towed 2 m here), - - -	3
River, ("Sixteen Mile Level,") - - - - - - - -	10
Portage, " " " - - - - - - - - -	⅜
River, " " " - - - - - - - - -	4
Portage, " " " - - - - - - - - -	¼
River* to outlet of Folingsby's, Jr., Pond, - - - -	2
River to Keese's Mills, - - - - - - - - - -	5
Portage, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	⅛
River, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	3
Total, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	33⅞

The usual mode is to proceed by wagon, over a good woods road, to the foot of the 16 m Level (7 m); thus avoiding about 9 m of boating, including the first two portages. The route skirts along the base of Blue Mountain, 4 m S. of the Cottage, near which a Mr. Merrill formerly kept a sporting house—recently destroyed by fire. We learn it is to be rebuilt.

The St. Regis River with its three branches has its source in a cluster of lakes and ponds lying in Franklin County, in the immediate vicinity of the headwaters of the Saranac system. It flows in a course nearly parallel with that of the Oswegatchie, Grass and Raquette Rivers. Of all these Wilderness streams, this is the very least known—the most rarely followed. Through a densely-wooded region of wildness and solitude, which the foot of man has seldom pressed, it pursues its serpentine course until emerging at last from the forest's solemn shades, it enters the smiling meadows of the "Northern Tier," and passes

*A carry leads from the head of this level, 2 m S., to Bay Pond. It is 7 1-2 m by road from this carry to Paul Smith's.

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onward toward its final resting place, through the noble St. Lawrence.

Seventeenth—MALONE, the county seat of Franklin Co., and the most important station on the Northern R. R,. is picturesquely situated on E. Salmon River, 61 m from Ogdensburg and 57 from Rouse's Point. It is a very flourishing village and its principal streets are broad and pleasant, being ornamented by many handsome public and private structures. The scenery surrounding the place is very pleasing.

In presenting a description of this section we can do no better than to extract from several letters written to us by Christie R. Fay, Esq., of Malone, N. Y., not designed, of course, for publication, but which we are permitted to quote. Mr. Fay, who, we take occasion to say, is a cultivated and thorough artist, as well as a gentleman of many noble characteristics and not a few scholarly attainments, has taken several extended tours through the "Northern Wilderness," (a record of one of which appeared in a number of Harper's *Weekly*,) and is very familiar with nearly every point of interest within the limits of this wonderful region, as the many crayon and photographic views he has produced, emphatically indicate, and from which the majority of the illustrations in this book were engraved. We advise all interested in this subject to send for his catalogue of stereoscopic views, all executed in the highest style of the art, which will be furnished on application.

"Malone," Mr. Fay writes, "is destined, in my opinion, at a time not far distant, to become one of the most important gateways to this 'Sportsman's Paradise.' A few hours' ride from this place will carry the traveler to as

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CHAZY LAKE AND LION MOUNTAIN.

MEACHAM POND.

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fine a section for sport as exists anywhere within the boundaries of the Adirondacks. In this direction the woods and waters have not been so thoroughly cleared of fish and game as in the wilderness farther S. Many parties went through to Paul Smith's from this point, the past season, and they all expressed themselves highly pleased with the route. The road is in excellent condition for travel now, as a large amount of money and work have been expended upon it within the last year. It will also be a regular stage route hereafter, as Mr. G. T. Clark, of our town, has recently made arrangements to put on a full complement of Concord coaches and run a daily line. The distance from Malone to Meacham Lake is 25 m, and 12 m farther S. you reach the St. Regis waters and the 'St. James' of the Wilderness—Paul Smith's. And what a delightful route it is—through a most picturesque region—just uneven enough for variety, the road thickly shaded on either side by magnificent forest trees. At intervals you pass beautiful woodland lakes and ponds, into the clear waters of which you are tempted to drop a hook as you observe the mirrored surface broken into a thousand ripples, in a hundred places, by the 'speckled beauties' darting after flies.

"Meacham Lake, one of the most important of the Chauteaugay waters, is about 3 m in length and varying from 1½ to 2 m in width. It is bounded on nearly all sides by charming mountain ranges, and its three handsome sand beaches, which together form ½ of its circumference but increase its manifold attractions. In the words of my friend Haviland, we know of no finer landscape and finer scenery, than that presented by Meacham Lake and its surroundings as viewed from Carpenter Hill. When we first beheld this sheet, rippling softly in the sunlight, it lay

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before us, one burnished sheet of liquid gold'. A cloudless blue sky hung over mountain and forest, the clear atmosphere bringing into bold relief all the mountain glimpse for which this lovely lake is so justly celebrated.

"Debar Mountain, a savage looking peak, standing sentinal on the left, leads the scene; St. Regis Mountain, due S., shows its blue summit in the air, while numberless other less-noted pinnacles, with 'wildering forest feathered o'er from base to crown,' continually divert and charm the vision. Its shores are clothed in primeval splendor, and no signs of civilization or cultivation are manifest in any direction, except at its northern extremity, where the Meacham Lake House solicits the traveler's attention. No other habitation stands within 5 m of its waters.

"The well known sporting hostelry (Henry Woodford, proprietor, P. O. Malone, N. Y.) has a capacity for 50 guests, and trout and venison constantly abound on its tables as well as in the waters and forests in the vicinity. It is a delightful summer resort and its gentlemanly host is ever ready to cater to the various tastes of his many visitors; good boats, reliable guides and everything needed for a sporting life, furnished on short notice. The following resorts are conveniently reached by boats or good portages: Clear Pond, 1½ m N. of Woodford's, has no apparent inlet or outlet; its water is as clear as crystal and is alive with whitefish. Buck Pond, a little farther N., is made up of spring-holes and its outlet forms Deer River. N. E. of Meacham House, about 3 m, is Winnebago Pond.

"The outlet and inlet of Meacham Lake are both at its southern extremity and but a short distance apart. Down the former, which is the E. branch of the St. Regis River, at the old bridge, and not far from the lake, where the road from Malone (via Woodford's) to Paul Smith's crosses

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the stream, you will find most excellent fishing in the spring and fall. Below this point the stream is very rapid as far as the 'Lower Landing' (about 1½ m), but thence down you have 6 or 7 m of 'still-water fishing,' and this is the place we generally visit for a good day's sport with the fly. The stream unites with the St. Regis proper some distance below, near the '16 Mile Level.'

"About 5 m N. of Meacham Lake, the road crosses Deer River, a tributary of the St. Regis, which widens as it flows. Here also is fine fishing and hunting, and here lives 'Al' Burr, the noted trapper and guide. This man has a history. Years ago he moved in good society in our town, but on account of some love affair, he retired to the Wilderness where he has remained a recluse ever since. Two m N. of Burr's place, also on the main road, is the home of 'Chris' Crandall, another famous guide.

"I will again quote Haviland: 'Crandall is certainly a noteworthy man, of gigantic frame, long waving hair and beard—a hair lip adding considerably to his beauty—and looking all together the *beau ideal* of the forest ranger. Years ago, while out still hunting with a friend miles away from any habitation and in the dead of winter, he was accidentally shot in the hip with a rifle ball, and lay in the desolate woods all the long night, upon a few branches hastily piled together. His gun was taken from him by his companion for fear the poor fellow in his agony might destroy himself. Here he lay, without a fire, all that fearful night, tortured, freezing, and longing for death—hearing naught but the sighing of the wind through the snow-laden branches, or perchance, the cry of some wild beast in search of its prey. Assistance came the next day, and he was carried out 7 long miles to the settlement, and there his leg was amputated, and his life saved. It seems

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incredible that a one-legged man should be able to act as an efficient hunter and guide—indeed be noted for his useful qualifications. Yet nevertheless, such is the case with Crandall, and I know of no better guide in the Chateaugay Woods.'

"The inlet of Meacham Lake is the outlet of Osgood Pond. The stream flows in a circuitous course, through a hilly section of the country. You can pass with a boat, up the inlet from the lake to a point within a few r of the house of A. C. McCollum, another most notable guide.

"The boat landing here is familiarly known as 'Hog's Back'—not a very euphonious name, but a most romantic spot. This portion of the stream (4 m) passes through a very wild and flat section, with little upland to vary the scene; marshy patches and sloughs occasionally appearing on either side. These openings and swampy fields are fine feeding places for the deer, and any day in the proper season, you will find an opportunity to 'draw a bead' upon one or more of them, by paddling up the inlet.

"Near McCollum's place there is a scattering settlement of 12 or 15 families, which is generally called 'Burnt Ground'. These people make pretentions to farming, but obtain most of their livelihood from trapping and hunting. Through this place, which is 6 or 7 m S. of Meacham House, the road from Malone to Paul Smith's passes, and with this exception, the route after reaching Deer R. lies through an unbroken wilderness. There are many pretty lakes and ponds in the vicinity of McCollum's, situated in the midst of delightful scenery, and all accessible by easy portages.

"But few of the Adirondack resorts afford better sport to the hunter and fisherman than these waters. A trail extends N. W. 6 m to Spring Cove Cottage, on the St.

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Regis R. A few years ago Mr. J. H. Titus, who built the Meacham House, of which he was proprietor several years, cleared out this inlet (which, to use his language, 'was full of everything imaginable, from old forest pines, 4 or 5 ft. in diameter, down to poor dead rats',) by removing all the old logs and fallen trees that obstructed navigation, and by digging new channels in several places, with a view to opening water communication with St. Regis Lake. He succeded in a measure, and for a considerable period made a practice of running his boats almost to the landing of the St. Regis Hotel. But the water route usually taken from Woodford's to Paul Smith's, is as follows :—

	MILES.
Meacham Lake,	3
Inlet to McCollum's,	4
Portage, r, W.,	¼
Chain Lake,	1½
Portage, S. W.,	1½
Folingsby, Jr., Pond (2 × ¾),	1½
Middle St. Regis River (or road 3 m),	5
Portage around dam at Keese's Mill,	⅛
St. Regis R,	3
Total,	19⅞

" Tourists generally prefer the land route, as it is some 5 m shorter and less tedious ; but those intent upon sport and adventure, follow the water course, as they always find plenty of fish and game on the way. We have a tri-weekly mail and stage line between Malone and Ausable Forks. The route is identical with that leading to Meacham Lake, as far as Duane, where it strikes the old

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'Military Turnpike' and bears thence S. easterly, passing 'Hunters Home,' a sporting house kept by Paul Smith before he removed to the St. Regis waters. His brother, Mr. Lewis Smith, (P. O. Merrillville,) now occupies this pleasant resort, and is presumed to render comfortable all who favor him with a call. Here you are again in the very center of another famous sporting section. In the vicinity are Loon and Rainbow Lakes, Elbow, Round, Mud, Buck and Oregon Ponds.

"Distance from Malone to Hunter's Home, 31 m; to Ausable Forks, 52 m; to Paul Smith's, via Hunter's Home, 47 m; to Hough's, at head of U. Saranac Lake, via Meacham and St. Regis Lakes, 54 m; to Martin's, at foot of L, Saranac Lake, same route, 55 m; to Martin's, via Hunter's Home and Vermontville, 48 m.

There are many other beautiful lakes and ponds, buried in the deep recesses of the woods, conveniently visited from Malone over good roads, a few of which I will proceed to name.

"Branch Pond, an affluent of Salmon River, a fine sheet of water (2 × 1), lies 8 m S. W.; Maple Hill, Haubury, and Branch Pond Mountains, and the thickly wooded forest surrounding, render the scenery near this pond wild and striking. There is but one habitation here, the Branch Pond House, Andrew D. Rogers, Proprietor, (P. O. Malone,) where tourists will be treated with every attention their wants require. Salmon River, 3 m E., Deer River, 5 m W., Eagle Pond, 2½ m E., Horsehoe Pond, 3 m S., Green or Gourd and Spring Ponds, 2½ m S. W., (Spring being ½ m W. of Green), Twin Pond, 3½ m S. W. and several other pretty lakelets are reached by good roads or paths from Branch Pond. Round Pond (called Indian Lake by Hammond), is 12 m S. E. of Malone, and is accessible

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by a road diverging from the main road at Titusville. This sheet of water (3 × 2), as its name indicates, is nearly circular, and is justly celebrated for its beauty. Not the least cultivation exists on its borders, and no less wild are the surroundings than when the first hardy trapper penetrated to its shores. Like most of these Wilderness waters, it is the home of the different varieties of trout; they especially abound near the mouth of a cold stream that enters a little bay at its southern extremity.

"Another noted guide, familiarly called 'Old Salamander,' has located his lonely forest home not far from its shores.

"The outlet of Round Pond flows into Salmon R.; 1 m S. W., and at the junction of the two streams, the State has constructed a substantial dam, which has a tendency to force the water of the river back into the pond, thus making it a grand reservoir. The Salmon R. is to this county what the Raquetteis to St. Lawrence County—the lumberman's highway. Hence in the spring time, when the river is too low for running logs, the gates of this dam are hoisted, and this great body of water, which has been held back from its natural course, now swells the stream, and the logs are speedily forced by the increasing flood down to Malone, where the extensive mills belonging to Messrs. Titus & Parmalee receive them.

"This dam, being only 13 m from Malone, is a favorite resort for our towns-people, and often have I visited it and returned on the same day with a generous string of speckled game. In fact, above the dam, below the dam, and anywhere in the crystalline waters of Salmon R., you can catch the finest kind of trout. The "State Dam House," Sherman Stancliff, proprietor, (P. O. Malone,) is pleasantly located near the dam and has comfortable

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accommodations for 15 or 20 guests. The following forest-unbosomed waters, sources of the Salmon R., are accessible from this spot:—Round Pond, as above noted, 1 m N. E., with which there is communication both by road and stream (its outlet); the others are reached by paths through the woods or by following up the course of the river and making short portages. Charley Pond, 2 m S., is a pretty lakelet, noted for its beautiful surroundings and its fine quality of trout. The fish in this pond are quite large and differ much in appearance from the trout taken from other waters; they are known as the 'Silver Skins,' having a bright silvery surface. When cooked, the meat is red and very firm. The distance from 'State Dam' by water to Charley Pond, including a carry of 100 r, is about 4 m. Deer Fly Pond is 2½ m S. E. of State Dam; Wolf Pond is 6 m S.; Plumadore Pond, a most charming body of water, 2 m wide by 2 l, making it nearly circular, is also reached by diverging a short distance from the Ausable Forks route, at the 'Ross Place,'—20 m from Malone—situated on the Hatch stream, which is generally alive with trout.

"Elbow Pond lies 9 m S. E. As a general rule there is good fishing in these waters in every season, and as the country surrounding is very wild, deer may be seen in this vicinity on any day throughout the year. Five m above the State Dam House (S. E.), Salmon R. receives the waters of Ragged Lake, Wolf Pond, etc., and here is another attractive resort. Ragged or Salmon Lake is reached by a good woods path extending N. E. from the E. shore of Round Pond,—distance 3 m. The length of this lake is about 6½ m, (9 m if Mud lake is included, which really forms its northern part,) with a width varying from ¼ to ½ m. In the language of Hammond, 'it is as

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lovely a sheet of water, as ever enthusiast described, or poet portrayed in song.'

"In the S. E., Mount Lion rears his lofty head to the clouds, standing like a gigantic sentinel, overlooking forest and lake, and watching in moveless silence the wilderness around him. This lake is most appropriately named. Its outlines are peculiarly irregular, most emphatically *ragged*. In its clear and deep waters numberless trout have their homes.

"At the Ragged Lake House, the only habitation in the vicinity, travelers will receive the most courteous treatment from its proprietor, Geo. Pond, (P. O. Malone,) either in the way of serving them at his well stocked tables, with slices of juicy venison and well trimmed, crispy pieces of golden trout, or of guiding them through the labyrinths of the neighboring woods. Good pathways lead from this lake N. E. 4 m to the Chateaugay waters, and to Ingraham Pond, 2 m N. W. And here it may be stated that the Lower Chateaugay Lake is visited from Malone by a pleasant drive of 13 m over a nice carriage road, and that another agreeable resort, Spring Cove Cottage, is reached by a good wagon road, as follows:—Bangor, 6 m; Potterville, 3 m; Dickinson Center, 11 m; Lincolnson, 3 m; St. Regis River, 9 m. Another pleasant resort in our vicinity must not be overlooked, viz., the 'Bend in the River,' which also lies on the main route to Meacham Lake and Paul Smith's; 2 m S. of Titusville, and 10 m from Malone. The 'Bend,' true to its name, is a sharp curve of the Salmon R., forming quite an 'oxbow,' and is upon the whole a very romantic spot. Boats ascend the stream 6 m (within 2 m of State Dam), and there is good fishing and night hunting all the way up.

"Down the stream a short distance, navigation is obstruct-

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ed by rapids and falls. The 'Myrtle Bower House' (romantic name of a cheery retreat), at the Bend, kept by Ralph Helms, (P. O. Malone,) furnishes pleasant quarters for the traveler. The scenery around the Bend is indeed picturesque. A little W. of the main road and directly in the rear of the Helms place, the land rises to a considerable eminence. From this point looking S. E., you have as fine a landscape spread out before you as ever artist could wish to place upon canvas—a bold, broken foreground, admitting a fine view of the river, which, like a silvery serpent, is seen winding on in its course amid mountain ranges, till lost in the dark green foliage of the forest. A year or two ago, a celebrated New York artist who frequents this section of the Adirondacks nearly every season, selected this spot, the Bend on Salmon R., for an elaborate painting, which appeared on exhibition at the Academy of Design, valued at several thousand dollars. Lovers of the beautiful or those in search of the picturesque will be delighted with the country here.

"On the main road leading S. to Meacham L. and Paul Smith's, within ¾ of a m of the town, is located 'Springdale Fish Farm.' Here the tourist can have an opportunity of seeing as fine a lot of speckled trout as ever delighted the eye of the sportsman. The place is always open to visitors free of charge.

"Till quite recently 'Springdale' was the property of C. R. Fay, but is now owed by Mr. J. L. Hogle, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Hogle House, who will be pleased at all times to show visitors around, and explain to them the whole *modus operandi* of Pisciculture. In the different ponds may be seen thousands of these speckled beauties, varying in size from ¼ to 2½ lbs., besides many 'smaller fry.' The larger fish mostly have been brought from the lakes

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and ponds in the Adirondack Wilderness. The 'baby trout,' or smaller fish, have all been raised on the place, where a hatching house has been built for the purpose of propagating, and which has the capacity for hatching 200,000 or more.

"The ponds are supplied by beautiful and never-failing springs, and it is one of the most desirable locations for the business in the entire country.

"It may be for the interest of the tourist to know that Malone is within convenient distance of other delightful resorts for the sporting world. The St. Regis Indian Reservation—covering an area of about 22 square m—through which the extremely clear waters of the St. Regis R. flow, is distant only 24 m. This stream passes through the most charming scenery imaginable. At the mouth of the stream, or where it weds the waters of the beautiful St. Lawrence, is located the ancient Indian village of St Regis. Here the old church with its historic bell still stands, an object of interest. Within 2 m of St. Regis is the little village of Hogansburg, where Eleazur Williams, the 'Lost Prince,' supposed heir to the throne of France, spent the last years of his eventful and mysterious life, doing 'mission work' among the St. Regis tribe. Whether he came of royal blood, or was the son of the noble red man, we know not. His body lies buried in the little church yard at Hogansburg, beneath the shade of beautiful evergreen trees.

"After the sportsman has feasted his eyes upon the beauties of the landscape, has gladdened his heart with a satisfactory quantity of the 'finny tribe,' he can pay his particular attention to acres of wild ducks that are frequently seen at one time within the limits of the Reservation.

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"It is told that to an island, an Indian has been banished for life by his tribe, for committing some misdemeanor. This island is situated in the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of the Salmon R., and is known as *'Kar-is-tau-tee's* Island, being named after the exile.

"I knew this old Indian well. His name has been anglicized into 'Cris-tu-tu.' The island—a delightful one—is bounded on the S. side by an extensive marsh or rush bed which reaches nearly to the main shore. In these marshes the ducks build their nests and hatch their young; consequently in the fall of the year one can have rare sport about 'Cristutu's Island.' Canadian sportsmen from Montreal frequent this place every Autumn and spend weeks hunting ducks. 'Indian Summer' is the best period for securing them.

"Again, it is but 20 m from Malone to the St. Lawrence. To Fort Covington, which is situated on the Salmon R., the distance is 15 m, and from thence to the mouth of the river 5 m. Tourists can engage small boats at Fort Covington, and guides, who will accompany them to the river of the 'Thousand Isles.' There is fine fishing among the islands of the St. Lawrence, especially near the mouth of the Salmon R.; and as far up the river as Fort Covington; better trolling waters in the spring time cannot be found anywhere. Pike, pickerel and black bass, in large numbers abound here, and muskallonge are frequently caught weighing from 10 to 30 pounds. Thus it will be seen that those who visit Malone on a sporting excursion, can try their luck in the mountain stream or in the broad waters of the beautiful St. Lawrence, and those not thus inclined may make the highly exciting tour down the rapids ('poetry of the river') and pass on to Montreal and Quebec, as steamers that ply between those cities and Cornwall, run up the Salmon regularly to Fort Covington.

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FERGUSON HOUSE, MALONE, N. Y.

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"The principal hotels in Malone are the Ferguson House and the Hogle House. Parties will find excellent accommodations at either of these new and first-class establishments. Both are quiet and orderly and their tables and linen are of superior quality. The proprietor of the latter, Mr. J. L. Hogle, is quite a 'sport' himself, and takes great pleasure in accompanying parties to the woods, and those who place themselves in his charge, or go by his directions, may be assured of having the best of success and a good time generally. In connection with the hotel, it will be remembered he has valuable trout ponds, and those who hunger after fish can be supplied at any time. And parties will fare just as well at the Ferguson, A. R Flanagan, proprietor, which is one of the best and largest hotels in Northern New York. Its elegantly furnished rooms and most admirable appointments, are adapted to the requirements of nearly 200 guests—120 of whom the dining hall will seat. In no hotel is there more attention paid to the comfort and convenience, and even luxury of its patrons. The happiness of 'mine host,' the ever genial, ever gentlemanly 'Sandy,' is in exact ratio to the enjoyment of his visitors. The tourist and pleasure-seeker will find this resting place, alike worthy of a visit and all commendation."

Eighteenth—CHATEAUGAY, a thriving town, 12 m E. of Malone, has many scenes of beauty in its immediate neighborhood.

In close proximity to the station house is a wonderful chasm, 200 ft. in depth, riving the solid rocks, through which the Chateaugay River pours in mad career. In this gorge there occurs a romantic cascade of 50 ft., and

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within 2 m of the village there is a succession of charming waterfalls.

The railroad crosses this deep channel worn by the Chateaugay, on an embankment, 160 ft. above the river, and 800 ft. long. There is a remarkable spring near the village that receives considerable attention. For quite a space of time it emits a large volume of water, highly charged with nitrogen gas, which assumes the form of bubbles on its surface. Suddenly it ceases to flow and remains dry for an indefinite period. One mile N. E. of this there is a constant gas spring. The Roberts and the Union are the leading hotels of the place. By permission we quote the following from Judge Winslow C. Watson's excellent work on the "Champlain Valley and the Adirondacks."

"We are indebted to the facile and graphic pen of an intelligent lady, for a description of this beautiful locality (Chateaugay Lakes).

"The lower lake is situated about 8 m S. of the Chateaugay village. Carriages meet the trains at the depot and convey passengers to this lake, by a pleasant ride of about 2 hours. Here is a good hotel, kept by Mr. Lewis Bellows, which affords excellent accommodations for about 75 guests. Board, boats and guides, will be furnished at reasonable charges. At the wharf in front of the hotel, lies the 'Nellie Tupper,' always 'steamed up.' This lake is 2¼ m in length and 1 wide, and surrounded by fine mountain scenery and rocky shores. Leaving this water, the tourist enters the Narrows, 4 m long, and from 10 to 40 r in width, where there is at some points fine fishing. From a point, 2 m beyond the lower lake on the W. shore, a foot path leads W. to Ragged Lake (4 m), where the best hunting and fishing may be enjoyed and reliable

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guides obtained. The Narrows soon widen and the scenery expands. A short turn is made and the upper lake, like magic, is revealed in one of the most lovely views in the world. There are a number of comfortable boarding houses at desirable points, and excellent sport. On the W. shore, fine private residences have been constructed by gentlemen of Boston and New York, who spend the summers here with their families. In the center of the lake is Rock Island, with a small private cottage. On visiting the spot one could easily imagine he was in fairy land, the picture is so grand and beautiful, and none should leave the lake without getting a view of it from that point; and few have done so, if we may judge from the hundreds of names recorded there. Chateaugay Lake is one of the most favorable localities in the State for sportsmen and pleasure-seekers, from its easy access to the cars and telegraphs. Sometimes parties, including ladies, incline to stay at the hotel nights, and go up the lake in the morning, either in small boats or the steamer; others, more romantic, prefer to 'shanty out,' as we call it, in cabins or tents—a very pleasant arrangement in warm weather."

Upper Chateaugay Lake is 5 × 2, and thus there is an uninterrupted water reach, including the two lakes and the Narrows of 11 m, not to name the several miles of inlet navigation. These waters abound in the finest quality of fish, such as speckled and lake trout, shad and white fish.

Deer and other game are found on the neighboring hills. The Twin Ponds lie 3 m from the head of the upper lake and are reached by trail. From the N. E. side of the same lake—say 1 m from the foot, a pathway extends 3 m E to Bradley Pond, a sheet of water some 2 m

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in circumference—another trout resort; and from thence Chazy Lake, 2 m farther E., is accessible by a comfortable road.

Frequenters of the Chateaugay section will be glad to learn that a new and spacious hotel, needed so long at the upper lake, has recently been erected on the S. E. shore, at the foot of Birch Mountain, back of which towers the tall form of Mt. Lion, and will, be open for guests June 1, 1872. The "Adirondack House" is three stories in height, and a dancing hall and three verandas extend the length of the building. One mile S. W. of this house, on Baker's Point, is the "Sporting Lodge," kept by Nathaniel Collins. The steamer will touch at all these points. The outlet of the Chateaugay Lakes is the Chateaugay R., a tributary of the St. Lawrence.

Nineteenth—FROM ROUSE'S POINT, the E. terminus of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain R. R., to Mooer's Junction, 12 m; Chateaugay, 33 m; Malone, 12 m; Moira, 14½ m; Potsdam Junction, 21½ m; Ogdensburg 25 m. The Montreal & Plattsburg Railway, connects with this railroad at Mooer's Junction, 20 m from Plattsburg—a splendid restaurant here. Tourists from the N. & E. pass over these lines to visit the Chateaugay, and perchance the St. Regis and Tupper Lake regions. (*See routes from Plattsburg.*)

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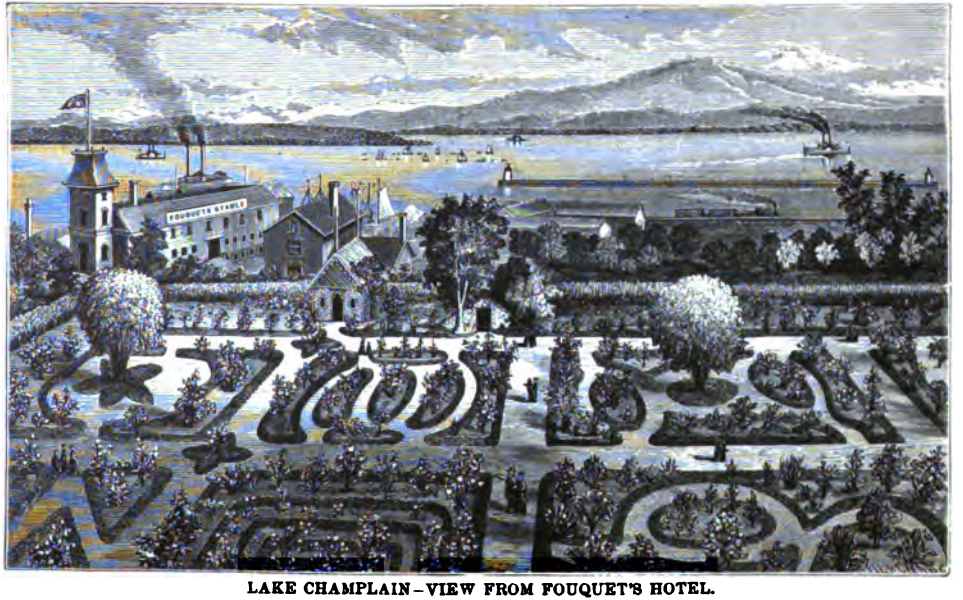

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—VIEW FROM FOUQUET'S HOTEL.

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DIVISION III.

INTO THE SARANAC REGION.

The ordinary avenues of approach are those starting from Plattsburg, Port Kent and Westport.

Twentieth—PLATTSBURG is beautifully situated on the W. shore of Lake Champlain, at the head of Cumberland Bay and on both sides of the Saranac River. This stream, in its passage from its "lake-dotted home" in the Great Wilderness, flows with gentle current for most of the distance, until it reaches this point, where it descends some 40 or 50 ft. by a succession of falls and rapids, affording excellent water power to the numerous manufacturing establishments located here. The surface of the town slopes toward the lake, which renders its situation most delightful. Plattsburg is celebrated as the scene of one of the most important battles that occurred during the last war with Great Britain.

"The village has suffered severely from several destructive fires, but has arisen from each infliction in augmented beauty and renovated vigor, This is attested by the massive blocks of new stores and manufactories; its elegant churches, public buildings and fine private residences.

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" Kent's Falls, an attractive locality 9 m from Plattsburg, is reached by a pleasant drive.

" The Ausable Chasm, one of the most wonderful works of Nature in the country, may be visited from Plattsburg by a drive of about 12 m, over a road which for several miles runs directly on the margin of the lake, and by fording the Ausable River, if preferred. In an excursion to the Chasm, the drive might be pleasantly diversified by a circuit over Hallock Hill, or by a visit to the mouth of the Ausable River. The Chasm we shall describe in another connection.

" The hotels of Plattsburg have established high reputations. The Cumberland House and Witherill's Hotel are both excellent and convenient houses, spacious in their arrangements, and calculated for the accommodation of a large number of guests.

" Fouquet's Hotel, has long been a prominent institution of its kind, and familiarly known for more than 70 years to the traveling community. This family, through this long period, have been accomplished hotel keepers, both from education and hereditary qualities. Their American progenitor came to this country with LaFayette, and remaining, opened a public house in Albany. His son, John L. Fouquet, in 1798, erected a hotel near the site occupied by the present beautiful edifice. That building—one of first class for the period—was burned during the siege of 1814, by hot shot from the fort. In 1815 a second house was erected on the same ground, with an improvement both in style and dimensions. This, by repeated additions, had grown into a large and commodious establishment, but in June 1864, it also was consumed. With an energy unsubdued by this calamity and with unfaltering enterprise, the Messrs. D. L. Fouquet & Son commenced

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the erection of the third edifice ; and the next year, on the same day in June on which the last had been burned, they opened a new and splendid hotel for the reception of guests. Such an invincible spirit claims a success which we trust will be achieved. The new building is an elegant and spacious structure, not less imposing by its dimensions and position, than attractive by the novelty and beauty of its architecture. It is capable of accommodating 150 guests, and with style and elegance that is always satisfactory. The rooms are large and well ventilated, and supplied with every promotive of comfort and enjoyment. The grounds and flower garden, animate with beauty and redolent with fragrance, afford a most agreeable retreat. The broad piazzas on two sides of the house, and the promenade upon the roof, afford a wide and delightful view of the lake, the battle ground and the scene of the naval engagement ; the village, the surrounding country, the Green Mountains on the E., and the Adirondacks on the S., presenting every variety of scenery ; the wild, the picturesque, the grand.

" This house, by its beautiful and spacious grounds, and quiet, furnishes peculiarly safe and pleasant accommodations for the residence of ladies and children during the summer.

" The large brick stables, standing on the grounds, and erected at a cost of $6,000, will delight the amateur in horses by their perfect and elaborate arrangements. They are intended for the accommodation of guests who bring their own horses and carriages, as well as to furnish teams for rides and excursions. A livery is attached to the house.

" Fouquet's Hotel was for many years the annual resort of General Scott, who made his home here for weeks at a

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time, not only for the purpose of recruiting his health in this invigorating climate, but also to enjoy the diet of fresh game and fish, provided for the guests of the house by Mr. Fouquet, who was the prince of caterers.

"Capt. John B. Magruder, afterwards the Confederate General, made his headquarters here, while his company was stationed at the neighboring barracks. At that time the old regimental mess of the First U. S. Artillery, gave its dinners at the Fouquet House, to which British officers were often invited. Many legends are handed down of those jolly meetings, at which 'Prince John' was the presiding and irrepressible genius.

"The original name of this hotel was 'The MacDonough House,' named after the gallant naval officer of that name, who made his home here for a long time, and was the personal friend of the first proprietor. The best likeness extant, of the gallant hero, is in possession of the present landlords.

"Among the many officers who have been from time to time quartered here and lived at this house, we may mention the names of Wool, Booneville, the gallant Hooker, Kearney, and the genial Ricketts. Gen'l Worth boarded here a long time, and Stonewall Jackson was also a friend of the house. Of all these officers, many characteristic anecdotes are yet current in the neighborhood.

"It is the principle resting place for parties *en route* between Montreal and Lake George, and is situated upon the threshold of the favorite entrance to the Adirondacks.

"The proprietors of this hotel have made the Adirondacks a study, and will be pleased to answer, by mail or otherwise, any enquiries in reference to modes of conveyance and distances to any part of the Wilderness."—[*Watson's "Valley of Lake Chaplain."*

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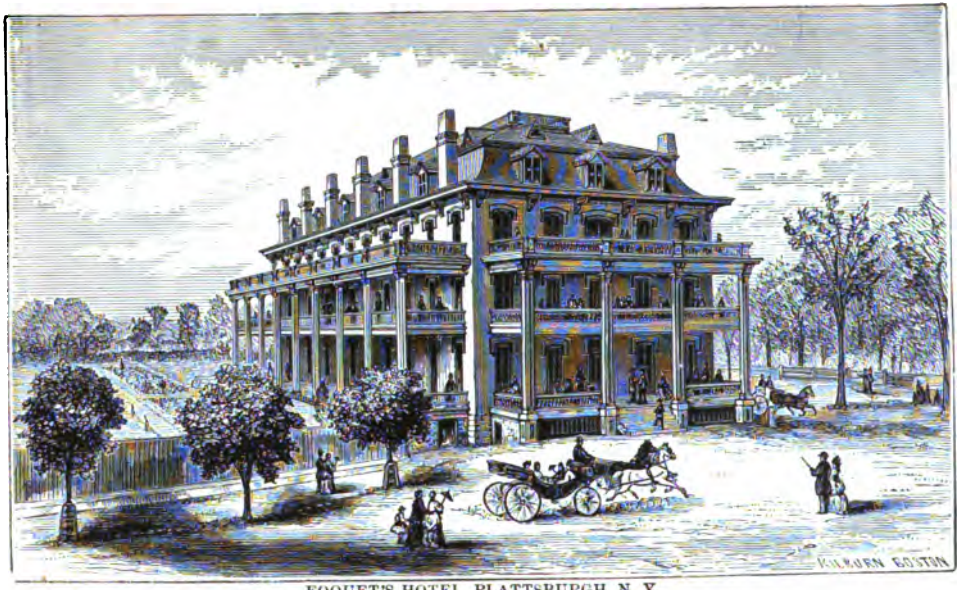

FOQUET'S HOTEL, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

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Parties traversing Lake Champlain find Plattsburg the most available point of entrance to the woods. But before examining the principal route thereto, we will make one or two pleasant excursions to the Wilderness lakes, by private conveyance. Of these the drive to the Clinton Prison at Dannemora (16 m) over a plank road, and from thence to Chazy Lake (5 m), is especially noticeable.

This "prison in the woods," together with the adjacent village, occupy an eminence 1,700 feet high, the ascent to which is so gradual as to be hardly observable. From this elevation is seen an embodiment of landscape loveliness, upon which the eye dwells with never-failing delight. In the east, the horizon is bounded by the Green Mountains looming up dim and blue; Lake Champlain in queenly beauty, stretching far away, cultivated lands richly diversified, and the "silver thread of the Saranac," gracefully curving through its emerald plains, cover the intervening space; toward the S. W. the imposing architecture of the Adirondacks, rising in Doric sublimity from forests seemingly without limit, fill the remainder of the picture. A more glorious view is seldom witnessed even from mountain tops.

The Clinton House at Dannemora (daily stage from Plattsburg to this place) supplies all the requisite paraphernalia to travelers tarrying here. The road from hence to Chazy Lake was constructed by the State and is in excellent condition. This magnificent body of water ($4 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$), a tributary of Lake Champlain, is justly renowned for its attractiveness to the sportsman and to the admirer of Nature's picturesque beauties. Trout in satisfactory

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numbers and of superior quality, inhabit its waters, and scenery the most charming invests its environs. Mt. Lion, whose peculiar form strikingly suggests the figure of the "king of beasts," in couchant attitude, as if about to spring upon his prey, rises from the shores of the lake in proud conspicuousness.

The Meader House, located on the E. side, between Eagle and Half-way Point, is a delightful resort, affording every comfort and facility required by tourists.

Bradley Pond, 2 m W., is reached by wagon road and from thence a path extends westward 3 m to U. Chateaugay Lake.

The route of the tourist to Dannemora and Chazy Lake is a branch of the main road, which forks at Elsinore, a village about 12 m W. of Plattsburg. This highway passes through a romantic section of country, generally overlooks the Saranac R. and crosses several of its picturesque branches. At the Great Falls of the Saranac, near Russia and Saranac villages, 18 m from Plattsburg, the scenery is especially replete with grandeur and varied beauty. From thence to Redford it is 4 m; Clayburgh—within ¼ m of Saranac Forks—2 m. Here the route, thus far an excellent one, divides, following the two branches of the Saranac over poor roads. The N. branch leads to Petersburg, ½ m; thence to "Hunter's Home," situated on N. Saranac (before noted), 11 m; J. M. Wardney's, 9 m; another pleasant resort for sportsmen on Rainbow Lake (3 × ¾). Hunting and speckled trout fishing are successfully followed here.

Round Pond and Buck Pond, which are passed when approaching Rainbow Lake, also afford the very best of sport. It was in Round Pond that the largest lake trout on record was caught, reaching the extraordinary weight

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BIRMINGHAM FALLS.

ST. REGIS LAKE—PAUL SMITH'S.

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of 53 pounds. From Wardney's to Paul Smith's it is 7 m; Wardney's to Bloomingdale, 6 m.

From "Hunter's Home," to Merrillsville, on the Ausable Forks road, it is one mile S.; thence to Vermontville, diverging from the main road and passing S. over Cape Mt., 5 m; Bloomingdale, 3 m.

By the S. branch road, from Saranac Forks to Silver Lake (3 ⋈ 1), Marvin's Hotel, it is 5½ m, and the same distance to Union Falls by the divergent road, the two again uniting at the Falls, 3 m W. of the lake; thence to Franklin Falls (Fletcher's excellent Hotel), 8 m; Bloomingdale, 8 m.

But the easiest, the speediest, and hence the favorite mode of transit, from Plattsburg to the Wilderness is by way of the Whitehall and Plattsburg R. R.

Upon this route, the tourist, after leaving the cars, is required to travel only about 28 to 38 m to reach the rendezvous of his guide. To Point of Rocks, (Ausable Station,) it is 20 m, where passengers will find elegant 4-horse coaches in waiting, to convey them to St. Regis or the Saranac Lakes.

From Point of Rocks, over a good plank road, to Ausable Forks, 3 m; Black Brook, 3 m; Franklin Falls, 14 m; Bloomingdale, 8 m; from which one line of stages proceeds to Martin's, 8 m; one to Hough's, 13 m; and another to Paul Smith's, 10 m.

In this approach, occasional glimpses are enjoyed, of the gigantic forms of the Adirondack Range.

"Pol. Smith's,"* is a name that has become almost as familiar to the ears of the sportsman, as that of the "Adirondack Woods." To the initiated, it is a name always

*P. O. Address "Apollo A. Smith, St. Regis Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y." (See routes from Spring Cove Cottage and Malone to St. Regis Lake.)

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suggestive of beautiful scenery, luxurious quarters, epicurean meals, delightful hours. The house which has a capacity for 200 guests, is a model if comfort and home like pleasantness, located on the N shore of the lovely Lower St. Regis Lake, in the midst of an extensive pine grove, a dense forest stretching thence away on nearly every side.

It is supplied with every modern convenience, including bath rooms, barber shop, etc., and also billiard tables. There is an extensive livery stable, and a telegraph office connected with the house, likewise a boat and guide building, which affords accommodations for 100 boats and guides. Tents, blankets, and all the paraphernalia required in camp life, also every variety of the choicest supplies, inclu-ing numerous delicacies are furnished to all who wish them.

Closely adjacent, and forming a beaded net work about the Lower St. Regis, are 15 or 20 exquisite little lakes and ponds with their inlets and outlets, among which, as so many gems, she gleams and sparkles as the chief crown jewel.

These waters—mostly tributaries of the St. Regis R.—may all be visited from this "Wilderness St. James," on the same day, and embraced in the list, are Osgood, Spitfire, U. St. Regis, Big Clear, Little Clear, Bog, Loon, Little Duck, Long, Bear, Turtle, Little Green, Big Green, St. Regis, Big Long, Ochre, Fish, Rock, etc.. Lakes and Ponds.

Hence we can hazard nothing in saying that Paul Smith's as a fishing and hunting locality, has few superiors ; while as a wild-wood summer retreat it has, perhaps no peer ; and that taken all in all, it is as winsome a spot as ever charmed a traveler's eye or gladdened a sportsman's heart.

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And those adventurously inclined, may from this point, with boats and guides, visit the principal waters that begem this romantic region—the Saranacs, the Tuppers, Long, Forked, Raquette, Blue Mt. Lakes, etc.; pass up or down the sinuous courses of the numerous streams with which they are linked, and thus enjoy an excursion richly abounding in sylvan delights, over routes whose aggregate distances would amount to hundreds of miles, without being compelled to abandon their boats, except to traverse the short portages that intervene. But we are passing too hastily; these delightful routes should be taken up in detail and examined more leisurely; so we will return to the St. Regis House.

Lower St. Regis Lake has many features of beauty which we will not pause to describe. Its favorite camping place is at "Peter's Rock," a rugged ledge, projecting boldly from the mainland into the lake and affording an admirable point for shore fishing. It was so called from the famous Indian trapper, Peter Sabbattis, who frequently in ancient days bivouacked by his camp-fire, upon its sloping sides. Osgood Pond not far away, N., as well as Jones' Pond a short distance E. of that, it should be remembered pay tribute to Meacham Lake.

Bay Pond, renowned for its many charms, is visited by passing down the St. Regis River to Keese's Mills (4 m, waters of Black Pond enter here); and "drawing" from thence 4 m* S. W.; or by following the river to the head of "Sixteen Mile Level," (9 m from Smith's,) and carrying therefrom 2 m S. As its name signifies, it is formed of three romantic bays, whose names and proximate dimensions are as follows: South Bay (1 × ½), North Bay (1 × ⅛), West Bay (¾ × ½).

*One authority (Titus) says 8 m.

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From Paul Smith's to Hough's, at head of Upper Saranac Lake, there are two modes of access; one by carriage over a good road for a distance of 17 m, and the other with boats by the following routes: Lower St. Regis Lake 2 m; Spitfire Pond (very pretty) 1 m; Upper St. Regis Lake (2 × ⅝), also beautiful, with its picturesque Birch, Averill, One-tree and Burnt Islands. These waters are linked together by short inlets or narrows. Here a choice of two routes is presented: the one via Big Clear Pond, and the other via St. Regis Pond, the "Chain," and Little Clear Ponds, etc.

(1.) The portage (1⅓ m) to Big Clear Pond, is called the "St. Germain Carry," and horses, for the convenience of parties passing over it, are kept here by an old pioneer half-breed (St. Germain) whose hut stands on the shore of the pond. Travelers, while pausing at his place, will be interested in the variety of dogs and tame deer kept by the aged hunter.

The waters of this sheet are of crystalline purity and exceedingly cold. Its shores are bold and rocky and the scenery encompassing it of considerable interest. Its shape is nearly circular (2 × 2). A trail extends from the W. side to Little Clear Pond, about 2 m. S. W. Crossing Big Clear Pond, the route lies thence down its crooked outlet, S., 4 m to U. Saranac Lake, with a portage at the commencement of less than ¼ m around a dam and rapids. The stream is well cleared of obstructions and easily navigated. Thence a portion of the head of the Lake (W. m) is crossed to reach Hough's. Teams also carry from Big Clear P. to Hough's, in a more direct line. Distance 3 m.

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(2.) From S. W. shore of U. St. Regis Lake, carry 6 r S. W. to Bog Pond (10 acres), interesting only as a deer resort; thence 5 r over "Paul Smith's plank walk," to Bear Pond (40 acres), with 2 islands, and charming surroundings; thence 4 r to Turtle or Middle pond (10 acres); thence 40 r to Little Long Pond (200 acres); thence 50 r to Little Green Pond (30 acres); "one of the clearest gems that spangle the Wilderness;" thence 15 r to St. Regis Pond. (Good camp here).

"These little bodies of water," says Dr. Bixby, "are evidently fed by springs, their waters being perfectly fresh and pure. They have no visible connection with each other, but it is thought that they must be connected by subterranean streams. This is a beautiful region and but little known. There are doubtless numerous other ponds in this vicinity which have never been explored." "St. Regis Pond, covering about 1,000 acres, is a magnificent mountain circled sheet, interspersed with numerous forest covered islands, and is as wild as when the tawny Indian rippled its surface in his bark canoe. The St. Regis Mountain to the N., heaves his dark hulk in the air, and numberless other peaks, frown down upon its waters."—[HAVILAND.

Crossing this, we carry S. ½ m, to Little Clear Pond, another exquisite lakelet, hemmed in by mountainous elevations, with waters of crystal colorness; from thence 1¼ m S. to Big Green Pond (½ × ¼); thence 50 r S. W. to Spring Pond, and thence pass down the short outlet to U. Saranac Lake.

This is called the route of the "Nine Carries." With light baggage and experienced guides, the trip over it can be made in about 4 hours.

Distance from Paul Smith's to Hough's, by either route, 13 to 15 m.

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The journal of one of a party of enterprising sportsmen, who in the year 1869 descended the West Branch of the St. Regis River, and thus opened to the public the mysteries of that hitherto unexplored stream, has been kindly furnished us by its very intelligent author, Dr. Geo. F. Bixby, of Plattsburg, N, Y. A beautiful panoramic map, drawn from the rough notes of this gentleman, and which reflects great credit upon its artist, Mr. H. K. Averell, Jr. accompanies this manuscript. Dr. Bixby and his fellow travelers in this expedition, are entitled to the gratitude of sporting men, for presenting to them this interesting record.

"Pursuing our way through St. Regis Pond, we enter its outlet (W.), and a passage of 1 m takes us into Ochre Pond (60 acres), so named in consequence of plentiful indi cations of fine ochre beds in the vicinity.

"From thence we pass through another stream two miles in length to First Pond, 75 acres, and from this into a small pond closely adjoining, of about 5 acres, at the head of which—where its inlet ripples over the stones—shade of Isaac Walton, what fishing!

"But never mind that. Let us push on down the West Branch of the St. Regis, for we are fairly afloat or aground upon that stream now, going in a north-easterly direction. And here we begin to find the barriers which nature has interposed against the inroads of the tourist and fancy sportsman; barriers which will never be removed except by the ax of lumbermen, which, alas, will too soon be at work here also. From the outlet of Fish Pond to the point where this stream intersects with the outlet of Bay Pond—a distance of perhaps 15 m—there is a region which I will guarantee has never been trodden or navigated to any great extent by pleasure seekers! Guides

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cannot be hired at any price to traverse it. St. Regis sportsmen avoid this portion of the river by going from Paul Smith's over a carry of 8 m to Bay Pond, and thence down its outlet, striking the main river below this—what our guide called a perfect 'Podgam,' whatever that may be. For miles and miles we were obliged to drag our boats over stones, under, over, through and around logs, alders and brush heaps; we lifted them over almost insurmountable places, 'shot' them through rapids and made them do all sorts of preposterous things in a style which would cause any one but a thorough backwoodsman to stand aghast. Once we run our best boat upon a sharp rock, knocking a hole into the bottom through which the water rushed like a torrent. 'Then we three pilgrims,' made up our minds that we were lost and wished ourselves on the timber road, which Dick had taken when he left us, but our guide was prepared for just such an emergency—producing a piece of tin, tacks and spruce gum, he soon made the boat good as new, and we went on our way rejoicing. Here we passed a resting place of cranes, who never inhabit any but the most undisturbed and inaccessible retreats. We counted 10 new nests upon one tree, and probably there were 100 of them upon ½ an acre of ground. We also, much to our surprise, came upon a colony of beavers, which, as we subsequently learned, was the only one in the State of any size. We counted nine dams in a space of 3 m, some of them very old, but three or four exhibiting abundant fresh signs of a numerous colony. Large tracts of ground had been almost entirely cleared by these industrious animals, within a short space of time, the stumps of some of the trees being over eight inches in diameter. One fresh dam set back over ¼ of a mile and had a fall of 2½ feet. Here the trout ran in shoals,

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and I verily believe a man could catch a barrel of them in a day, if his powers of endurance were sufficient.

"And now John took occasion to give us a practical illustration of his ideas concerning the proper mode of trout fishing. Cutting a long green pole, about as heavy as he could comfortably swing, he rigged a small hawser to it, baited his hook with a pork rind, and 'went in.'

"Those trout would 'bite' anything, and no sooner did one take hold than John would give a mighty 'twitch,' taking the astonished trout out with a 'swish' and landing him many rods away into the woods.

"Down we went past Bay Pond outlet; a magnificent river we were upon now—plenty of water, but still occasionally a log or two to haul the boats over—very tortuous our course was, going upon an average 4 m to progress one, and each turn disclosing a new scene of beauty.

"Plenty of fresh signs of deer now, miles of marsh so trodden up by them that you would think a hundred or two of sheep had been turned loose there.

"Here one plunges into and crosses the river just in front of the boat, and there stands another peering curiously out at us through the alders.

"Now we come to Little Falls, near the St. Lawrence County line, a splendid cascade, falling 15 or 20 ft. in 10 r; around this we 'carry,' which brings us to the 'Eight Mile Stillwater." Then 3 m of rapids down which the boats had to be 'tailed,' a man wading and keeping fast hold of a rope attached to the stern; one false step and away would have gone boat and baggage.

"Next we came to the 'Five Mile Stillwater,' then more falls around which was a carry of 40 r, next 1 m of ugly rapids, another fall with carry of 15 r, after which 5 m of good smooth rowing took us to an old

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saw mill 7 m above Parishville,* and our "grand tour" was closed.

"We had camped for nine successive nights, traveling over a distance of not less than 125 m with the boat, and from St. Regis Pond, through the primeval forest of the most magnificent pines that ever grew, which the ax has never touched.

"Very soon, however, a dam will be built at the outlet of St. Regis Pond, that mighty feeder of this wild stream; the alders which now so beautifully fringe its banks will be cut, the flood wood cast loose, the rocks blasted, the pines laid low, the flood gates above will be opened, and all the barriers, together with all these wild beauties will be swept away forever."—[DR. G. F. BIXBY.

Bloomingdale, it will be noticed, is a prominent point on several converging avenues to the Adirondacks. To this place travelers starting from Plattsburg and Port Kent, *en route* for Paul Smith's, Hough's, Baker's, Blood's and Martin's, generally pay tribute. Upon some days 15 or 20 stages arrive here on their way to these different sporting establishments, with which it is connected by splendid carriage roads. Few villages bear a more appropriate name. It is literally a "blooming dale."

It is beautifully located near the forest, among hills, mountains, lakes and rivers, and within a few miles and in plain sight of Whiteface Mountain. The sporting near and around Bloomingdale is not often excelled. Within about 2 m of the village is Moore Pond ($1\frac{1}{2} \bowtie \frac{3}{4}$), which abounds in both lake and speckled trout. One m from that is a small sheet called Grass Pond, charmingly situated and also liberally supplied with trout. The Saranac River passes within $\frac{3}{4}$ m of the village and affords the

*It is 9 m from Parishville to Potsdam, over an excellent road.

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best of fishing, and the same may be said of 3 or 4 little brooks flowing through or near the place.

The drives in the neighborhood are varied and delightful, offering rich displays of landscape loveliness.

Taken altogether it is a charming resort for those wishing to spend a few days of rural life within the precincts of the Adirondacks.

An elegant and commodious hotel, replete with every requisite convenience, with barber-shop and billiard room attached, and capable of entertaining 100 guests, will be completed and opened for business, July 1st, by Messrs. Skiff & Perrigo.

Mail and telegraph facilities perfect—horses, carriages, boats and guides furnished to order.—[J. H. TITUS.

From Bloomingdale to Baker's it is 6 m ; Blood's, 1 m ; Martin's, 1 m. The road, commencing as far back as Franklin Falls, lies along the stately Saranac R., which is almost constantly in view, thus rendering the scenery very interesting to the tourist.

Milote Baker is the veteran hotel and store-keeper of this section. His home-like house presents an inviting appearance from its pleasant situation. Everything that sportsmen require is kept continually on hand. This is also true of "Blood's," at the little hamlet of Harrietstown.

"Martin's," one of the far-famed gateways to the Wilderness, is a most desirable tarrying place for all in quest of health or sporting recreation. The house has recently been greatly enlarged and now affords apartments for 150 guests. The parlors are 64 ft. and the dining hall 84 ft. in length. The rooms are generally large and airy, and are furnished with taste and neatness, and while occupying them one may enjoy most of the comforts of the "St. Nicholas" or "Fifth Avenue," together with all the rare

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and dainty viands the region yields, and at the same time command an exquisite view of the varied beauties that lake, mountain and forest ever give.

For the interest of ladies we will say that the fine croquet ground connected with the premises will afford them agreeable diversion when weary of boating. Stages arrive and depart daily and tri-weekly for Paul Smith's, Hough's, Point of Rocks, North Elba, Wilmington Notch, Keene, Elizabethtown and Westport, and mail and telegraphic communications are complete. Parties, including a goodly sprinkling of ladies, assemble here in large numbers during the summer months, some of whom make this their headquarters, while others proceed to Bartlett's, Corey's, Hough's, Dugett's, Kellogg's, Cary's, Moody's and Graves's, or to camp on some of the many delightful lakes or ponds that form a vast net-work in this romantic Wilderness. Martin furnishes the sportsman with a complete outfit, comprising boats, guides, tents, and all the requisites of camp life; as do also all the hotels above noted.

Some 22 or 23 years ago Mr. Martin located here at the head of this charming bay. The spot at that time was entirely wild, but he has lived to see the forest immediately around him "blossom like the rose." He is a thorough sportsman as well as landlord, and can throw a fly or secure a deer with a skill equal to that of the most finished disciple of Isaac Walton, or the fabled Nimrod. P. O. address is "Wm. F. Martin, Saranac Lake, Franklin County, N. Y."

There is a little settlement here which includes the family of the well-known guide, Stephen C. Martin, the hero of the amusing deer adventure, given in Mr. Murray's fascinating work on the Adirondack's.

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The following are the distances from Martin's to various points of interest:

	MILES.
To Blood's,	1
Baker's,	2
Bloomingdale,	8
Hough's (direct route),	16
Hough's (by water),	20½
Paul Smith's (direct route),	14
Ausable Forks,	33
Point of Rocks,	36
Keeseville,	46
Port Kent,	51
Plattsburg,	56
North Elba,	10
Nash's & Brewster's, Lake Placid,	12
Scott's,	13
Mt. Marcy,	23
Indian Pass,	23
Keene, (old road),	23
Keene, (new road),	25
Elizabethtown,	35
Westport,	43
Wilmington Notch,	16
Wilmington and Whiteface Mountain,	22
Bartlett's,	12

Lower Saranac Lake is 6 m in length with an average width of 2 m. As the tourist threads his way among the numerous rocky islands, (upward of 50 in all) and past its many striking points and jagged headlands, the massive bulwarks of the Adirondacks, including Marcy, Seward, McIntyre and many "lesser lights" to the S. E., the

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Tupper Lake Mountains in the S. W. frequently in view, he cannot fail to admit that this sheet of water possesses many picturesque attractions. But the comeliness of the landscape is sadly marred by the ravages of the many extensive fires, that have swept through the forests in this vicinity. It is said that the echo of one's shout, at some points on this lake, repeats itself 20 times, distinctly enough to be counted. On the W. side, near the foot, there is a curious rocky promontory jutting abruptly out into the lake, called "The Hedgehog," from the elevated summit of which a grand prospect of the most fascinating scenery is enjoyed.

There are many interesting places of resort within easy reach of Martin's, to which we will introduce the sporting traveler. Colby Pond, a lovely lakelet (1½ ⋈ ⅜), N. of the Saranac Lake, is reached by following the wagon road leading (l) from the hotel 2 m, or by paddling across the bay and passing over the good path, ⅛ m, starting from the shore. H. C. Avery lives near the head of this pond, upon a small clearing. Macauley Pond is connected with "Colby" by a carry of 2 m W.; length ¼ m. This sheet is the frequent rendezvous of deer. Martin claims he once saw 19 there at once.

McKensie's Pond (1¼ ⋈ ⅜) is reached by a good path extending from Baker's 2 m S. W. Near the commencement of this portage is the home of Harvey Moody, Street's famous guide. The old veteran (age 63) is hardy and hearty, and still acts as an occasional guide. He continues to believe the "U. Sa'nac is the handsomest of all the lakes." We are indebted to his courtesy for reliable information respecting the woods.

Ray Brook, a branch of the Saranac R., is visited via Blood's and Moody's, also by descending the river from

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the lake. It is full of trout, and when water, wind and season are favorable, a skillful fisherman may capture his "pound a minute until he has his backload." Lonesome Pond ($1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{8}$), which Martin pronounces "the most beautiful of all waters," is visited by boating up the lake 2 m, landing on E. shore at head of Lonesome Pond Bay, and following a path $\frac{3}{4}$ m E. Access is gained to Pine Pond, another pretty body of water, by proceeding with boats up the lake 2 m beyond Lonesome Pond Bay, down the outlet (Saranac R.) 3 m and carrying (r) 1 m. Good portage.

To visit Ampersand Pond, one of the most sequestered as well as most lovely of all the Wilderness sheets, push the boat up the shallow Cold Brook, a most famous trout stream (which enters the Saranac R., r, about 3 m below the lake and near the river end of the portage to Pine Pond), 1 m; and then carry (r) S. W. across a most difficult portage of 5 m leading over a spur of Ampersand Mountain. A good cabin stands near the shore at the termination of the carry, which is the celebrated "Philosopher's Camp," constructed at an expense of great hardship, by Wm. F. Martin, for Agassiz and his companions, Holmes and Lowell, a number of years ago. Ampersand Pond is also reached by a 5 m trail leading from Round Lake. And here, completely embosomed in the forest, where the ax of the woodman has never been heard, at the feet of mountain peaks that guard it on every side as faithful sentinels, reposes this sheet, most lonely in its isolation, most bewitching in its loveliness. So far is it removed from the usual routes, and so very toilsome is the task of its examination, that the deer that frequent its solitudes and the trout that swarm in its waters are not often annoyed by the approach of the sportsman.

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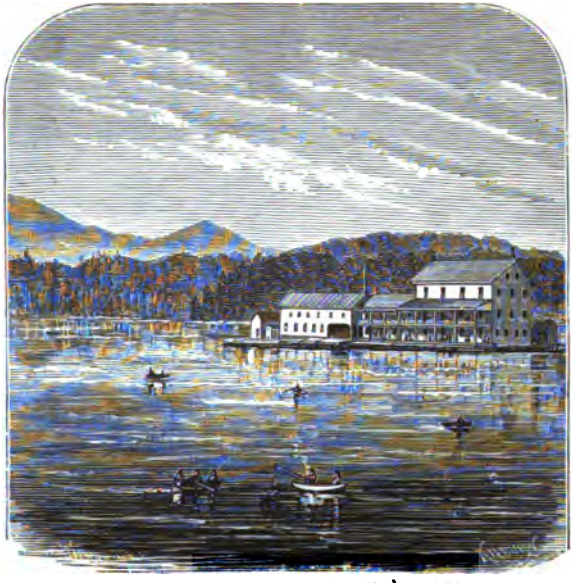

UPPER SARANAC LAKE—MARTIN'S HOTEL.

SARANAC RIVER—BARTLETT'S HOTEL.

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Route from Martin's to Upper Saranac, Long, Raquette, Tupper, &c., Lakes:

Traversing the length of L. Saranac Lake, pausing near the head on the l to quench our thirst, perchance to take our lunch at "Jacob's Well," an ice-cold spring, whose waters come bubbling up from beneath a moss-covered rock—a most romantic spot—a precipitous, rocky bluff near it frowning down upon us, reminding us of "Rogers' Slide," on Lake George, we pass up the Saranac River 3 m to Round Lake. Midway of the two lakes are short rapids, where the river falls about 10 ft within 10 r.

Guides usually "shoot" these rapids when coming down the stream, and tow their boats when ascending it, leaping from rock to rock; but those cautiously inclined prefer to carry (15 r) around them.

Round or Middle Saranac Lake is some 8 m in circumference, and is also an attractive sheet, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills and mountains, including Ampersand, and is decked with several handsome islands. Here again our eyes are charmed by a distant view of the "Adirondack glories." A tree whose foliage assumes the form of an umbrella, furnishes the name for "Umbrella Point." For some unknown reason not yet discovered, Round Lake is an easily-agitated and dangerous water. The breeze that merely ripples other lakes, produces huge waves in this. Crossing this sheet and passing up the Saranac River again, ½ m, (a gigantic boulder marking the point of entrance,) we arrive at Bartlett's Clearing and "Sportsman's Home."

All the essentials furnished at this long established and popular sporting hostelry. From this place there is a smooth portage of 80 rods around the rapids and falls

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(river falling 60 ft.) to U. Saranac Lake, and Bartlett's team does the job of drawing over for the moderate price of 50 cents per load. Upper Saranac, the "Queen Lake" of the Saranac group, is about 8 m in length by 2 to 3 in width.

From this lake there are four different methods of approach to the Tupper waters, two of which are easy and pleasant, the remaining two difficult but exceedingly romantic.

(1.) Cross the foot of the lake (1¼ m) to Corey's place, thence pass

Over Indian Carry, - - - - - - - - - - - -	1 mile.
Over Spectacle Ponds, - - - - - - - - - - -	2 "
Down Stony Creek to Raquette River, - - - -	3 "
Down Raquette River to Big Tupper Lake, -	20 "

(Up Raquette River to Long Lake it is 13¼ m. *See route from Raquette Lake to Forked, Long and Tupper Lakes.*)

Jesse Corey's place is pleasantly located and enjoys a delightful prospect of the broad expanse of this charming lake. Corey is a time-honored guide and is thoroughly familiar with everything pertaining to woodland life and scenery. The celebrated Indian Carry, is a smooth road over a level belt of cleared land. At the other extremity of this portage, on an elevation ¼ m from the first of the Spectacle Ponds, delightfully overlooking its waters, John Dukett's house is situated. In this vicinity, one hundred years ago, the Saranac Indians had their dwelling place, and on an eminence near Dukett's place is a mound-

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like seat where their chief was wont to keep his vigilant watch for the enemy. Here, too, is pointed out the impress in the solid rock of an Indian's foot-print. Corn-fields, in their season, then abounded where second growth timber now covers the ground.

A fine mountain view is afforded from this spot—Seward, Ampersand and other peaks are included in the picture.

Dukett and Corey, with their teams, haul boats and baggage over the Indian Carry—price 75 cents per load.

Near the shore of the first pond, at the termination of the carry, on a smooth grassy lawn, near a crystal spring of unusual size, is a favorite camping place.

The Spectacle Ponds are connected together by short channels. The first and third of these linked beauties are nearly round and about ¼ m in diameter. The second is much larger (the route crosses its narrowest portion) and very irregular in form, an island cutting it nearly in two. There is a blind carry of 2 m from the E. shore of this pond to Bartlett's Landing.

In going from the first to the second pond the "bridge of the nose" is passed by dragging the boat through the short outlet of 4 or 5 r. In passing up these waters on the way to Saranac Lake, a short turn to the left should be made soon after entering the second pond. Just where the Stony Creek departs from the last of these ponds, on its rather shallow and sinuous course to the Raquette River, Ampersand Brook discharges the water it has brought from Ampersand Pond.

At the mouth of this stream we advise the angler to throw his fly, as speckled trout of unusual size frequent this spot.

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(2). From Bartlett's Landing, cross the lake to "Sweeny's Place," (now Daniels,) 2 m above Corey's on W. shore, and pass over the 3 m carry to the Raquette River. From thence to Big Tupper Lake it is 11 m, and hence the distance saved in comparison with the Stony Creek route is about 11 m.

A lovelier picture is rarely seen than that beheld from the Sweeny Place. Beautiful green islands, frequently fringed with beaches of white sand, stud the waters of the lake in front, and on the right and left. Old Whiteface, with the light spot on his brow, ever conspicuous, towers grandly into the sky, asserting his supremacy over many other ambitious peaks that rise and face him, dim and hazy in the distance. Far, far beyond the vision's utmost grasp, the unbroken forest stretches away. It is a scene to be viewed for hours with increasing delight. The "Sweeny Carry" is a pleasant forest road, passing for most of the distance through an immense "sugar bush." Wm. H. Daniel and his brother, one occupying the house on the lake, the other living at the river end of the portage, do the business of transportation. Price $1.50 per load.

Parties visiting this lake, usually camp upon Bear Point, 3 m above Daniel's; Watch Point 2 m above that; Buck Island and Goose Island 2 or 3 m from the head; and Birch Island near the foot of the lake.

Eastern capitalists own much of the land in this section. A Mr. Grant is possessor of thousands of acres on the Raquette River. Mr. Norton of Plattsburg, is owner of a large tract adjacent to the Saranac waters, including "Hough's Place."

Many an Adirondack "farm" reverts back to the State for unpaid taxes.

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(3). Fish Creek enters the lake on W. side, 3 m above Daniel's and 5 m below Hough's. By paddling up the stream a short distance, admission is gained to a chain of upwards of 20 smiling ponds, closely interlacing with each other, which may be visited in detail without carrying over 100 r in the entire trip. In regular order, Lower, Middle and Upper Fish Creek, and Big Square Ponds are traversed. It is ¼ m up the creek from Upper Pond to Mud Pond, and 1 m from thence up the same stream to Duck Pond; Little Copperas and Little Square Ponds follow in close succession; and 1 m farther still by inlet takes us to Floodwood Pond. Here the route becomes identical with route No. 4. In this "Hunters Paradise" the sportsman's "occupation is (*never*) gone."*

(4). Hough's Hotel is situated at the north end and near the inlet of the Upper Saranac Lake, at an elevation of 1700 feet above tide water. It commands a water view of nearly three miles in a semi-circle, dotted here and there with beautiful islands, forming a picture of transcendent loveliness. Beyond are numerous elevations of great variety and beauty, and farther back tower the principal mountains of the Adirondacks. Whiteface, Marcy, McIntyre, Seward, Long Lake Mountains, Ampersand, Mt. Morris and Tupper Lake Range, Wolf and Long Pond Mountains, and the St. Regis, are all visible from the hotel.

The scenery at this point may be ranked with the finest in the Wilderness, and should be seen by all tourists to the Adirondacks. The house, with its new and extensive

*Deer Pond is reached by a carry leading westward from the W. shore, at a point about midway between the mouth of Fish Creek and Daniel's place.

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additions is adapted to the wants of 75 to 100 guests The fishing for ten months of the year it is claimed, is better at and in its immediate vicinity than at any other locality.

Within a radius of three miles are over *thirty* lakes and ponds, all richly abounding in fish.

The head of the Upper Saranac Lake has always been a famous hunting ground, and is still entitled to that reputation.

The house is furnished at all times with venison from the hills and mountains, of which it is in sight. Other desirable fishing and hunting grounds are easily reached from this place.

Stages run daily, morning and evening, over the splendid turnpike road through the forest to Bloomingdale, to connect with the Ausable and other lines.

P. O. address "D. S. Hough, Bloomingdale, Essex County, N. Y."

Route from Hough's to Big Tupper Lake, via Hoel, Floodwood, Rollins, etc., Ponds, with proximate distances:

Inlet,	¾	mile.
Spring Pond,	⅛	"
Portage,	⅛	"
Green Pond,	⅛	"
Portage,	⅛	"
Hoel Pond,	1	"
Portage,	5	rods.
Mud Turtle Pond,	1	mile.
Stream,	10	rods.
Slang Pond,	⅛	mile.
Portage,	½	"

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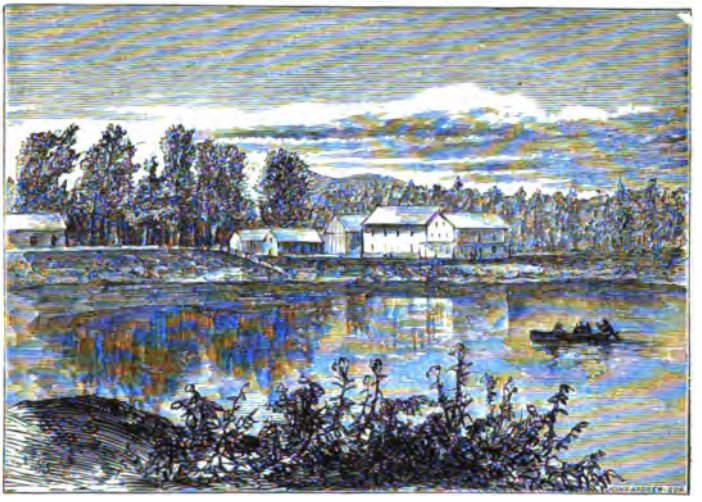
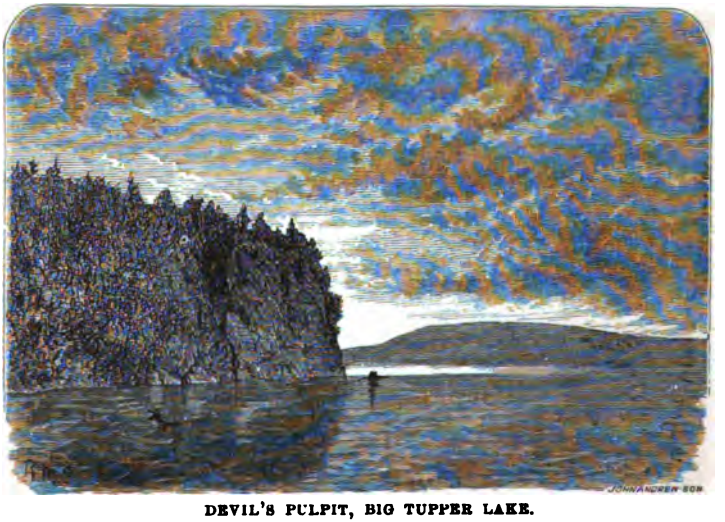


HEAD OF UPPER SARANAC LAKE—HOUGH'S HOTEL.



DEVIL'S PULPIT, BIG TUPPER LAKE.

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Big Long Pond,	2 miles
Portage,	1 "
Floodwood Pond,	1½ "
Portage,	¼ "
Rollin's Pond,	2 "
Portage,	¼ "
Mosquito Pond,	½ "
Portage,	1½ "
Little Long Pond,	½ "
Portage,	1½ "
Big Wolf Pond,	3 "
Portage,	½ "
Little Wolf Pond,	¾ "
" " Brook,	5 "
Raquette Pond,	1 "
" River,	2 "
Total,	29 miles.

Spring Pond is noted for the transparency of its waters. Green Pond is a most lovely sheet. Hoel Pond is famed for the abundance of trout it furnishes *all the year through.* Mud Turtle Pond affords but few lily-pads for deer. Slang Pond, on the contrary, is silvered over with them, especially at its upper extremity, and hence is very attractive to this animal. Portions of the shores of Big Long Pond are composed of marshy ground.

Between Big Long and Floodwood Ponds a stream enters the outlet, flowing from Rainbow and Pine Ponds N. W.; by carrying N. W. from these waters we may reach Dry Channel, Ledge, Windfall, Blue, McDonald, East etc. Ponds, sources of the St. Regis River.

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Floodwood Pond has several very pretty islands, one of which is called Beaver Isle.

It is a beautiful and favorite location for camping. From the pond by route No. 3, we may descend the Fish Creek waters 7 m to the U. Saranac, and pass from thence up the lake to Hough's. Distance, 5 m.

Rollin's or Rawlin's Pond, contains Camp and 3 or 4 other picturesque islands. By following the inlet entering its N. extremity from the N. W., we may visit White Pine Pond; and by carrying from thence we reach Mountain, River, Wells etc. Ponds, headwaters of Jordan and St. Regis Rivers. Whey and Big Square Pond, lie a short distance E. of Rollin's Pond. Mosquito Pond is a dismal sheet; shores low and swampy; scenery gloomy and desolate.

Between Mosquito and Little Long Ponds, acres of the marshy ground tremble beneath our feet like the throbbing caused by an earthquake. "Ring's Shanty," with a cold spring near, stands on the shore of Big Wolf Pond, where the portage to Little Wolf Pond commences.

Little Wolf Pond is circular in shape, and is renowned for the large size of the trout it contains. Within a year past, Dr. Perkins, of Albany, brought one over the side of his boat, weighing 25½ lbs. Just below the pond a stream enters Wolf Brook, flowing from Lead and Woodbury Ponds, lying E. and N. E. Wolf Brook is exceedingly crooked and frequently shallow. Raquette Pond or Lough Neak is a quiet and pretty little lake about (2½ × ½). A pleasing view is here obtained of the Adirondack Range. "Capt. Peter's Rocks" rise from the water near the foot. It is related that Capt. Peter, father of Mitchell Sabbattis —a famous sire of a famous son—in former times made a practice of secreting his game and traps among these granite masses.

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The "Wolf Pond Route," as this is called, being rough and swampy in many places, is only traveled by adventurous hunters and fishermen. Ladies never attempt to follow it.

. . . . . .

At the village of Ausable Forks, at the junction of the E. and W. branches of the Ausable River, the traveler journeying toward the Saranac waters may diverge from the plank road by a new and most romantic route which is rapidly becoming a popular avenue to the Wilderness. It possesses the advantages of being a shorter route than the one *via* Franklin Falls, and what is more interesting, it passes through the celebrated Wilmington Notch, a deep and wonderful chasm piercing the E. flank of Whiteface Mountain.

From Ausable Forks to Wilmington *via* Lower Jay it is 11 m; *via* Black Brook, 9 m; and thus the route may be shortened 2 m by making Black Brook instead of Ausable Forks the diverging point, and pursuing the W. branch in place of the E. branch of the Ausable.

Wilmington to Wilmington Notch, 6 m; North Elba, 6 m; Martin's, *via* Blood's, 10 m. The Whiteface Mountain House, at Wilmington, is located on the banks of the W. Ausable and near the base of Whiteface Mountain, in the midst of some of the most grand and imposing scenery of the Adirondacks. Some 40 or 50 visitors can be handsomely entertained at this house and they will be furnished with boats to use on the stream and conveyances for ascending the mountains. From base to summit the distance is 6½ m. Parties are conveyed with carriages 2½ m; here saddle horses are taken for the remainder of the ascent, 3¾ m. Messrs. Weston & Ayer, the enterprising proprietors of the Mountain House, have

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erected a rustic lodge near the summit, in which good board and comfortable lodging can be obtained. Hospitality nearly a mile above tide is a virtue worthy of celebration.

Whiteface Mountain derived its name from an avalanche that swept down its western slope nearly 70 years ago. Viewed from a distance this slide presents a whitish appearance, especially near the crown. Whiteface is in some respects the grandest pinnacle in this princely range. Several authorities from recent surveys pronounce it the loftiest. It furnishes, according to Emmons, a greater extent of surface upon its summit, formed of chaotic masses of rocks, than any other mountain of the northern counties. It is abrupt in its acclivities, symmetrical in its proportions, isolated in its situation, and commands the most extended and magnificent prospect of all the group. Looking toward the E. we behold the broad bosom of Lake Champlain, the emerald slopes of the Green Mountains, the shadowy outlines of the "White Hills," with intervening woodland and cultivated fields; to the S. Adirondack sublimity breaks upon the eye—"majestic forms towering above airy masses"—proudly conspicuous among which are Nipple Top and the grand Tahawus; in the W. we discern a limitless expanse of dense forests where gleams of silver disclose the location of the Saranacs, the Tuppers, and a multitude of other lakes; while at the N. we overlook the flashing mirror of Lake Ontario, the glittering waters of the St. Lawrence, the spires and turrets of Montreal, and the far-spreading wilderness of the Canadas. At the foot of the mountain lies Lake Placid—"a picture of fairy land"—a most lovely feature of a landscape presenting such variety "that all the elements of beauty and grandeur seem blended together."

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JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE.

SUMMIT OF WHITE FACE MOUNTAIN.

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Stages depart daily from the Mountain House for Point of Rocks, North Elba, Martin's, Elizabethtown, &c.

Leaving Wilmington and approaching the Notch we pause to inspect and admire on the way the Flume (2½ m), as attractive a natural wonder as the Flume of the White Mountains; Little Falls (3¾ m), a dashing, charming cascade; Big Falls, where the stream leaps down a perpendicular precipice of 100 ft. into the dark abyss below, and Copperas Pond (100 acres) lying far up the slopes of Promontory Mountain, whose waters are strongly impregnated with sulphate of iron and in whose vicinity native copperas abounds in rich profusion. Entering the colossal portals of the Pass we are filled with amazement and awe by its utter wildness and savage grandeur. Here the Ausable, compressed to a few feet in breadth, bursts through the mountain obstruction and thunders onward in its furious career. On the right, Whiteface, with almost perpendicular ascent, towers in awful majesty 2,000 ft. above its bed; upon the opposite side another precipitous mass attains an altitude of nearly equal sublimity. Thus for 2 m does this terrific gorge extend, and through one-eighth of that distance these tremendous walls so nearly approach each other that scant space is allowed for the road and stream. Shortly after emerging from this wonderful gateway of natural masonry, by bearing to the r, by a "turn-off" from the traveled route, Lake Placid may be examined; but it is usually visited by private conveyance from North Elba, from which it is 2 m distant. At the termination of this branch road the tourist will find two very comfortable lake-side retreats—Nash's and Brewster's—where all his wants will be carefully consulted. The former can accommodate 20 and the latter 30 guests.

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Nash's Lake, formerly called Bennett's Pond ($1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{?}{4}$), lying E. about $\frac{1}{8}$ m, is reached by a good path, and N. of that a short distance lies Conery Pond ($1 \times \frac{1}{4}$).

Paradox Pond connects with Lake Placid at its southern extremity by a narrow strait, its only inlet or outlet. A curious phenomenon gives this sheet its name. A swift current of water flows from the lake into the pond for a space of 3 or 4 minutes, and after an interval of about 7 minutes the current is reversed—the water discharging into the lake again. This mysterious action is of perpetual occurrence.

Lake Placid ($5 \times 1\frac{1}{8}$) is the principal source of W. Ausable River. Being partially divided longitudinally by a row of islands (Buck, Moose and Hawk Isles,) it almost assumes the form of 2 distinct bodies of water, which are locally termed "East," and "West" Lake. It is distinguished for the crystalline clearness of its waters, its unique and comely proportions, and its grand and fascinating surroundings. A combination of lake, forest and mountain scenery is here presented, perhaps unsurpassed in all the Adirondack Region. Old Whiteface, the most prominent feature in the landscape, rises majestically from the head of the lake, the personification of loftiness and loneliness. To ascend this mountain upon this side, parties pass up the lake with boats and follow the footway leading from the beach. The rise is very gradual at the commencement, but as the summit is approached becomes quite abrupt. The ascent and return trip to Nash's or Brewster's, however, is comfortably accomplished within a day. Even ladies have performed all this without suffering great fatigue.

Fishing and hunting are as good in this vicinity as at any other locality in the mountainous section, though fish

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and deer are not generally as abundant among the mountains as on the plateau.

John Brown's* "historic grave," a modern "Mecca," and the objective point of many a pilgrimage, is within ½ m of North Elba, and the same distance from the highway leading to Martin's, being clearly visible from the road. "His grandfather's tombstone, brought at his request from Massachusetts, marks the spot, and loving hands have planted roses and other flowers over and around his resting place. The humble residence of 'Old Ossawatamie,' from which he and his boys departed for Harper's Ferry and to which their inanimate remains were returned, stands on a high bluff on the W. bank of the Ausable." This with the farm, which lies adjacent to Scott's, have been secured by a company consisting of Miss Kate Fields, Isaac H. Bailey, John E. Williams, Wm. H. Lee, Geo. A. Robbins, G. C. Ward, D. R. Martin, Chas. A. Smith, Isaac Sherman, Elliot C. Cowden, Thos. Murphy, Chas. G. Judson, Salem H. Wales, Sinclair Toucey, Horace C. Claflin, Henry Clews, LeGrand B. Cannon, S. B. Chittenden and J. S. Schultz. To the untiring exertions of the fair name that heads the list, this company is indebted for its organization. Its object is to hold this property as a remembrancer of the most startling event in the extraordinary career of the "martyr hero."

. . . . . .

Again the tourist approaching the Saranac Lakes *via* Plattsburg or Port Kent may visit the lovely Keene Valley by making a detour from the regular route, also at Ausable Forks, and following the E. or S. branch of the Ausable over a good road. To Lower Jay, a very pretty

*This name should not be confounded with that of the former owner of John Brown's Tract, from whom that section derives its name.

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village, it is 6 m ; Upper Jay, 3 m ; Keene, 5 m ; Scott's, 10 m ; North Elba, 3 m ; Martin's, 10 m. From Keene up the valley to Keene Flats village, 5 m ; Alma L. Beede's, at the head of the "flats," 2½ m. Here the road proper terminates, but a rough woods road, passable for wagons, extends 3½ m farther S. to Lower Ausable Pond. Within the town of Keene the Adirondack Range reaches its loftiest culminations, and Keene Valley is one of the wildest and most enchanting of all the nooks in this region of wildness and beauty. No place commands more glorious panoramic views. The entire horizon is grandly serrated with mountain pinnacles. It is hemmed in and overlooked by Bald Peak, Camel's Hump, Haystack, Bear Mountain, Giant of the Valley, Indian Face, Hopkins', Baxter's and Dix's Peaks, and with his mighty head uplifted above the dark shoulders of his subordinates, Tahawus, the "sky piercer," vulgarly termed Marcy, the monarch of these almost countless peaks—this veritable "Legion of Five Hundred." So nearly contiguous are some of these pyramidal towers, that the valley which they overshadow, is in certain places scarcely of sufficient width to accommodate both the road and the river. The narrow district thus encompassed, 5 to 8 m in length, possesses, perhaps, with its environs, a richer variety of natural beauties in the way of lake, mountain, chasm and cascade, than any other section of equal extent within the boundaries of these "Northern Wilds." A full description of the delightful rambles and the superlative attractions belonging to this neighborhood would require more space than the size of our volume will allow. We can only briefly allude to the most important features of this exceedingly interesting section.

Clifford Falls, which occur upon a brook, an affluent of

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the Ausable, 2 m N. W. of Keene, are reached by wagon road, a branch of the North Elba route. Their height is about 60 ft. and the romantic chasm through which they pour is itself one of the most attractive features of this locality. From the bridge spanning the gorge we have a magnificent view of them.

Sherburne Falls, upon the Ausable, are 1 m S. of Keene, near the main road. Their greatest height is about 50 ft. and they present a rich array of charming scenery.

Haines's, or more correctly, Hull's Falls, also upon the Ausable, 1 m S. of Sherburne Falls, are thus described by the spicy and brilliant pen of a lady correspondent of the Brooklyn *Union:*

"After a drive of 3 m along the ever-pleasant Ausable, after fording the rushing river to their unspeakable consternation and delight, and after undergoing thrills of excitement every time the wagon went over a stone lest either the intrepid young woman who did the driving with the red reins should fall off her end, or upset the equally intrepid young women who were driven off *their* end of the very small allowance of seat—after all these and many more little adventures had been passed or forgotten, we came to Hull's Falls.

"Now, what I particularly admire in the Adirondack Region is this: the people never brag. Reason—they have plenty to brag about, consequently they never do it. In other places you hear unlimited eloquence lavished upon a lake (now I'm thinking of Saratoga, but don't mention it), and you take a long drive to see a miserable, stupid, low-banked little affair, no more to be compared to the Saranacs or Placid than I am to Hercules, or any other man. Or you are carried through perspiring distances to see a waterfall, and you behold a wretched little

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stream leaking over a few rocks in a fit of placid despair. Here, on the contrary, they mention incidentally, when you tell them on what road you propose to drive, 'Wal, there's some falls along there, some folks think rather handsome; p'raps you'd like to look at 'em as you go by.' You deign to cast a casual glance at the river occasionally on the strength of this mild suggestion, and you are astonished with a vision of a second Trenton. Hull's Falls are not so very high—not more than 30 or 40 ft. of sheer pitch, I should think, and then 10 or 20 more of roaring broken torrents over enormous rocks—but they are very grand indeed. There are the green wooded banks of the stream above the old log bridge, and the noisy rapids tearing along, and just below the bridge down go these fearful masses of rock, and roaring, frantic, foaming water, and below them again the straight grey mountain walls towering up against the blue sky. They are like the great fall at Trenton—not quite so wide, and the amber color of the water not quite so deep, but with a more savage wildness of expression, a greater ruggedness of rock and ferocity of water well suited to their wild surroundings."

Phelps Falls, so named in honor of the distinguished guide, Orson S. Phelps, of whom we shall have more to say, are situated upon a little stream near its entrance into the Ausable, a short distance N. of Keene Flats. The old hunter's habitation stands within a few rods of the falls, which have a descent of 100 ft. Here, too, much that is lovely and romantic fill the scene.

Up John's Brook 3 or 4 m, which also empties near Keene Flats, are Big Falls; and 3 or 4 m above them, upon the same stream, are Bushnell's Falls; both of which are very sequestered and most charming. They are accessible only by pathway.

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About 40 r W. of the road leading to Ausable Ponds, and near Alma L. Beede's place, are Russell Falls. Here the Ausable River shoots with tremendous velocity through a winding granite pass ⅛ of a mile in extent, whose massive walls tower upward perhaps 200 ft. above the thundering torrent. Within this distance the river falls about 150 ft. but makes no perpendicular leap of over 25 ft. At one place, about midway of the gorge, it descends some 50 ft. within 6 or 8 r, forming a most beautiful circular cascade. So narrow is this chasm that it is very hazardous to pass through it when the stream is high, if not impossible.

Beaver Meadow Falls, 1½ or 2 m farther up the Ausable, strikingly resemble Russell Falls, but are on a more extended scale. Good paths lead to them from the road, which passes within 50 to 80 r of the place.

The river falls 378 ft. between Lower Ausable Pond and Beede's house, which includes Russell and Beaver Meadow Cascades.

Rainbow Falls, occurring upon Cascade or Rainbow Brook, are about 50 r N. W. of the northern extremity of the Lower Ausable Pond. Tourists walk up the bed of the stream to visit them.

"This remarkable cascade," says Watson, "forms a striking feature of this wild, picturesque region. It is upon a small tributary of the S. or E. branch of the Ausable River. The fall is estimated to be 125 to 140 ft. in sheer vertical descent. The site is separated from the nearest human residence on the Keene Flats, by a dense forest, 3 or 4 m in extent and is hidden in the recesses of the vast wilderness of the Adirondacks. It has but lately been revealed to public notice. The falls are at present accessible only by a path through the forest; but they have already excited the attention of the artist and

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explorer, and it is in contemplation to immediately open by convenient roads, a district that will be regarded not among the least attractive or interesting in the Adirondack Region, to the sportsman and the worshiper of Nature in her secluded temples.

"About 4 m N. E. of Rainbow Falls, upon the branch of the Roaring Creek, and hidden among the cliffs and forests, another cascade will be found, if possible still more impressive and remarkable, namely, Beede's or Roaring Brook Falls. There are in reality two falls in connection: one leaps over a vertical precipice into the deep gorge; the other rushes down 250 ft. in a rapid descent, along a groove 5 ft. in depth, which by the force of the water has been worn into the solid rock."

Let us quote again in reference to these falls: "Leaving Hull's Falls behind, we passed through leafy woods along the river in a gentler mood. Lovely openings in the soft, green foliage showed us sweet serene glimpses of narrow intervale dotted with feathery elms, and opening out in little vistas of sunlit meadow-beauty fit for an English park, reminding us of Tennyson's landscape, where

> ——"'Grey twilight poured,
> On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
> A haunt of ancient Peace.'

"At last, after a walk about twice as long as we expected, we came upon the falls—Roaring Brook Falls, I believe they are called—and all perils of flood and field were at once forgotten. The scenery was like Bash-bish, but much finer, and at the head of the gorge, right before us, towered an immense perpendicular granite wall, fully

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RAINBOW OR CORINNE FALLS.

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300 ft. high, through a narrow cleft in which fell the water sheer from the top to the rocks at our feet, dashed into millions of sparkling drops long ere it touched the bottom. I cannot imagine that the Staubach can be any grander, and the fall at Bash-bish fades into insignificance before this wonderful leap. You can see the top and bottom of the fall for some distance down the stream, but a twist in the chasm prevents your seeing it in its whole extent unless you climb a pinnacle of rock just where the water strikes the earth again. Here you see the whole length of this glorious cascade from its first plunge over the brow of the precipice—so high above you that the trees which crown it look like shrubs—down to the gathering of the scattered drops below your feet, from whence they dash from rock to rock, making miniature falls and cool, trembling pools for 200 ft. more of slow and gradual descent.

"While we looked and admired and did homage, the boys, whom we had pressed into our service, having first inquired if we thought it would be very wicked to make a fishing rod on Sunday, caught us a string of trout—such speckled beauties, with which we went home rejoicing, and even the frightful fords were trampled through with satisfied hearts, though bruised and aching feet, after such a feast of beauty as we had had that morning. The trout graced our tea-table, a welcome addition to its homely fare, for here is no pampering of dainty appetites, except with delicious cream and eggs and butter."—[L. F.

Roaring Brook Falls are also near the Ausable Pond road (½ m W.) and within a few rods of Smith Beede's house. Wagons approach within 20 r of them.

The charming mountain-environed Chapel Pond, source of Roaring Brook, lying 1 m E. of these falls, in a deep

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gorge between the Ausable and Boquet Rivers, is reached by a good path. This sheet is fed by two other little tarns, most worthy objects of the explorer's attention. One of them, which is about 20 r in diameter, lies ¼ m N. E. and nestles in a little nook set in the point of a mountain—like a diamond in a mass of agate—and at an elevation of half a thousand feet above Chapel Pond. An irregular, precipitous wall of solid masonry forms its savage and romantic surroundings. The other pond (¼ × ⅛) is 200 or 300 ft. higher and lies ½ m E. of Chapel Pond. Its borders are less abrupt and interesting, but nevertheless it is wildly attractive.

One and a half miles S. E. of Chapel Pond, is Round or Bullet Pond (⅓ × ¼), serving as the fountain head of Boquet R. Not far from Roaring Brook Falls, S. W., also within a few rods of the Pond road, is another interesting object for contemplation, viz: Gill Brook Flume, and from this leads a blind trail S. 3 m to still another natural wonder, yet to be examined; namely, the "Hunter's Pass." Other scenes of equal beauty are revealed to those who penetrate more deeply into these solitudes. It has been beautifully expressed that "Nature cunningly hides the gems of her landscape a little away from the noisy and dusty paths, and imposes the condition of leisure, calmness of mind, and reverent seeking, before they shall be enjoyed."—[THOMAS STARR KING.

The traveler should not depart from Keene Valley without visiting the lovely Ausable Ponds—headwaters of the E. Ausable River. They are placed in the midst of scenery of remarkable wildness and sublimity. Gigantic mountain sentinels guard them on every hand, gazing solemnly upon their own sombre shadows in the still waters beneath

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CHAPEL POND.

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The Lower Pond is about $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$, and the Upper Pond about $2 \times \frac{1}{2}$. The stream that links them together is unnavigable and they are accessible from each other by a portage of 1 m. Trout of superior quality are very plentiful in these waters. Commodious boats are kept there for the accommodation of parties. The mountains of resort from the Keene district are Hurricane, Baxter's, Hopkins' and Dix's Peaks, the Giant, Camel's Hump, Marcy, Haystack, Skylight, Basin, Saddleback and Gothic Mountains, the last 6 of which are most readily reached from the Ausable Ponds. The distance to the summit of Mt. Marcy by trail from the foot of the Upper Pond is 5 m N. W. It is perhaps more frequently ascended from Keene Flats, the nearest village to this mountain, by a path that follows the course of John's Brook S. W., intersecting with what is called the Panther Gorge Trail, which lies up the E. side. The distance by this route is about 9 m and it passes within sight of Big Falls and Bushnell's Falls, heretofore named, and a most wonderful cascade which plunges down the side of Marcy 1,000 ft. into the dark and impenetrable caverns of the Panther Gorge, forming a spectacle, when the water has sufficient volume, thrilling and magnificent in the highest degree. This gorge is a tremendous ravine, formed by the precipitous sides of Mt. Marcy and Haystack Mt. Its walls in some places tower aloft in perpendicular ascent to an altitude of ten or twelve hundred feet.

Boreas Pond ($1\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{3}{4}$), S. W. of the Upper Ausable Pond, is reached by boating up the inlet, really the Ausable River, 3 m, and following a trail from thence 2 m. The Boreas, a source of the Hudson by the Boreas River, is in reality two distinct bodies of water connected by short narrows. It is an uninteresting sheet with marshy shores

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but yields large numbers of speckled trout and commands to the N. a grand and most fascinating mountain prospect. Eight or 10 m S. W. of it the forest village of Tahawus, or Lower Iron Works, is situated. The remains of a long abandoned beaver settlement are still observable in this vicinity. The old trapper, Orson S. Phelps, thus writes to the *Keene County Paper* in reference to this subject :—

"On a beaver meadow some five miles west of the Upper Lake, and 3 m N. W. of the Boreas Pond, and on the outlet near White Lily Pond, I found a beaver town or city, or about one acre of ground that was once water, I suppose, that is covered about as thick as it can be with beaver huts or houses and leave them room to go between. They were not particular about their streets being straight or square, but their houses are uniform. It is all grown over now with a beautiful grove of tamarack. I did not see a mark of an ax within a mile of it until I made it. The houses are about the size of a two barrel caldron kettle. I presume about the time Champlain was making his first trip into the Lake there were lively times with beaver in that pond, as it probably was a pond at that time."

This pioneer guide and engineer of most of the routes that scale the heights of the Keene Pyramids, whose numerous explorations have gained for him the *sobriquet* of the "Old Man of the Mountains," in a style characteristic of him, thus replies to some of our enquiries :—"I guess I am about as well known as I ought to be ; there is nothing historic about me except making a road to the top of Mt. Marcy from the south and east. Twenty-two years ago I climbed Old Tahawus from the E. and descended it to the S., and from all I can learn I was the first man that traveled either of those routes.

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Since then I have traveled them many times and seen many wonderful sights, but I am now 55 years old and about done climbing Mt. Marcy. Smith Beede, Harvey Holt and myself, all of Keene Flats, are old woodsmen, hunters and fishermen."

Mr. Phelps furnished us much valuable information relative to the Keene district, and also a map of that unsurveyed section, drawn by himself, which displays much artistic merit.

Thus it is shown that this secluded valley, which though within easy reach of the main avenues is but little visited, is far better entitled to examination than many of the resorts more widely known and therefore crowded throughout the season.

The pleasant boarding houses of N. M. Dibble (Tahawus House) and H. Washbond, at Keene Flats, afford agreeable, home-like quarters for sojourners in the Valley. The former can entertain 40 or 50 visitors; the latter nearly as many. At Alma L. Beede's, too, (Phineas Beede's old place) 20 or 25 boarders may be accommodated. By ascending a hill directly back of this house a mountain picture may be enjoyed, sublime and impressive beyond expression, the grand masses of the Adirondacks stretching out distinctly visible, for a distance of more than 30 m.

Bell's Hotel at Keene is a well finished and capacious structure and offers good conveniences for a large number.

From Keene to Elizabethtown the distance is 12 m, the route thither diverging at right angles from the Valley road about midway between Keene and Keene Flats.

Twenty-first—PORT KENT, 15 m S. of Plattsburg, oc-

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cupies a commanding eminence nearly opposite Burlington, Vt., with which it is connected by steam ferry. The view afforded from its elevated site is very extended and beautiful. The route from thence lies via Keeseville, 5 m S. W.

Between these 2 villages (3 m from Port Kent and 2 from Keeseville) occurs the celebrated "Ausable Chasm," "or, as it was formerly called, 'the Walled Banks of the Ausable,' situated on the Ausable R. The plank road crosses a bridge at the head of the gorge, and the chasm, along its whole length, is easily accessible from the public highway. Hence, it may be visited without labor or fatigue. This stupendous phenomenon has been well described as 'one of the natural wonders of the world.'

"Miss Bremer, the Swedish author, while gazing on the scene with enraptured wonder and the delight of genius, exclaimed, that 'a visit to it would reward a voyage from Europe'. Lying almost upon the line of one of the most thronged routes of pleasure travel on the continent, and reached with every desirable facility,—and in addition, associated with numerous and varied other objects of interest, it is surprising that any tourist, in pursuit of the beautiful and imposing in nature, should pass through Lake Champlain without pausing and turning aside to explore the 'Chasm of the Ausable'. It may be reached by a pleasant steamboat excursion from Burlington, or a delightfnl ride of 12 m from Plattsburg; or, if preferred, the Whitehall and Plattsburg R. R. will take the traveler to the depot at Peru, from whence he will be conveyed in excellent carriages, by the way of Keeseville, to the Chasm, or directly there, a distance ot about 7 m. The usual course, is to land at Port Kent and proceed at once to the scene, or to ride to Keeseville, and visit it at greater leis-

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ure. It will claim more than a transient and cursory examination. The superior hotels at Keeseville, the interesting objects of attraction in that village, and the pleasant drives in the vicinity, would render a sojourn there peculiarly agreeable. Regular stage coaches meet the steamers at Port Kent, and livery carriages may always be ordered from Keeseville to accommodate individuals or parties.

"The passage of the Ausable R along its lofty and perpendicular banks and through the Chasm at the high bridge, is more familiar to the public mind than most of the striking and picturesque features of that romantic stream. The continued and gradual force of the current, aided perhaps by some vast effort of nature, has formed a passage of the river through the deep layers of sand-stone rock, which are boldly developed above the village of Keeseville, and form the embankments of the river, until it reaches the quiet basin below the high bridge. In the vicinity of Keeseville, the passage of the stream is between a wall on either side of 50 ft in height; leaving these the river glides gently along a low valley, until suddenly hurled over a precipice, that creates a fall of singular beauty. Foaming and surging from this point, over a rocky bed until it reaches the village of Birmingham, it there abruptly bursts into a dark, deep chasm of 60 ft. A bridge, with one abutment setting upon a rock that divides the stream, crosses the river at the head of this fall. This bridge is perpetually enveloped in a thick cloud of spray and mist. In winter, the frost work encrusts the rocks and trees, with the most gorgeous fabrics: myriads of columns and arches, and icy diamonds and stalactites glitter in the sunbeams. In the sunshine, a brilliant rainbow spreads its radiant arc over this deep abyss. All these elements, rare

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in their combination, shed upon this scene an effect inexpressibly wild, picturesque and beautiful. The river plunges from the latter precipice amid the embrasures of the vast gulf, in which for nearly a mile it is quite hidden to observation from above. It pours in a wild torrent, now along a natural canal formed in the rocks in almost perfect and exact courses, and now darts madly down a precipice. The wall rises on a vertical face upon each side from 75 to 150 ft, whilst the width of the chasm rarely exceeds 30 ft, and at several points the stupendous masonry of the opposite walls approaches within 8 or 10 ft. Lateral fissures, deep and narrow, project from the main ravine at nearly right angles. The abyss is reached through one of these crevices by a stairway descending to the water by 212 steps. The entire mass of the walls is formed of laminæ of sandstone rock, laid in such regular and precise order by the hand of nature as to produce somewhat the effect of a grand architectural ruin. From the fissures of these walls, pines and cedars project, and flinging their dark branches out over the chasm, add to the wildness of a scene which rivals in beauty the famed Gorge du Trient of Switzerland. The instrumentality which has produced this wonderful work is a problem that presents a wide scope for interesting but unsatisfactory speculation.

"A report of the State Geologist asserts, 'that near the bottom of the fissure at the High Bridge, and through an extent of 70 ft, numerous specimens of a small bivalvular molusca, or lingulæ,' are discovered, and 'that ripple marks appear at the depth of 70 or 80 ft.

"An explorer will discover various points of interest as he passes along the high wooded banks, and watches the hidden passage of the water beneath, or examines the fissures, seams, and points the rocks assume. At a nar-

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AUSABLE CHASM.

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row part of the gorge, he will be able to trace the early road constructed by the pioneer settlers, and which crossed the chasm on a bridge built upon the bodies of trees felled across it. At the foot of the stairway is a platform, separated by a narrow, deep chasm, from what is called the Table Rock. Through this passage, the river, compressed into a deep and limited channel, rushes with the impetuosity of a mill-race. The Table Rock was formerly reached by walking upon a log over the chasm, and was a favorite but somewhat dangerous resort of pic-nic parties, until a tragic event arrested the habit. A Mr. Dyer, an Episcopal minister, was, some years ago, in the act of leading a lady across this log, when suddenly losing his balance he fell into the rushing torrent, and never rose to the surface, nor was his body seen by the horror-stricken spectators, until days afterwards, when it was found far below upon a shallow in the river. The beautiful and spacious woods on the rocks above, which have been neatly prepared for the purpose, are usually the scene of these festive gatherings, where often, on a bright summer day, several parties of pleasure seekers may be seen enjoying a healthful recreation and the beauties of the place. Each, unless they choose to fraternize, indistinct, and undisturbed in its movements. At low water, by moving cautiously below the cliffs or clambering down the steep bank, the adventurous explorer will gain several wierd and fantastic views. 'The Devil's Oven,' a deep, cavernous recess in the rock, is one of these.

"The Chasm House, in Birmingham, near the chasm, supplies at all hours good meals."—[*Watson's "Champlain Valley."*

The Adirondack Hotel and the Ausable House, at Keeseville, are first-class establishments and offer superior

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attractions to summer visitors. The town is handsomely located on both sides of the Ausable, and in its environs are many delightful drives to charming resorts which we would gladly examine did space allow. Prospect Hill (1 m), Hallock Hill (3 m), and the romantic gorge known as "Poke O'Moonshine," a pocket edition of the Indian Pass, 7 m S. on the road to Elizabethtown (14 m farther S.), are the most noteworthy points of interest.

The distance from Keeseville to Plattsburg *via* Peru is 15 m, and 13 m direct. To Point of Rocks, where the route connects with the one from Plattsburg, it is a delightful ride of 10 m through very fascinating scenery—the huge symmetrical cone of Whiteface, glorious in its strength and beauty, ever facing us and forming an imposing feature in the landscape.

From Keeseville to Martin's *via*				Keene Valley,	50 m.
"	"	"	"	Wilmington Pass,	44 m.
"	"	"	"	Franklin Falls,	46 m.
"	"	Hough's	"	"	51 m.
"	"	Paul Smith's		"	48 m.

There is a daily line of stages, during summer travel, from Port Kent to all these points.

The comparative merits of the Plattsburg and Keeseville routes are often discussed. The fact is each has its advantages. By following the former we substitute 20 m of railroad traveling for 15 m of staging. By selecting the latter we gain an opportunity to examine the Ausable Chasm; though this locality may be conveniently reached by the Plattsburg route, by quitting the cars at Peru, 6 m N. So we leave the matter for the tourist to decide.

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Twenty-second—From Westport (pleasantly situated at the head of Northwest Bay, S. of Port Kent and 51 m N. of Whitehall,) (Person's Hotel,) to Elizabethtown, 8 m; Keene, 12 m; North Elba, 13 m; Martin's, 10 m. Total, 43 m.

Elizabethtown to New Russia, 4 m; North Hudson, 16½ m; Schroon River (Root's), 2½ m. Total, 23 m.

Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex County, is delightfully situated in "Pleasant Valley," upon the banks of the Boquet River, a tributary of Lake Champlain. It is the favorite resort of many people of refinement, also of artists, who are attracted thither, by the picturesque charms of the locality. After the summer season commences, its hotels and even private houses are often thronged with visitors desirous of passing their vacations in the quiet enjoyment of mountain and valley scenery.

Here in its beautiful cemetery lie the remains of Orlando Kellogg, who controlled the county politics for 20 years, representing his constituency in Congress through several terms, and being, above all, one of the noblest specimens of that "noblest work of God—an honest man."

Elizabethtown is surrounded by spurs of the great Adirondack Range.*

On the western borders of the town are situated two of the most conspicuous and picturesque summits of the

*Five distinct and parallel mountain ranges, which, though bearing different names, are popularly designated "The Adirondacks," pass through and are mostly comprised within the limits of Essex County, a district that has received the appropriate appellation of the "Switzerland of America." In general altitude the Adirondack peaks are but little inferior to the White Mountains of N. H., while they greatly exceed them in point of numbers. Each mountain, too, with few exceptions, has its lake, a feature sadly lacking in the scenery of the "White Hills."

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group. The southern of these is also one of the highest, presenting when viewed from the Champlain steamers, an apparent altitude scarcely less than that of Dix's Peak, which is second only to the towering dome of Tahawus itself. This mountain or culmination of mountains has borne no name until recently, when several individuals christened it the "Giant of the Valley," though this title properly belongs and was first applied to Cobble Hill. A perpendicular precipice of 700 ft. lies on its northern declivity. The other one of the two above referred to stands about 5 m N. W. of the village, in prominent view, and is the greatly admired Hurricane Peak. Its pyramid of naked rock rises with beautiful symmetry from its densely wooded base, which interlaces with a mountainous ridge stretching far to the N. but sinking rapidly, and in some parts perpendicularly, into the pass to Keene.

Its summit affords a prospect unrivaled by that of any other Adirondack pinnacle, unless we except Dix's Peak or Whiteface Mountain.

Cobble Hill, a remarkable pile of rocks 1 m W of the village, presents to the beholder a precipice on its eastern side of at least 200 ft, and a dome-shaped summit, crowned by a rounded knob, forming altogether one of the most peculiar and picturesque features in the landscape.

In the opposite direction, its precipitous and jagged sides lining the approach to Elizabethtown from the lake, rises Raven Hill, sharply defined against the eastern sky.

Wood Hill, N. E., with sloping flanks rising from the very skirts of the village, looks proudly down upon the two charming valleys that unite at its feet.

These with other mountain peaks perhaps less imposing but not less distinguished for stately beauty, occurring in the grand panorama witnessed from the Mansion

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House, give to Elizabethtown a scenic fascination hardly exceeded by any village in the whole Adirondack Region. In the neighborhood are many delightful drives, where the scenery is ever changing and full of native loveliness and magnificence.

The Valley of the Boquet, at the N. E. extremity of which the village stands and from which it received its early designation of the "Pleasant Valley," extends S. W. about 8 m and affords one of the most agreeable drives found in any locality. The winding of the river and the road, varies the prospect with every few rods of progress till the eye and mind are almost bewildered with the sudden transitions from rock to dell; from brawling brook to shady pool; from precipitous mountain to gentle slope; from the luxuriant drapery of the dark green woods to waving cornfields and smiling meadows; from quiet and romantic homesteads to the unromantic din of the iron forge. At its head, the river in stormy passion rushes from its mountain fastnesses down through a narrow gorge, over an inclined plane of rough and broken rocks, into the peaceful valley below.

The descent is considerably more than 100 ft, and the wild chasm, whose tumbling waters frighten the very echoes with their tumultuous voices, is very attractive to summer residents and pic-nic parties.

In other directions there are additional attractions for all who love to look upon the varied aspects of untamed nature. Some 6 m S. E. of the village, Black Pond (1 × ½), well stored with trout and pickerel, lies in sombre and tranquil repose. It offers equal pleasure to the angler and to boating parties and is frequently the chosen theater of festive gatherings.

In the S. W. part of the town, New Pond, of about the

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same dimensions, surrounded by mountain peaks, and irreclaimable forests, is famous for the peculiar flavor of its trout and for the great number taken from its depths. It is a popular resort for citizens and summer visitors, who often encamp for a night or more upon its wild and solitary shores.

For the information of those practically inclined we would state that the manufacture of iron is the leading pursuit in this town ; extensive beds of the ore abounding within its limits. In the S. eastern part, a hill 200 ft high, covering 40 acres, is supposed to be nearly a solid mass of iron, except a slight covering of drift.—[*French's Gazetteer.*

A mail stage running from Schroon Lake and other southern towns to Keeseville (21 m), passes through Elizabethtown on alternate days. In either direction the ride, as far as beauty of scenery is concerned, is perfectly delightful. Going to the N. the route lies through the ravine of "Poke-O-Moonshine" (14 m), whose western side attains an elevation of 3,000 ft above the bottom of the gorge. Traveling southward we pass through the charming scenery of New Russia, and farther on pause to enjoy the impressive picture presented by the western sky against which Dix's Peak, Giant of the Valley, Macomb's Mt., Bald Peak, and other lofty Titans uprear their mighty forms in majestic prominence.

Where the road departs from the Boquet River, near Putnam's Mills, 10 or 12 m from Elizabethtown, access may be gained to the Hunter's Pass by following the course of the stream N. W. a few miles. Pursuing our way we soon reach the large iron works at Dead Water, and anon the little hamlet of North Hudson, and Root's place at Schroon River, from which Mud and Clear Ponds, and the great natural wonders near them are visited.

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The two leading hotels of Elizabethtown are thorough ar d complete in all their appointments and are supplied with all the modern elegancies. The Valley House, located at the foot of the plateau and near the center of the village, provides for the wants of 40 or 50 guests.

The Mansion House, from which we have beautiful mountains views, furnishes entertainment to 120 visitors, and its host and hostess are unremitting in their efforts to render a residence with them most agreeable and home-like. A number of capable and trustworthy guides are residents of this town. We cannot refrain from naming two of them, Elijah Simons and Samuel Dunning, as careful, efficient and most experienced in the business—perfectly familiar with the lake and mountain country, its forest trails and all its modes of travel, as well as the needs and requirements of tourists therein. Through the last 30 years they have both been accustomed to hunt and trap in the recesses of the Wilderness, and are personally acquainted with nearly every feature of the landscape, whether it be wonderful height, hidden cascade, obscure pass or rare fountain of waters; and those submitting to their guidance may be conducted from this place to nearly every interesting locality in the Adirondack Region.

The "Valley" is easily accessible to tourists approaching by way of Lake Champlain. Steamers arrive at Westport from the N. and S. several times a day, and are there met by a line of post coaches which convey passengers to Elizabethtown twice daily during the summer and fall seasons, and also afford easy and pleasant transportation from hence to Lower Saranac Lake, *via* those interesting resorts, Keene and North Elba. Stages depart at 7 A. M. and arrive at Martin's at 5 P. M.—fare from Westport $4,00.

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This is undoubtedly the shortest and most picturesque avenue from Lake Champlain to the Saranac Lakes. In few journeys of similar length do we meet with so many noble pictures of mountain scenery.*

Arriving at Keene we have a choice of two routes—one, the old road, leading over a spur of Pitch Off Mountain (Chimney Hill) and occupying 6 m of ascent and descent; the other, more recently constructed, passing through the extremely romantic defile between Pitch Off and Long Pond Mountains and uniting with the former a short distance E. of Scott's. Stages usually travel the new road, though the distance is 2 m greater. (Keene to Scott's by old road, 10 m; by new road, 12 m). Within this narrow and remarkable gorge, walled in by towering cliffs whose frowning heights (from 300 to 1,000 ft.) inspire the beholder with sentiments of profoundest awe and admiration, lie the Edmund Ponds—worthy rivals in wildness and beauty of the lovely Ausable Ponds, and like them affluents of the E. Ausable. They were formerly embraced in one sheet which was then known as "Long Pond;" but several years since it was divided into two distinct parts by a tremendous avalanche that swept down the side of the S. E. peak. A short and narrow stream only now connects them. The larger pond has recently been named the "Adirondack Lake,"† and we learn that a hotel is soon to be erected near its shores. The road

*For the description of Elizabethtown and its environs by which our readers have obtained glimpses of the most interesting features of its surroundings and connecting routes, we are indebted to the pen of an accomplished correspondent of that place, who possesses a fine taste for natural beauty.

†It seems a pity, since names are now being adopted permanently for a region soon to be opened to the world of travelers, that the largest and most romantic of all these lakes could not bear the name "Adirondack."

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for several miles picturesquely winds along the margin of these ponds and around the base of Pitch Off Mountain. "Near these sheets—4 m from Scott's—is a spot that will repay a prolonged inspection.

"In the bed of a little brook which leaps down the slide formed by the avalanche, innumerable minerals sparkle and glow in every direction. High up the precipice occur a series of caves, which are the deposits of varied gems and minerals and in beauty and variety almost rival the stories of eastern caverns. Here is found calcareous spar of various colors, and crystals of epidote, coccoline and hornblend. The scientific explorer would enjoy in this locality a rich and delightful field."—[WATSON.

Emerging from amid the astonishing spectacles of the Pass, we soon reach the "South Meadows," a level tract of land embracing perhaps 1,000 acres, densely covered with wild grass. Continuing our course the scene changes and again we enter the realm of stately loveliness—of savage sublimity.

Marcy, McIntyre, Colden, Wallface, Seward, Whiteface, and many others of the kingly host, "grouped into grandeur and mellowed into beauty, rise in full royalty before us." Here on these "Plains of Abraham," (as this high plateau is sometimes termed) in the midst of these Alpine solitudes is placed the isolated habitation of Robert G. Scott, and here in constant view of the colossal watch-towers which with one sweep of magnificence sublimely indent the horizon's circle, has this venerable patriarch of the mountains had his dwelling place for nearly 60 years. At this "smiling oasis in a wilderness waste," visitors will be furnished with humble but comfortable accommodations and also conveyances.

Like Keene and Elizabethtown, Scott's affords an ad-

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mirable center from which innumerable excursions may be made. From this locality are visited Whiteface Mt., Wilmington Notch, Mt. Marcy, the Indian Pass and many minor objects of interest. To Blin's Clearing the distance is 1 m by wagon road; from thence a good trail extends through the forest 9 m S. W. to the Indian Pass, and another the same distance S. to the base of Mt. Marcy, from which it is 4 m to the summit with a comparatively easy ascent.

Clear Pond is reached by diverging from the path to the Indian Pass. Distance from Scott's, 4 m. It is thus fitly described in Street's charming volume, "The Indian Pass:"

"Among the beautiful waters of the Wilderness this heart-shaped pond is one of the most beautiful. Sparkling like a gem in its depth of woods, it rejoices in its loveliness, only for the most part in behalf of the fawns and dryads. Solitude reigns generally supreme, broken alone by the fish-hawk, as he dips his dappled wing for his prey, or the deer, as it steals to the brink to taste the molten silver. And what a picture the sunset painted! Whereas two mountains were depicted in Lake Colden, no less than four found here their photographed features. To the W. Mt. McIntyre was reflected; at the S. frowned Mt. Colden; in the E. old Tahawus painted its black form; while 'The Bear,' threw its sable counterfeit at the N. How beautiful, grand and impressive! This little mirror in the woods, scarce a half mile broad, by the same distance in length, holding in its heart four frowning monsters, three of them the sublimest of the Wilderness, of which one was among the stateliest in the nation. How like the human heart enshrining grand objects in its small receptacle, and showing thus its lofty capabilities, as did Napoleon,—

'The ebbs and flows of whose single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind.'"

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DIVISION IV.

INTO THE ADIRONDACK, HUDSON RIVER, RAQUETTE AND LONG LAKE REGIONS.

Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Caldwell and Saratoga Springs afford eligible avenues to these sections.

Twenty-third—CROWN POINT, at the mouth of Putnam's Creek, 18 m S. of Westport, was the site of important military operations during the old French and Revolutionary wars. The ruins of the old fort, situated on a neck of land running into the lake 6 m N. W., and those of the fortress of Ticonderoga 9 m S., both accessible by the Whitehall and Plattsburg R. R.—also "Put's Oak," 1½ m W., are frequently visited by tourists as interesting objects of national history.

Gunnison's Hotel, with a capacity for 60 guests and its most delightful situation, is a popular sojourn for transient visitors.

Crown Point is the E. terminus of the old State road commencing at Carthage. To Hammond's Corners the distance is 1 m, (Bennett's Hotel, a well known house, of excellent reputation); Crown Point Center, 1½ m, (Ingle's Hotel); Bailey's Hotel, 2½ m; Thompson's* 2 m;

*About 6 m W. of Thompson's a road diverges 1 and joins the Ticonderoga route at Paradox Lake; distant from Crown Point 13 to 15 m.

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Schroon River (Root's), 12 m; Fenton's, 5 m; Bullard's or French's, on Boreas River, 6 m; Tahawus (Lower Iron Works), 8 m; Newcomb, 7½ m; Long Lake Village, 13 m; Total, 58½ m.

The route for a large portion of this distance after leaving Schroon River, passes through a section noted for its wild sublimity. Spurs of the Adirondack Mountains are crossed, rendering the road quite uneven but at the same time affording views of surpassing beauty and grandeur, which often burst upon the eye with startling abruptness.

Passengers are conveyed by stages to Crown Point Center; from thence the locations named must be reached by private conveyances which may always be obtained at Crown Point, Crown Point Center and Root's.

"Root's!" Who among Adirondack tourists is unfamiliar with this time-honored name? Perfectly home-like in all its appointments, this old established "Sportsman's Retreat" affords a most agreeable resting place for the weary traveler; 25 or 30 guests are furnished with pleasant rooms, and supplies are procured at "Root's Store."

Excellent fishing is found in the "W. Sturtevant Branch," a stream flowing from the Hunter's Pass through Mud Pond, passing S. W., receiving the waters of Clear Pond on the way, through its ¼ m outlet, and uniting with the Schroon River 1 m W. of the inn. This river flowing southernly, enters Schroon Lake and departs from thence at its S. extremity for the Hudson River.

Root's Mountain, near by, is often ascended and commands a varied prospect of dense woodland, cultivated fields and towering peaks.

At Fenton's Tavern, a comfortable and picturesque situation, a new route to Mt. Marcy diverges N. at right angles as follows:—Clear Pond, 3 m; Mud Pond, 2 m; Mt. Marcy, 8 m.

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These two ponds, each about 1 × ½, are among the loveliest of the Adirondack waters—indeed almost peerless in their majestic surroundings. Conspicuous in the grand picture here enjoyed are Dix's Peak, Macomb's Mt., Nipple Top and the Boreas Spires. By ascending one of the neighboring heights, the entire Adirondack group is brought into magnificent display.

Rufus Fiske's secluded "Lake-side Inn," at Clear Pond, can accommodate about 40 visitors. John Moore, at his charming sylvan resort at Mud Pond, can provide for an equal number. Trout fishing and deer hunting claimed to be most excellent. At Moore's place the wagon road terminates, but through his praiseworthy exertions and those of Samuel Sanders, aided by the purses of the inhabitants of the town of Schroon, a bridle path has been constructed to the base of Mt. Marcy. It crosses Ausable River (5¼ m distant) 1 m above the Upper Ausable Pond.

Moore's is the nearest habitable point to this mountain, excepting perhaps Keene Flats, and this is the only method that enables the tourist to ride to the very foot of "Old Tahawus."

The opening of a good trail to the top of Dix's Peak, 3 m N. E. of Mud Pond, is also due to the enterprise of the same parties. The prospect enjoyed from the summit is one of the very grandest that any of the range presents and is richly worth the exertion required for its attainment.

Descending the mountain and passing onward a short distance we enter the "Hunters Pass" or "Gorge of the Dial," so often named in preceding pages.

This imposing ravine is bounded by the stupendous walls of Dix's Peak on the S. E. side and those of the Dial or Nipple Top on the other. These mountains are classed

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among the loftiest of the Adirondack Range, and here the perpendicular declivity of their sides, stretching away for a distance of half a mile, attains an altitude of from 200 to 500 ft. "Its walls," says the veteran hunter Elijah Simons, "are not as high as those of the Indian Pass, in sheer ascent, but they are still as green as God made them, and have not been desolated by fires as have the sides of Wall-face and McIntyre."

Nature seldom displays a more amazing spectacle of gloomy, savage, solitary grandeur. Two lovely rivers, the Schroon and Boquet, taking their rise here, course their way in opposite directions through this narrow gorge, (3 to 10 rods wide). The Pass is sometimes visited from Root's, distant 11 m *via* North Hudson.

With this digression we resume the main route. One m E. of the Lower Iron Works, on the highway, lives the veteran pioneer among living guides, the "mighty hunter," immortalized in song by the poet, Charles Fenno Hoffman, in prose by Joel. T. Headley, and by other distinguished writers,—John Cheney. Here this forest nobleman, still stalwart and brave at the ripe age of 72, has occupied his sequestered abode through the past 36 years. His future biographer will find no lack of material in filling a large volume with a narration of the numerous adventures and wonderful experience that fill his eventful life. His many admirers will be happy to learn that hereafter he and his son assume the proprietorship of the Tahawus Hotel at the village, and to use his own language, "they will do their best to accommodate sportsmen and boarders from the cities."*

At the Lower Works we will again diverge from the

*Two and one-half m N. of his present home are two ponds, 1 m in length, called Birch and Trout Ponds.

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regular avenue N.W. to examine one of the most interesting localities in this region. Passing over a comfortable wagon road, through a narrow valley skirted on opposite sides by Lake Sanford and a mountainous ridge (11 m), we arrive at the Adirondack Upper Iron Works. The same point is accessible by water; outlet (Hudson River) 5 m; (here enters the Opalescent, wildest of rivers, after its turbulent flow from its mountain girded home, Lake Avalanche, its bed glowing with opals, its scenery richly abounding in its Flume and other romantic wonders); thence Lake Sanford, 5 m; inlet, 1 m. Either route presents mountain pictures of infinite grandeur to the wondering eye. Tahawus and many members of his royal court,

> "are piled
> Heavily against the horizon of the north,
> Like summer thunder-clouds."

Astonishment possesses us when we find these Iron Works a deserted village, as silent as the walls of Pompeii. Of all the structures standing here, comprising 14 or 15 dwelling-houses, a church, school-house, hotel, store, warehouses, shops, forges, etc., once teeming with life and activity, none are now occupied, none are employed, save a solitary habitation in which Mr. Hunter and his family, intelligent Scotch people, have dwelt for 15 years, sole occupants of the hamlet,—"monarchs of all they survey."

Notwithstanding the extreme richness and inexhaustible abundance of the ore existing hereabouts—these beds being among the most extensive in the world, yet the enormous expense attending the transportation of the iron 50 m over corduroy roads to Lake Champlain, more than counter-balanced the profits of the business, and hence

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the abandonment of the enterprise and the utter desertion of the village.

The solid natural iron dam near here over which pours the Hudson,* is one of the most marvelous novelties in Nature's museum and excites the wonder and admiration of the beholder. It is said that this curiosity led to the discovery of the immense mineral wealth existing here, and to the subsequent settlement of the place.

"In 1826, Messrs. David Henderson, McMartin, McIntyre and others, owned and were carrying on iron works in North Elba, near the bridge which crosses the Chub River, on the road to Lake Placid. One day an Indian of the St. Francis tribe visited these works and showed Mr. Henderson a piece of iron ore, which he said came from a place where 'water run over dam; me find plenty all same.' The services of this Indian were secured to conduct Mr. Henderson and his partners to the place where he found the ore. They entered the pathless forest, went through the Indian Pass, and during the second day arrived at the present site of this deserted village. They found the story of their Indian guide true. The discoverers of this bed of iron ore returned to North Elba and repaired directly to Albany, where they purchased the large tract of land embracing the principal beds of iron ore in this region. A road was subsequently cut through the wilderness, so as to reach Lake Champlain, and the Upper Adirondack Iron Works commenced."—[N. A. C.

A trail leads to the Upper Ausable Pond, 8 or 10 m distant.

S. W. of the "Works," Hunter's Pond and Lake Harkness, connecting with Lake Henderson, lie in beauty and solitude. Lake Andrew most famous for trout is about 4

*Locally known as the Adirondack River.

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INDIAN PASS, FROM HENDERSON LAKE.

PITCH-OFF MOUNTAIN—EDMOND'S POND.

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m S. W. The noted Preston Ponds are reached by path ½ m N; thence boating over nearly the whole length of beautiful Lake Henderson, 2 m; (looking toward the N. E. a grand spectacle here greets the eye, of which Mts. Henderson, McMartin and the Indian Pass are the most imposing features); thence by good ascending path 2 m N. W. These three secluded lakelets are set in the midst of the most impressive scenery. Those Heaven aspiring pinnacles, Henderson, Santanoni, Seward, Wallface, &c., stand on every side in stern and solemn majesty. In our conversations with Mitchell Sabbattis, he thus aptly and with aboriginal brevity expresses himself in reference to the section embracing Lakes Sanford and Henderson and the Preston Ponds. "It is a wild looking place; mountains thick all around you. Any one who don't want to see them must look right straight up!"

These ponds vary from ¼ to 1 m in length, are only some 20 r apart and are connected by navigable inlets. They are especially famed as trout resorts. Cold River, their outlet, is tributary to the Raquette. The distance from them to Mt. Seward is 6 m.

The Adirondack or Indian Pass, 5 m N. E. of the Iron Works, is more readily accessible from this locality than from any other habitable point. The well beaten pathway leading to it is traveled without much exertion.

We will not pause here to describe fully this "splendid wonder," this great natural phenomenon. Headley, Street and Watson, and other brilliant writers, have so often and so worthily celebrated its marvels that no farther testimony in its behalf is needed at our hands. Enough to say that it is a tremendous gorge 8 to 10 r wide, formed by the parallel sloping heights of Mt. McIntyre and the perpendicular precipices of Wallface Mountain uplifted to

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an altitude of 500 to 1,400 ft. and embracing an extent of more than a mile. Its floor is thickly strewn with enormous masses of rocks hurled into it from the impending cliffs, probably by the throes of an earthquake; as within the memory of Mitchell Sabbattis this region has been shaken by one of these terrible convulsions.—[LOSSING.

Yawning caverns have thus been created in which solid ice exists throughout the year and which have sufficient capacity for sheltering a thousand men within their gloomy depths. Awful in its vastness, supreme in its sublimity, it is difficult to imagine any scene at once more terrible in its silence; more chaotic in its desolation; more "savage" in its magnificence. Here side by side, 2,000 ft. above tide water, the noble Hudson and the impetuous Ausable are infant twins in the same rough cradle. The first issuing from hence, passes through Henderson and Sanford Lakes and rolls onward in its passage of beauty and grandeur to the broad Atlantic. The other setting out on its more romantic and not less beautiful career, frequently sweeping along with the irresistible power of an avalanche, at last finds its resting place in the bosom of the comely Champlain.

Mt. Marcy is also accessible from the "Works" by a good footway extending N. E., distance 12 m. Lake Colden (6 m), Avalanche Lake (7 m), and Calamity Pond, distinguished for their surpassing loveliness and for the wild and majestic scenery that encompasses them, are passed on the way.

Mt. McMartin, which rises boldly from Avalanche Lake, is nearly bisected from top to bottom by an enormous "Trap Dyke."—[EMMONS.

Calamity Pond was fitly named from a sad event that happened there.

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In this remote place, amid these more than Alpine solitudes, a unique and beautiful monument has been erected whose inscription tells thus its brief but touching story :— "Erected by filial affection to the memory of our dear father, David Henderson, who accidentally lost his life on this spot, by the premature discharge of a pistol, 3d Sept. 1845.

"How often has the wild wolf made his lair beside it! How often the savage panther glared at its beautiful proportions and wondered what object met his blazing eyeballs!"—[STREET.

The most difficult portion of the route lies between Calamity Pond and Lake Colden. Of the glories awaiting the beholder at the summit of Tahawus we need not speak. As with the Indian Pass so with the mighty monarch of the cloud region. Most of our readers have acquired sufficient familiarity with the gorgeous panorama here unfolded, from perusing the fascinating descriptions given by the writers just named.

Twenty-fourth—TICONDEROGA, 24 m N. of Whitehall, the site of the old fort by that name, and the scene of a celebrated revolutionary conflict familiar to every American, is a delightful point of entrance to Lake George (4 m) as well as to the great Wilderness. Mt. Defiance is a prominent object in the surrounding landscape. The Pavilion Hotel, situated on the shore of the lake, is a charming resort for the way-worn traveler.

From Ticonderoga to Long Pond ($2 \times \frac{3}{4}$), an excellent fishing locality, it is $11\frac{1}{2}$ m; thence to Paradox Lake ($6 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$), $1\frac{1}{2}$ m; Schroon Lake, 9 m. Total, 22 m. From Paradox Lake (Brott's) to Schroon River (Root's), 10 m. From thence the route has already been given. Near the E.

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extremity of Paradox Lake, on the main road, Brott's Hotel is pleasantly located and affords ample conveniences for 25 or 30 visitors. The route from thence to Schroon passes near the banks of the lovely lake. Schroon Lake,* the "Lake Como" of our country, and scarcely excelled in beauty by any other sheet, is 9 m in length with an average width of 2 m. Near the head of the lake, on a commanding elevation which delightfully overlooks its broad expanse and the quiet village (Schroon Lake) nestling at its base, stands the large and beautiful edifice known as the Ondawa Hotel—in its every appointment and convenience a marvel of excellence and completeness. Situated in the midst of the most picturesque scenery, with croquet park, billiard hall, brass and quadrille band, constantly at hand or in attendance, it is a matter of no astonishment that this fascinating retreat should be extensively sought by admirers of balmy air, landscape beauty and elegant quarters. The house in its capacious and airy rooms will accommodate 100 guests. The Taylor House, another hotel of first-class capacity, having facilities for the entertainment of 60 or 70 visitors, is also located here, and the Leland House, a splendid structure now in process of completion, will be ready for the reception of visitors this season, luxuriously providing for the wants of 150 to 200 people. There is also a large hotel being constructed at Mill Brook, 6 m S. on the E. shore of the lake, which will be called the Well's House.

Schroon Lake Village is accessible from the Adirondack R. R. by stage from Folsom's Landing to Pottersville (6 m)

*A curious phenomenon occurs in this lake. Inflammable gas in large quantities rises to its surface, and in the winter, through openings in the ice, it issues in large volume, which, when ignited, produces a brilliant flame many feet in height.

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pleasantly situated at the foot of the lake; thence by stage along the border of the lake, 9 m, or by the splendid little steamer "Libbie," (or the larger boat just completed) which makes two daily trips each way. The sportsman as well as the pleasure seeker will find enough to occupy his time while tarrying in this vicinity. The lake, which is partially bounded by a dense forest, is richly stocked with bass, pickerel and trout—the latter of unusual size. Other kinds of fish too are taken in great numbers.

Goose Pond (70 acres), 2½ m N. E. of the village, is remarkable for the marvelous clearness and purity of its waters, surpassing in this respect, it is claimed, those of Lake George, which, it is known, have been employed as "holy water." Crane Pond (2 ⋈ 1½), lying ½ m N. E. of Goose Pond, furnishes an abundance of pickerel, the largest of which weigh 25 or 30 pounds. E. of this 2 m lies Gull Pond (12 acres). Lake Pharaoh (60 acres), long but very narrow, is 6 m E. of the village—and laving the base of Mt. Pharaoh. One mile S. E. of this is Whortleberry Pond (35 acres). Brant Lake (5 ⋈ ¾) lies S. E. of Schroon 9 m. Bartlett's Pond (15 acres), W. of the village, and Roger's Pond (1½ ⋈ ¾), likewise W. 3 m, furnish fine trouting. N. of these waters ¾ m is North Pond (¾ ⋈ ½). Deer hunting is said to be excellent at all these resorts, especially at Goose and Gull Ponds, and hunters seldom fail to meet with success when visiting them. They are all easily reached by good roads or pathways. Several neighboring mountains are visited from Schroon. Blue Ridge, 2½ m N., is frequently ascended at the cost of but little exertion, as there is a bridle path to the summit. Mt. Marcy and the Hunter's Pass are also visited *via* Schroon River (the road diverging l, ½ m S. of Root's) and Mud Pond.

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The "Great Northern Highway," starting from Moreau and Fort Edward, skirts the margin of Schroon Lake, passing through Pottersville, Schroon Lake Village, Schroon River Village (9 m), Elizabethtown (32 m), and terminating at Keeseville (43 m). Stages run in either direction. The ride is a delightful one, especially over that portion of the route embraced by the charming Keene and Boquet Valleys.

With this digression from the direct avenue, for the sake of visiting a lovely district for which we think the traveler will thank us, we return to the main routes.

Twenty-fifth—CALDWELL, at the head of Lake George, is reached from the S. and W. by railroad *via* Saratoga Springs and Moreau, a station 16 m farther N., on the Saratoga & Whitehall R. R. From this point stages run daily to Caldwell, passing through the fascinating scenery of Glen's Falls (2 m) on the Hudson. Distance, 11 m. Upon the beauty of its situation (Caldwell), the ruins of Fort George and Fort William Henry existing near, and the unrivaled loveliness of this queen of American lakes ("the silvery waters of the Horicon,") it is unnecessary to dwell, as the subject is familiar to all our readers. Two spacious and elegant establishments, replete with every comfort and convenience and delicacy of the seasons that the most fastidious could desire—the Lake House and Fort William Henry Hotel—are visited in great numbers by summer tourists.

From Caldwell to Warrensburgh (3 m from the Adirondack R. R.) it is 6 m; thence to Chester, 12 m; Pottersville, 6 m (Lock's Hotel), (the route diverging here from the great northern highway and uniting with the Crown Point road 1½ W. of Tahawus or the Lower Iron Works);

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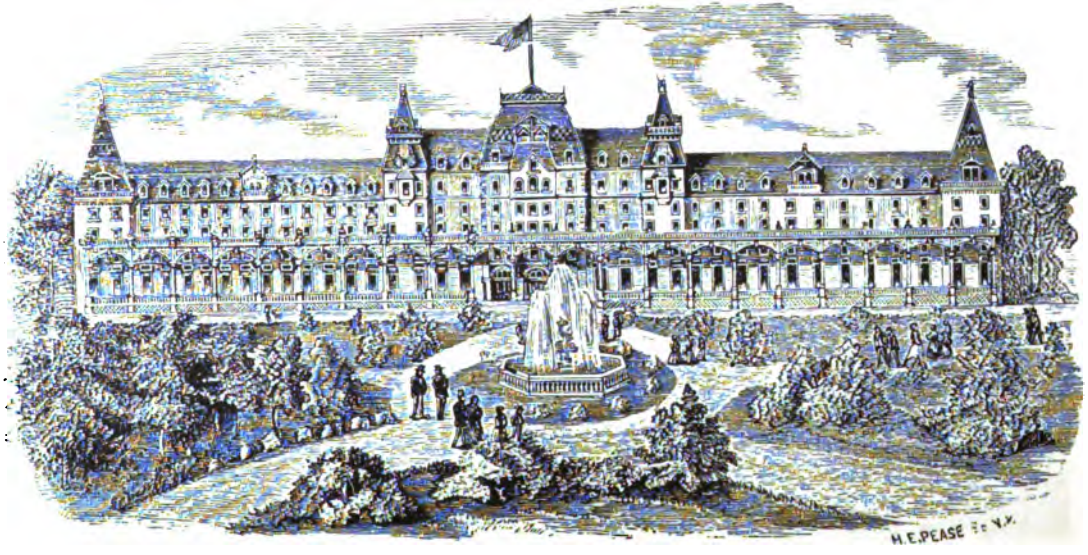

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE.

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Olmsteadville, 6 m, (Sullivan's Hotel); Minerva, 2 m, (Champney's Hotel); Boreas River or "Aiden Lair," 8 m, (Cunningham's and Williams' Hotels); Newcomb, 12 m, (Davis' Hotel); Long Lake Village, 13 m, (Kellogg's Hotel). Total, 65 m. Stages leave Glens' Falls* and Caldwell daily for Pottersville; Pottersville† every Tuesday evening for Long Lake Village. This road is being continually improved. It is already perfect from Newcomb to Long Lake. The scenery along the route is generally very attractive. Through winding dales clothed with luxuriant foliage, mountains gleam—now obscured, now revealed. Thus the Adirondack towers are in occasional view throughout the entire journey and replace one another in delightful variation as the road winds along till we reach Newcomb, where the crowning spectacle awaits us, and we are introduced to one of the richest feasts of loveliness and sublimity found in the whole magnificent group. To the N. E. Tahawus again appears in majesty before us, the grand central figure in a proud assemblage of Herculean forms.

The little forest-embosomed hamlet of Newcomb is located not far from the shores of Lake Harris and near the base of Mt. Goodenow. Travelers will find very pleasant quarters at Davis' Inn (Aunt Polly's) and at the most reasonable rates, and may spend many days to good advantage here. Sporting facilities are first-class.

Some 8 m S. W. of Newcomb are the Chain Lakes, a group of five connected links—the largest of which is 2 m l. They discharge into Rock River, the outlet of Rock Lake, and a branch of the Hudson. The route leads as

*A branch railroad now connects Glen's Falls with the Saratoga and Whitehall R. R. at Fort Edward.

†We are informed stages will run tri-weekly hereafter.

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follows :—Path to Goodenow Pond, 4 m ; down Goodenow River to the "noted fishing rock ;" path to another pond, ¾ m ; thence path to Chain Lakes. They are more frequently visited from Indian Lake than from any other point. Binney's, we believe, is the only habitation near the "Chain." To visit Lake Delia by water (3 m by path N. E. of Newcomb), take boat 20 r from the inn, pass down the stream ½ m to Bissell's Mill ; carry 2 or 3 r ; pass down Lake Harris (E.) 3 m ; thence up the "Iron Works Stream," ½ m ; thence carry ¾ m ; thence boating up Newcomb River a short distance. This lake (2½ × ¾) abounds in trout. The following is the water route from Davis' to Long Lake, passing through excellent hunting and fishing grounds :—Belden Pond (near the house), ½ m ; portage, 14 r ; Rich Pond, 3 m, (W. of Lake Harris and which is skirted by the Long Lake road) ; up Fishing Brook W. 1 m ; up Catlin Lake Stream, N. W. 1 m, interrupted by three portages whose aggregate does not exceed 40 r ; Lily Pad Pond, ¾ m N. W. ; portage, 4 r ; Long Pond, 1 m ; portage, 2 r ; Catlin Lake, 3 m, (wild, beautiful and secluded) ; portage, N. 1 m ; Round Pond (1 × ¾), ½ m ; portage, N. W. 1½ m to Long Lake.

E. of Catlin Lake ½ m is Deer Pond ; and 1 m in the opposite direction is Wolf Pond, and near that is another Belden Pond. Two and a half m N. of Round Pond, Cold River is reached.

Pickwacket Pond is reached by a carry (1 m) leading (N) from the road 6 m E. of Long Lake Village. Four bears were killed near this sheet two or three years ago. A house is occupied not far from its outlet. These lakes and ponds are all fountain heads of the Hudson. A canal has been proposed from Long Lake to Round Pond, which would connect its waters with that river.

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Twenty-sixth — SARATOGA SPRINGS is the southern terminus of the Adirondack R. R., which already extends to North Creek (56 m). It will probably be finished as far as Long Lake by January 1, 1873. Its ultimate destination is Ogdensburg.

Stages are taken at North Creek for Long Lake Village, 39 m distant, *via* Minerva (6 m), Boreas River and Newcomb. From North Creek there is a comfortable stage route to Indian Lake (4 × 1) 20 or 25 m distant, from which a passable road extends to Blue Mt. Lake, 14 m beyond, N. W. A good road also leads from North Creek to Blue Mt. Lake *via* "14th Station," an anticipated railroad station N. of the "Creek," which passes 5 m E. of Indian Lake and near Rock Lake,—crossing Cedar and Indian Rivers, tributaries of the Hudson. The total distance by this route is estimated at 40 to 45 m. We are informed that a four-horse stage will serve this route during the present season. There are two excellent hotels at North Creek—the Adirondack House and Rogers' Hotel; also at "14th Station," the Robbee House and Eldridge's Hotel.

Blue Mountain Lake (3 × 2) is pronounced by all authorities the "Koh-i-noor," of the smaller Wilderness gems.* Numerous islets and islands of various forms and aspects; some frowning with adamantine sternness, others smiling in robes of charming green, lie in its waters of translucent purity like agates and emeralds in settings of burnished silver. To traverse the winding water-courses formed by these picturesque groups, is to penetrate a labyrinth of intricate and interminable avenues. The loveliness of the lake is greatly enhanced by the wild and majestic scenery surrounding it. Mountain peaks on three of its sides dis-

*The Raquette is doubtless without a peer among the LARGER lakes.

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play their sublime fronts, and pre-eminent among them is the noble dome from which the lake derives its name.

To ascend Blue Mountain, land at the head of the bay on the N. E. side and follow the blind path leading through a burnt portion of the forest, bearing to the r in its course. The ascent is very gradual for two-thirds of the way. A beautiful cascade leaping down the mountain side, is revealed by diverging a little to the l of the path. Twenty-two lakes and ponds are visible from the summit. So densely wooded is the top that a tree must be climbed to obtain an uninterrupted view.

There is no hotel in the neighborhood, but boats, we believe, may be procured of a lumberman living near the head of the lake. S. and S. W. of it a short distance lie Stephens, Cascade, Deep, Rock and other ponds. Blue Mt. Lake, Eagle and Utowana Lakes are comprised in the Eckford Chain and are the most remote sources of the Raquette River. The serpentine stream which forms their outlet is locally termed East Inlet, or Marion River. It discharges into a deep bay on the E. side of Raquette Lake.

Route from Blue Mountain Lake to Raquette Lake:

Outlet,	½ miles.
Eagle Lake,	1 "
Outlet,	1 "
Utowana Lake,	2½ "
Portage, r,	½ "
Marion River,	6 "
Total,	11½ miles.

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The Eckford waters are most frequently visited from Raquette Lake.

From Saratoga Springs a rarely traveled wagon route leads to Lake Pleasant. Distance about 55 m.

With the superior attractions of this world-famous resort (Saratoga Springs) nearly every one in civilized communities is conversant; and upon the superior character of its magnificent hotels, tourists from all quarters of the habitable globe have already passed their favorable verdicts.

Congress Hall has elegant accommodations for 1,200 people; the Union is of equal princely capacity, and the United States ditto; the Clarendon has accommodations for 500; the American, 350; the Marvin House, 250; the Continental, 200; the Columbian, 200; the Pavilion, 100; the Everett, 100; the Washington, 100; the Mt. Eagle, 100; St. James, 100; Dr. Hamilton's Medical Institute, 150; Dr. Strong's Water Cure, 100; Dr. Bedortha's Water Cure, 150; Mrs. Wilbur's, 100; the Empire, 75; the Commercial, 75; the New York, 50; the Broadway, 50; and the Mt. Pleasant, 50.—*Sweetser's "Summer Resorts."*

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DIVISION V.

INTO THE GAROGA, PLEASANT AND PISECO LAKES REGIONS.

Amsterdam, Fonda, Little Falls and Herkimer, locations on the N. Y. C. R. R., furnish the usual modes of access.

Twenty-seventh—FROM AMSTERDAM, a pleasant and thriving village on the banks of the Mohawk, Lake Pleasant and the adjacent waters are accessible by a good stage route, viz :—Northville, 24 m; Hope Center, 6 m ; Benson, 2 m ; Benson Center, 3 m ; Wellstown, 3 m ; Sageville, 15 m. (Total 53 m). Stages daily to Northville, thence to Lake Pleasant, every Wednesday and Saturday.

Sageville, the shire town of Hamilton Co., is delightfully located midway between the southern extremities of Pleasant and Round Lakes, ¼ of a m from each. Upon an elevation commanding an exquisite view of these lakes and the surrounding country—cultivated meadows and interminable forests giving richness and variety to the landscape —is situated the Holmes' or Lake Pleasant Hotel. Four m N. E., within ½ m of the outlet of Lake Pleasant, stands the Sturgis House, also most agreeably located. Each house has a capacity for 40 or 50 guests, and at either place visitors—including ladies as well as gentlemen—will

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find a few weeks of summer tarry rendered exceedingly enjoyable. Both hotel-keepers are popular landlords and sportsmen.

Lake Pleasant is about 4 m in length by 1 m in width, and its outlet feeds the E. branch of the Sacondaga River, a tributary of the Hudson.

Round Lake is nearly as long and about twice as wide, and is quite irregular in form, lacking much of being circular, as its name would indicate. Hamilton Lake ($1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$) lies 4 m S. of Sageville. Little Long Lake is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m distant. Ox Bow Lake ($1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$) lies $3\frac{1}{2}$ m S. W. on the direct road to Piseco Lake, $4\frac{1}{2}$ beyond. Comfortable roads extend from both hotels to all these lakes and to others not here noted. These waters all pay tribute to the Sacondaga. The Raquette Region is connected with this section by intermediate streams, lakes and portages. A route leads to the Eckford Chain as follows:—Road from Sageville *via* Sturgis', 10 m; boating down Jessup River, 15 m; Indian Lake, 4 m; road to Blue Mt. Lake, 14 m. By following the first named road 6 m farther (16) Louis Lake ($1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$)—an attractive sheet—is reached. Its outlet which is navigable for small boats, flows N. E. 4 m and then enters Jessup River 6 m from Indian Lake.

Fish and game are generally quite plentiful in the Lake Pleasant Region. Guides will be found at either hotel.

Twenty-eighth—FROM FONDA (Fonda Hotel), another flourishing village pleasantly situated upon the Mohawk, the Lake Pleasant waters are also accessible by railroad to Gloversville, 8 m, (noted for its immense glove manufacturing interest); and from thence by stage to Sageville *via* Northville. Total distance, 54 m.

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Route to Garoga Lake Region:

From Fonda to Garoga Lakes, - - - - - - 18 miles.
" " Pine Lake, - - - - - - - 22 "
" " Stink Lakes, - - - - - - - 26 "

The Garoga Lakes, two crystal sheets about 1 m in l, are connected by a neck or short stream which lets the waters of the West Lake into those of the East Lake. They are fountain heads of the Mohawk. A little village—Caroga—has sprung up near their shores and a hotel has been erected here. The road is planked between this point and Fonda.

Some 2 or 3 m W. of Garoga Lakes is Fish or Canada Lake—also sometimes called Lake Byrn—a source of E. Canada Creek. It is irregular in shape, being in reality two lakes linked together and assuming the form of the letter S. The West Lake (1 × ¾) discharges its waters into the East Lake (3 × 1). Its surroundings are quite romantic; the surface of the ground rising back from the shores is thickly covered with boulders of unique and fantastic shapes. Tradition informs us that in this neighborhood large sums of money were once buried by the Spaniards. The money digger however has met with no success thus far in his toilsome researches. The inlets flow from Pine, Stink, Mud, Bellows, Otter and Green Lakes. There is a hotel also located here.

The scenery encompassing Pine Lake (4 × 1) is quite interesting. Agreeably to its name large numbers of the "princely pine," adorn its borders.

The three Stink Lakes, notwithstanding their unpoetic title, are quite distinguished for their beauty. A great quantity of fish being once washed over a beaver dam

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near these lakes, and decaying there, suggested the offensive appellation.

Lake Good Luck, a few miles N. of the Stink Lakes, empties into the W. branch of the Sacondaga 1½ m below Devereaux's Mills. Perhaps 2 m below the outlet of this lake is Trout Lake, which, as its name intimates, is well stored with this favorite fish. It is about 2 m below this sheet to Satterlee's Mills, located on the W. Sacondaga. By following the course of this rapid stream from this point, Piseco Lake, its chief fountain head may be reached.—*Trappers of New York.*

Twenty-ninth — FROM LITTLE FALLS (Benton and Hinchman Houses), a prosperous manufacturing village also located on the banks of the Mohawk, in a deep and romantic gorge (21 m E. of Utica), several routes extend to the Piseco Lake Region. Of the two usually selected one passes through Fairfield, Norway and Morehouseville, and the other through Salisbury and Devereaux. The distance from Little Falls to Fairfield is 7½ m; thence to Norway, about 4 m; Morehouseville, 20 m; foot of Piseco Lake, 10 m; to the settlement (Piseco) at the head of the lake, 6 m. Total, 47½ m. The distance by the Salisbury route is about the same. The road is good to the foot of the lake; from thence it is bad.

The little village of Piseco, once containing 250 inhabitants, is now nearly deserted, only three or four families remaining; of them boats may be procured. Piseco Lake (6½ × 1½) was called after an old Indian hermit by the name of "Pezeeko," who once dwelt upon its shores. Although lying near the borders of an open country, yet it is mostly surrounded by the wilderness. Its shores are generally abrupt and picturesque, which render the scenery considerably bold and striking.

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Speckled trout fishing is good in its inlets, and the lake itself furnishes salmon trout or "lakers" in considerable quantities. Its outlet (W. Sacondaga) is quite broad and deep, and it affords, together with a stream entering Gerundegut Bay, also near the foot of the lake, the best trouting in the vicinity. Bullheads abound in great numbers near the head of the lake. There are feasible connections with other lakes and ponds by the inlets. In its neighborhood (S. E.) are Mud Lake and Spy Lake. Ox Bow Lake and Lake Pleasant, as before noted, lie N. E. 4½ and 8 m respectively.

Thirtieth—FROM HERKIMER (14 m E. of Utica), located near the confluence of W. Canada Creek and the Mohawk, to Norway it is 14 m. Here the route joins the one leading from Little Falls. Distance from Herkimer to head of Piseco Lake, 50 m.

At Ilion, 2½ m W. of Herkimer, is Remington's immense Rifle Manufactory, of world-wide notoriety.

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DIVISION VI.

THE RAQUETTE WATERS.

Raquette River and its tributaries form the most important water system of the Wilderness. The extent of drainage by this river is very great. Beginning a little N. of the center of Hamilton County, the river runs northeasterly into Franklin County, and thence northwesterly into St. Lawrence County, passing on through Potsdam to discharge its waters into the St. Lawrence. Reference to a map will show the number of the large and important lakes and the numerous ponds which have their outflow in this direction. These waters, lying in the heart of the Wilderness, have long enjoyed the highest reputation as a sporting territory.

Raquette is the largest and most remarkable lake of the Wilderness. Its elevation is 1,731 feet. Its greatest length is 12 m. The peculiar form of this lake undoubtedly suggested its French name, of which the word "Racket" is a corruption. *Raquette* signifies snow-shoe, also cactus or prickly pear. Perhaps some fancied resemblance between this plant and the peculiar arrangement of the bays of the lake will account for its designation.

The original settlers at Raquette Lake were Messrs. Beach and Wood, an appropriate combination of names for

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that vicinity. The former died in 1862, and the latter, after residing here with his family for 20 years, removed to Elizabethtown, where his death recently occurred.—[*Colton's Map of the New York Wilderness.*

A description of this almost matchless lake has already been given in the former part of this work. Let us examine a few of its most interesting environs.

It is supposed that Lake Eldon (1 × ½), the forest pearl lying near "Wood's Place," and Raquette Lake were originally one body of water, and that the belt of separation, only 6 or 8 rods in width, was the work of beavers.

Marion River (East Inlet), whose lily-paved surface furnishes immense pasturage for deer, is frequently visited for the purpose of floating. The reader is reminded that up this stream lies the route to Blue Mountain Lake.

The broad and deep South Inlet is the "highway" to several objects of interest to the sportsman. Its crystal waters are numerously inhabited by the silvery denizens of that element, and near the landing just below the picturesque falls, some 2 m up the stream, a famous spring hole is pointed out where 30 pounds of brook trout have been caught at "a sitting." Amid the foam and eddies of the falls, too, angling generally meets with its full reward. The scenery investing this spot is replete with beauty and primitive wildness, richly compensating the visitor for his journey thither.

Shedd Lake (1 × ½), a most romantic sheet with wild and rocky surroundings, is reached by a carry of 1½ m S., leading 1 from a point near the falls and this lake is connected with Fonda Lake (2 × ⅝) by a carry of 2 m S.

Mohagan Pond (⅝ × ½), directly W. of Fonda L., is accessible by a portage of 3 m, starting (r) from South Inlet Falls. Though not feasibly reached with boats, yet

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the stream may be *descended* by that mode. This pond, as "Capt." Parker informs us, has not yet been opened to the sporting public but is kept in reserve. It is thronged with trout and is the common haunt of deer. Mohagan Pond and Shedd Lake are the headwaters of the South Inlet; and Fonda Lake of the S. branch of Moose R.

Access is gained to Shallow Lake and "Nameless Creek," and to nameless quantities of the "gamiest and brightest-tinted trout," by the following route, starting from the head of Marryatt's Bay on W. side of the lake, about 7 m above the outlet:—Pass up Sucker Brook, a short distance with boats; thence carry 1 m; thence cross Cranberry Pond, of which this brook is the outlet, 1½ m; thence ascend the inlet to Shallow Lake, 3½ m. The latter portion of the route is very tedious, as the stream is narrow, winding and shallow, and for a considerable distance boats can hardly be floated. The stream divides on the way, and there the *left* branch must be taken.

A good story is told in reference to this spot, of Mr. A. F. Tait, the artist, who, in passing over this route, accompanied by his guide, Capt. Parker, mistook the direction by taking the right branch. After struggling for hours in an effort to navigate the almost unnavigable stream, they discovered to their chagrin that it terminated in a dismal swamp and were obliged to retrace their course. Then, that others might not suffer from a similar error, Capt. Parker kindly (?) placed a guide post at the forks, on which was rudely inscribed, "*Take this stream for Shallow Lake.*" But in his haste to benefit (?) his fellow-sportsmen, he *inadvertently* caused the index finger to point the wrong way. A party soon following were sufferers from the *mistake*, and late in the day found themselves quartered upon one

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of the bogs of that cheerless marsh, where they were forced to bivouac for a night.

It was upon a flat rock in Shallow Lake that Mr. Murray, the "sportsman *par excellence*," and his "faithful John," received their delicious sunning. No wonder they were weary, for the toils of the day had been most exhausting. Since morning well advanced, they had passed from Brandreth's to Raquette Lake, carrying the boat across the intervening 4 m portage; and from thence had rowed, and poled and dragged that Spanish cedar shell over the balance of the laborious route. And after their sun-bath was concluded, it was from this lake,—"shut in on all sides by mountains, mirrored from base to summit in its placid bosom, bordered here with fresh green grass, and there with reaches of golden sand, and again with patches of lilies whose fragrance, mingled with the scent of balsam and pine, filled the air, reposing unruffled and serene,"—that they proceeded to that "Nameless Creek," which yielded to them in such rich numbers, its speckled treasures.—[Plumbley.

Nameless Creek flows from 2 charming lakelets, each about ⅛ m in length, discovered by "John," and by him named the Murray Ponds. As it requires tremendous exertion to reach them, no boat has ever yet ploughed their waters, which are literally alive with trout.

Boulder, or Beaver Creek, entering Raquette Lake on the E. side, is another trout-swarming resort. The 3 Sargent Ponds, of which this stream is the outlet, are hardly accessible by water. They are most conveniently visited by way of the Carthage road, from which a pathway leads (r) to them, starting from a point 3 m E. of Cary's. Distance from the road 1 m. They are each about 1¼ × ¼, very deep, and the home of numerous lake trout.

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Parties visiting Raquette Lake, usually camp on Ospray or Murray's Island, Wood's Place, Indian Point, West Point and North Bay. Constable's Point, long so popular as a camping place, has become too barren of trees to be any longer desirable for such a use.

Cary's Hotel is the only habitation in the vicinity. It is located near the outlet, between Raquette and Forked Lakes, within ¼ m of the former and ¾ m of the latter. This old established forest inn is often visited by parties passing through from the Saranac and Long Lake sections to the Raquette waters. The Carthage road passes near the door, and the distance to Long Lake Village is 13¾ m. In going from Raquette to Forked Lake guides sometimes run the rapids occurring in the outlet—½ m in extent—but the transit is usually made over the pleasant portage of ½ m.

At "Forked Lake Landing," upon the site of Helms old sporting house, long since destroyed by fire, is an admirable location for a hotel, and we marvel that Mr. Cary does not remove his residence there, or that Mr. Helms does not rebuild. The ground, from its smoothly sloping heights, commands an extended view of this magnificent lake.

Messrs. John D. Clute, A. Benedict, W. R. Mead and several other gentlemen, all of New York city, are extensive property-holders in this section. Their lands embrace Townships 35, 36, 40, 45, and 5 of "Totten and Crossfield's Purchase," and comprise Forked, Raquette, and a large portion of Little Tupper Lake; also the Eighth and ½ of the Seventh Lake, of the Moose River Chain, besides numerous smaller bodies of water, all of which possess rare points of interest. What a "snug little farm," and what a glittering array of lovely "trout ponds."

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Ah, for a "Central Park" formed of such materials, or for a "Grand Adirondack Park," embracing the entire Wilderness Region.

Big Forked Lake is about 7 m in length and is most appropriately named. Its numerous bays and indentations, points and headlands, render it most decidedly *forked.* The inlet flowing from Brandreth's Lake (W.) is navigable in the spring to within 1½ m of its source.

Plumbley Pond (1 ⋉ ⅛), a noted deer haunt, is reached by a carry of ½ m, leading N. E. from a point opposite the mouth of the Raquette Inlet, which enters Forked Lake 2 m below the "Landing." It was named from its discoverer—"John"—who upon that occasion won a wager from a surveyor, who insisted that it was one of the "prongs" of Forked Lake.

Little Forked Lake (2 ⋉ 1) may be considered an extension of the larger lake, as the stream connecting them is deep and short, and has considerable breadth. It is the "mother lake" in miniature, and fairly sparkles with picturesque attractions. A moss-covered, rocky bluff, to the r of the point of entrance, is frequently occupied by the hunter as a look-out for deer. By facing to the S. W., from the middle portion of the lake, a noble prospect of water and mountain scenery is obtainable.

High Pond lies a short distance W. of its lower extremity. At the head of the lake, E. side, which is about 6 m from Helms Landing, there is a well-sheltered camp, near which is a copious spring. We make a note of these "natural reservoirs," as sportsmen fully appreciate their value when camping out. A carry leads from this camp 1½ m N. E. to Moose Pond (1¼ ⋉ ⅛), another noted deer resort. And from the same point starts the route from

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Little Forked Lake to Little Tupper Lake:

Portage (N. W.),	$\frac{3}{4}$	miles.
Cary Pond (near Moose Mt.),*	$\frac{1}{2}$	"
Inlet,	20	rods.
Portage (N. W.),	$\frac{1}{4}$	miles.
Sutton Pond, (very pretty),	1	"
Portage (N. W.),	$\frac{1}{4}$	"
Bottle Pond (*bottle*-shaped),	1	"
Portage (N. W.) (rough and swampy),	$2\frac{1}{2}$	"
Rock Pond (*rock*-girded and romantic),	2	"
Portage (N.),	$\frac{1}{8}$	"
Stream to Little Tupper L.,	3	"
Total, (nearly)	$11\frac{3}{4}$	"

[*See. route from Smith's Lake to Little Tupper, page* 280].

Rock Pond was the scene of Mr. Murray's loon-shooting adventure. "The story was correct," said "John," "with one exception. Mr. M. forgot to add that Charley Mead and Jerry Plumbley, helped pick that loon."

From Helms Landing at Big Forked Lake to the outlet, the distance is 4 m.

Owl's Head, with its barren twin domes, and the dark masses of the Adirondacks, come out in grand relief as we journey in that direction. Encountering the rapids at the outlet, travelers land at the r and pass around them, unless they prefer to shoot them *a la Murray*. The first portage, though a long one ($1\frac{1}{4}$) m), is not very difficult From thence there is boating 1 m to Buttermilk Falls.

*New Pond, three-fourth miles N. W., empties into Cary Pond.

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Thence we carry down a steep descent 50 r and then follow the stream again for ¾ m. Landing on the r, we pass over the last portage ½ m to Long Lake. Splendid spring on this carry.

Long Lake is 13½ m in length and varies from a few rods to 1½ m in breadth. The Carthage road passes along the margin of the lake on the E. side as far as Long Lake Village (3½m), where it turns to the eastward. On this road, ½ m below the inlet, is the humble home of John E. Plumbley, popularly known as "Honest John." From what we have seen of Mr. P. we believe he is entitled to all the credit he has received from Mr. Murray as a faithful, efficient, and trustworthy guide. His age is about 45 years and he is a true representative of these iron-moulded, wild-wood conductors. The cultivation of his farm and the building of boats—those graceful Adirondack crafts—occupy his attention when not acting as a guide. His father, Joel Plumbley, located here nearly 40 years ago, and was the first settler on the shores of Long Lake; and his eldest son, Jerry, was the first child born of white parents in the neighborhood. "John" is an ardent admirer of Mr. Murray. Familiar as he is with his biographer's characteristics, it is not surprising. What he says of this enthusiastic sportsman is thus summed up:—"Mr. Murray is tall and athletic, being six feet, two, and finely proportioned. And he is as noble at heart as he is manly in form. No guides in his employ are ever ill-used, or overtaxed; on the contrary, he never fails to consider their wants and comfort. If a hard day's work is to be performed, he insists upon taking the burden of it upon his own shoulders. He invariably carries his own boat—a light, unique piece of workmanship, manufactured out of Spanish cedar, imported expressly for him. Many a time

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have I returned to the camp, late in the evening, after a difficult trip, to find that Mr. Murray, had with his own hands, prepared for me a warm supper. God bless the man who is kind to the guides!" Amen, say we to that.

Mr. Cary's pleasantly-situated residence—hereafter to be employed as a hotel—stands a short distance N. of Mr. Plumbley's. Pursuing the same road ½ m farther toward the village (2½ m distant), "Uncle Palmer's" delightful situation is reached, where tidy accommodations are furnished to boarders and transient visitors. Uncle Palmer —a genial man of 62—has dwelt at this place a score of years, and many are the interesting incidents he gives from his experience since locating among the wilds of Long Lake.

The town of Long Lake, though embracing an area of 440 square miles, contains a population of only 300 people, (including the family of Wm. Helms, the well-known guide), living in the village and scattered along the shores of the lake for several miles.

There is no locking doors o'nights in this *fo'est-'ocked* hamlet—locally called "Gougeville"—as burglaries are never committed here. Indeed, we know of but one misdemeanor recorded upon the archives of Long Lake Village; that was the vindictive burning of a boat. The perpetrator of that outrage fleeing, was pursued by officer Smith, who, to use his own language, went into the woods "30 m *perpendicular* after him," finally effected his capture in the Tupper Lake section, and led him home from thence with a dog chain.

At the substantial residence of Mitchell Sabattis, sportsmen are provided with rooms and also with supplies. His farm is kept in prime condition and everything connected with the premises bespeaks thrift and enterprise.

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This noble red man is of pure Indian extraction, belonging to the St. Francis tribe, and was born in the year 1825, at Parishville, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. His sons, John and Isaac, verify the old proverb—"like father, like son"—as they too are most excellent men and guides. Nor are these the only capable guides who live in the neighborhood. Gladly would we favor each of the many residing here, with a separate notice, if space would permit. We might speak of Capt. P—, the wag, the fisher; Clark F—, the gentleman, the panther-slayer; Reuben C—, the "faithful, the fearless;" Lysander H—, the talker, the fiddler; Amos H—, the discreet, the reticent; and so on to the end; but we must pass on; so no jealousy, gentlemen—we cannot mention you all.

The Long Lake Hotel, recently re-fitted and enlarged, now affords attractive accommodations to a large number of guests, and offers peculiar inducements to tempt a lengthened stay. Trout and venison are staple dishes, and the courteous host, Cyrus H. Kellogg, is as thoroughly conversant with the needs of his patrons as he is with all the minutiæ of woodland life. Proprietor, too, of a store here, and of the stage line to the settlements, what man could be better calculated to meet the requirements of those seeking a quiet resting place in the heart of the Adirondacks, or sporting adventures in camping out. Stages leave Long Lake Village for Pottersville (41 m distant) every Monday; connecting at Minervia (33 m distant) with another stage line running to North Creek, a station on the Adirondack R. R., 6 m farther S.,—enabling passengers to reach the cars on Tuesday. Fare to North Creek, $5.00. From thence stages return on the following Thursday. Hence those who have occasion to correspond with Mr. Kellogg (P. O. "Long Lake Village, Hamilton Co.,

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N. Y.,) or with L. L. guides, will bear in mind that but one mail weekly is there received and will therefore make due allowance for delays in communicating with them. A rumor reaches us that stages will run tri-weekly in future during summer travel.

South Pond (2 ⋈ $\frac{3}{4}$), one of the finished beauties of the Wilderness, lies 1 m E. of the head of Long Lake, and is reached by road and pathway leading from a point a short distance S. W. of Plumbley's place. The route passes over a high cleared elevation which overlooks a magnificent landscape. From thence the path (W.) descends quite abruptly through the forest to the pond. Near the landing is an ice-cold spring. This little lake is thickly studded with island gems, most picturesquely commingling, and Blue Mountain, majestic and beautiful, rises not far from its borders. In this wild and secluded place, Mr. A. F. Tait has erected and nicely furnished a sylvan lodge; and here are produced some of those exquisite paintings that delight so many eyes. We doubt not his genius gathers inspiration from such surroundings, for never was the studio of an artist placed in a lovelier spot. A master hand is his in throwing the fly, floating for deer, or making the canvas glow with life!

Blue Mountain Lake, 3 m S. E. of South Pond, is reached by a "winter road."

Tirrell Pond, N. E., is rarely visited and we believe not particularly interesting.

To ascend Owl's Head Mountain, pass up the creek, entering Long Lake just below Slim Point and nearly opposite Palmer's place, as far as practicable with boats; thence follow path leading l from the stream. The ascent is gradual and easy until the summit is nearly attained. The distance from base to crown is $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 m. This mount-

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ain has two peaks, both of which are rocky and bare. The first one we have just ascended. The second and taller peak is visited by crossing the depression that intervenes between the two. There is no beaten path, but the walking is not difficult, as the woods are clean and smooth. This peak is also ascended by following a "line" that starts from a point opposite Cary's residence. On this side of the mountain, nearly midway between base and summit and about 2 m from Long Lake, is a "real liquid gem," called Owl's Head Pond. Its water is beautifully clear, its bed is composed of the purest sand, and its depths are inhabited by numerous trout.

Route from Long Lake to Little Tupper Lake, via Clear, Slim and Stony Ponds.

Portage (W. from opposite Kellogg's),	1	miles.
Clear Pond ($1\frac{3}{4} \bowtie 1$),	1	"
Portage (N. E.), (rough),	$2\frac{1}{2}$	"
Mud Pond,	$\frac{3}{4}$	"
Inlet,	10	rods.
Little Slim Pond (good camp here),	1	miles.
Big " "	2	"
Inlet (narrow and shallow),	$\frac{1}{2}$	"
Portage,	30	rods.
Stony Pond,	$\frac{1}{2}$	miles.
Portage (W. from N. W. shore),	$\frac{3}{4}$	"
Total,	$10\frac{1}{8}$	"

Pleasant camping places and good sporting on this route.

Clear Pond is a delightful sheet, nestling at the base of

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Owl's Head Mountain. Like Round Lake its pellucid waters are quickly agitated into dangerous waves by every moderate breeze. A sad event once happened here. Three men shantying in the neighborhood, disappeared and were never afterwards seen. But their boat, found drifting along the shore, and a cap and satchel discovered near by, together with the great distress of their faithful dog—a mute witness of the accident—indicated as strongly as words, the nature of their fate. Their bodies were not recovered, as the pond froze over soon after the occurrence, and when the ice went out in the spring it was piled 4 to 6 ft. high on the shore. The affair was then regarded as quite mysterious.

Grampus Lake is visited by ascending Big Brook (a stream entering on the W. side of Long Lake about 3 m below Kellogg's) as far as possible, carrying from thence ¾ m to Mud Pond; and thence to the lake 2½ m; also by following a path leading from near the mouth of Black Brook 4 m W. Boats are kept at Grampus L. which obviates the necessity of transporting them thither.

Handsome Pond, most properly named, is reached from Grampus L.—distance 1 m N.

Mohegan Pond lies an equal distance away in a more westerly direction.

A portage of 1 m, starting from a point 1 m below the Grampus Lake carry, connects Long Lake with Rock Pond (1 ⋈ ½).

The Anthony Ponds are accessible by boating ½ m up their outlet, which empties into Long Lake (W. side) about 3 m above the foot, and carrying from thence ½ m S. W. These 3 pretty lakelets are linked by short channels, and boats pass freely from one to another.

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Route from Kellogg's to the Tupper Lakes.

Long Lake,	10	miles
Via. Raquette River to Cold River, r.	1	"
" " " Rapids,	5	"
" Portage to Johnson's, r, (Raquette Falls),	1½	"
" Raquette R. to Palmer Brook, r,	2	"
" " " Stony Creek, r,	4	"
" " " Calkin's, r,	½	"
" " " Folingsby's Brook, l,	4½	"
" " " Daniel's (Sweeny Carry), r,	4	"
" " " Half-Way Brook, r,	1½	"
" " " Rapids,	2½	"
" " " Great Oxbow, l,	1	"
" " " Moody's,	2	"
" " " Stetson's,	2	"
" " " McBride's—Simon's Pond,	1	"
" " " Big Tupper Lake,	1	"
Big Tupper Lake,	7	"
Portage (Bog River Falls),	15	rods.
Bog River,	2	miles.
Little Tupper L. Stream,	¼	"
Portage, l,	½	"
Stream,	1	"
Portage, l,	1½	"
Round Pond,	2½	"
Stream to Little Tupper Lake,	1	"
Total,	59	"

Leaving Kellogg's agreeable retreat and paddling down this beautiful lake, we are afforded an opportunity to examine its many romantic features. First we shall admire

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Round Island, which robed in its rich dress of Norway pines, presents a striking similitude to Dome Island, in Lake George. With Headley, "we would like to own that island. It would be pleasant to be possessor of so much beauty." A singular illusion characterizes Round Island. When approaching it from the N. it seems ever at the same distance, until it is very nearly reached. Other handsome islands grace this lake, but none possess so many charms as this. The scenery continues to improve as we approach the outlet, some 2 m from which we obtain a superb view of the Adirondack battlements which tower towards the heavens in infinite majesty.

Here we pass another pretty island with picturesque shores, upon which has recently been erected a sportsman's hotel. Our host, John Davis, of the "Aunt Polly Inn," at the village of Newcomb, about 12 m distant, is its proprietor. His boarders alternate between the two places, which are in communication with each other by the romantic route from Newcomb to Long Lake *via* Catlin Lake. (See page 390.) "My boarders change once a week," quoth John, "staying at the 'Aunt Polly' one week, and then going over to the 'Island House'—meeting half way the party coming from there, and all dining together—a very pleasant arrangement."

At Buck Mt. Point, on the W. shore, nearly opposite Camp Island, stands a comfortable shanty which is frequently occupied by sporting parties, as the place besides being a beautiful situation, is remarkably free from insects.

At the head of a charming bay, W. of the outlet, on a smooth, grassy bluff, within the grateful shadow of a pine grove, is an oft-frequented camping place. Bowen's deserted clearing is immediately back of it. From this little eminence, facing southward, we again survey a rich

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and impressive landscape. On the right we see Buck and the Rock Pond Mountains, rising with rugged summits; to the left, Blue Peak, with verdured symmetry, dips gracefully to the water's edge; in front, the lake, in transcendent beauty, spreads away until lost in the deep green of the forest. Traces of the "Old Military Road" and the log abutments of the bridges once spanning the outlet over which it passed, are still apparent. It seems hardly credible that the tramp of a marching army has ever echoed in these vast solitudes.

Leaving Long Lake, we enter the Raquette and are soon floating down this noble stream. Cold River, which discharges its trout-burdened waters 1 m below, is navigable for 5 m when swollen by the freshets of spring, but only ½ that distance in mid-summer time. From its mouth to Mt. Seward it is 12 m, through the densest and most savage portion of the Great Wilderness. Verplanck Colvin, whose explorations in the interest of Geographical and General Science, have proved of such value to the Botanist and other scientific men, says, in a letter to us in reference to this mountain:—"There is no trail to the summit of Mt. Seward, save some blazings which we made; the ascent is difficult, and I have the honor, I believe, to be the first person that ever trod, or placed a barometer upon the true summit. About 2½ days were consumed in climbing the mountain; and in the return we journeyed day and night. There is nothing to invite tourists to the ascent." The intrepid hunter, John Cheney, writes us respecting this same castellated pinnacle, thus characteristically:—"I know of no one, except myself, and four others with me, that ever ascended Mt. Seward, and this was about 25 years ago, when we were hunting for moose. We found a large bull moose yarded, nearly at the top,

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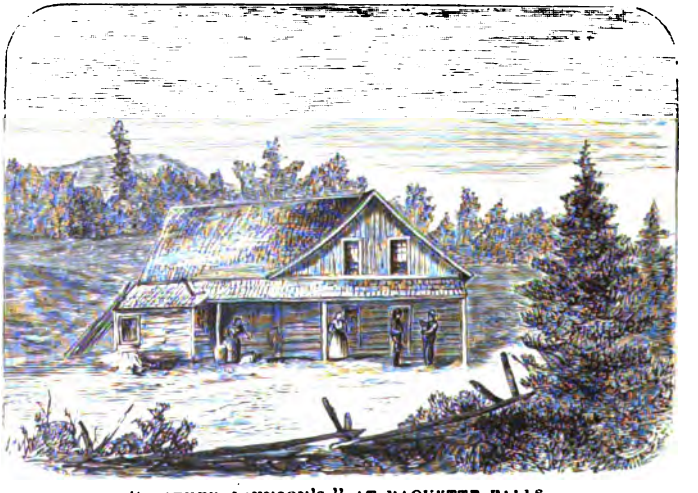
SCHROON LAKE—STEAMER "LIBBIE S. BENEDICT."



"MOTHER JOHNSON'S," AT RAQUETTE FALLS.

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which we killed." A short distance below Cold River, on the opposite side, at the mouth of Moose Creek, and just below that, where Cold Brook empties its icy waters, trout are often secured in great abundance.

At Raquette Falls, "Mother Johnson's famous pancakes" may be procured, and "Uncle" Johnson may be employed to transport baggage over the portage with his oxen, for which he charges $1.50 per load. The house is a sort of blocked log concern, pleasantly overlooking the river. The falls, ¼ m distant, are very pretty and romantic, and are entitled to all the notice they receive. That word "*notice*" reminds us of some "*directions* to the traveler," we observed penciled on a *barked* tree on the carry, reading as follows :—

"NOTIS.
VISIT FANTOM FALLS."

In front of the house, close to the river, on a grass-green bluff, is an old favorite camping place. A good path leads 1 m E. to Dawson's Pond (¼ × ⅛), which is a vast spring hole swarming with small sized trout. Within ¼ and ⅓ m of that are three other little ponds—nameless and unknown to the general tourist. They are not noted for trout, but are frequently sought by deer. A "blazed" line extending 3 m westerly from "*Hotel de Johnson*," terminates at Folingsby's Pond, to which the water distance is 12½ m.

Leaving Johnson's place, the scenery continues to improve as we pass along—growing more unique and varied. The Raquette, with its sandy points and symmetrical headlands, its graceful curves and majestic reaches, is truly a most beautiful river. The arrangement of the trees on its wondrously wooded banks is most perfect and

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constitutes one of its greatest attractions. Water maples line the shore and form (with a sprinkling of other kinds sufficient to prevent monotony) the handsome groves which ornament the vast natural meadows that abound near this river. Their appearance is like that of fruit trees, and one fancies, while gliding down the stream, that he can see the white farm houses peeping through the foliage. Two m below, where Palmer's Brook, an exquisite streamlet, winding gracefully through one of these meadows, empties its waters into the river, fish for trout and watch for deer.

To visit Folingsby's Pond ($3 \times \frac{3}{4}$) we leave the Raquette, and ascend crooked and shallow Folingsby's Brook $1\frac{1}{8}$ m S. Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Judge Hoar, and other eminent literary gentlemen, who have frequently camped near this charming water gem, will testify to its many attractions. There is a comfortable shanty at the foot of the pond, and a very substantial one (Dukett's) near the head. It is regarded as excellent sporting ground.

The mouth of Half Way Brook (on the Raquette) is a famous trout resort.

At the Rapids some caution must be exercised in getting boats over them when the stream is low, as the current is very swift.

The Great Oxbow is an immense curve in the river. A canal, 60 ft. in length cut across here, saves a distance of 2 m. Just below, at a beautiful spot, where a spring of the purest water comes gushing up, travelers often stop to lunch.

There is a little settlement of three or four families living in quiet retirement near the lake—(Tupper)—(Sim Moody, Stetson, McLaughlin, and McBride), of whom

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farmers' supplies may be obtained. From Stetson's to Raquette Pond, the distance by path is 1 m; by the river it is 5 m.

Continuing our course, at length, upon rounding a bend in the stream, an abrupt transition occurs, and the first distinct view we have of Big Tupper Lake, seen suddenly before us, glistening like a sea of silver surrounded by a fringe of limitless green, is one of surpassing beauty. A succession of romantic islands, some rocky and barren. others covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, adorn the waters of this lake, which once bore the Indian name of "Pas-kun-ga-meh," signifying going out from the river, (*Raquette*). Beautiful bays and indentations curve gracefully around densely wooded points and promontories, and mountains of moderate elevation slope gradually to the shore, and are reflected in the liquid mirror at their feet. It only lacks the remote mountain features so imposingly gracing the landscape viewed from Long and Raquette Lakes, to render this sheet the *queen* of the Adirondack waters.

As we enter the lake from the outlet, we notice on the left a beaver meadow of large extent, interspersed with pleasant groves, and a conspicuous object in the scene is Moody's Hotel, its attractive appearance inviting the traveler to pause for awhile at the winsome spot. Martin M. Moody, our genial host, like his brother Harvey, is an old-time guide, and is as familiar with the mazes of the forest as a school-boy is with the alphabet. Parties registering their names upon his books, may expect the most courteous attention to all their wants. The house is ample and will provide for a large number.

Bluff Island is the most noteworthy and picturesque of all the 42 islands studding this lake. Its W. extremity is

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a perpendicular cliff of very peculiar shape, rising majestically 70 or 80 ft. above the water. This precipitous rock has received the name of the "Devil's Pulpit," and it presents a most unique appearance as you approach it going eastward. Indian tradition informs us (so it must be true) that "the bad spirit was wont to ascend this rock up the great natural steps on the N. side, and from its summit preach to his followers, congregated on the ice below, in a furious storm; and after his sermon was ended, to slide down the smooth face of the precipice on the other side." It is said that once a deer, pursued by huntsmen, jumped from the top of this "Pulpit" into the lake beneath, and escaped by swimming to the mainland, only to be killed the following year. How they knew it was the same deer is not explained.

The trout haunts in this vicinity are Bog River Falls, at the head of the lake; Cold Brook, discharging its waters ¼ or ⅓ m E. of the falls; the mouth of a brooklet entering Rock Island Bay, 2 m below; another little stream, 1 m below that, flowing into Deep Bay—(so narrow is the opening connecting this bay with the lake, that it assumes the form of a charming lakelet); three small brooks emptying opposite the Norway Islands; Redside Brook, about 1 m above Moody's;—all on the E. side of the lake; and Grindstone Brook, the inlet of Grindstone Bay, 2½ or 3 m from the foot; and Bridge Brook entering the bay of that name, 1½ or 2 m above Grindstone Bay—both on the W. side.

Tupper Lake has 2 outlets, both entering Raquette R. within ⅓ m of each other. Take the 1 channel to visit Lough Neak, and perchance the St. Lawrence, into which the Raquette discharges itself after its majestic passage of 150 m.

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Gull Pond, lying at the base of Gull Pond Mt., ½ m W. of the head of the lake, is easily reached by good portage, and affords very fine fishing. It feeds the waters of the lovely little Uz Pond, which lies immediately back (W.) of Grindstone Bay.

Bridge Brook Pond is accessible by a good path leading ½ m (W.) from Bridge Brook Bay. Carry from head of this pond (N. W.) to reach Pleasant Lake; and from thence S. W. to reach Long Pond, both head-waters of Dead River. W. of that lies Center Pond, a source of Grass River.

Access is gained to Sperry Pond by ascending Cold Brook, as far as possible, with boats, and carrying from thence 2 m, S. E.; and to Jenkins Pond, by boating up Jenkins Brook,—entering E. side, near the head,—as far as boats will float, and thence crossing the good portage, 3 m E. Carry from Jenkins Pond ½ m S. E. to visit Duck Pond; and 1½ m N. E. to reach Long Pond. (Good portage).

A good path leads from Moody's Hotel to Little Simon's Pond, lying near the foot of Mt. Morris; distance 1½ m. This pond is very secluded, and Mr. Moody regards it as the best fishing locality in the North Woods; nor is there a scarcity of deer in the neighborhood. Its outlet connects with Big Simon's Pond, another deer rendezvous.

Mt. Morris, the noblest and most prominent pinnacle of this section, is generally visited by taking a path starting from Little Green Bay—E. side of the lake; distance 2½ m, S. E.

The eastern shore of the lake, immediately above Moody's, is the ground usually selected for camping, as a number of springs abound thereabout; eligible locations are also furnished by some of its numerous islands, includ-

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ing Long (its largest—1 m in length), Bluff, Two Brothers, Two Norways, Jenkins, and Mink Islands.

Approaching the head of Tupper Lake, we are charmed by a constant succession of new and varied water views. In the distance, Bog River Falls are plainly distinguishable, looking like a ribbon of silver hanging gracefully over the face of a bluff. Graves pleasant "Lodge" is situated on the W. shore, within a mile of the head. The house most charmingly overlooks the water, and with its recent enlargement, has ample accommodations for all that would be likely to come. Here, the sportsman-tourist, if he has no desire to taste the hardships of a camp life, can stop to good advantage for a week or for a summer tarry, and enjoy most of the luxuries that civilization affords, together with all the wild-wood dainties.

The route to Mud Lake—notoriously the gloomiest sheet the Wilderness contains, noted for deer and mosquitoes, and once famed as the home of the now "mythic moose"—starts from "Graves' Lodge," and the distance is about 15 m. Boats and baggage are conveyed from this point by team over the 3 m portage to Horse Shoe Pond. Price, $3.00 per load.

The particulars of the sad accident resulting in the death of Mr. Graves last fall, are thus given by Mr. Milote Baker, through the Plattsburg *Republican*:—"Mr. W. W. Graves, proprietor of 'Graves Lodge,' was at Horse Shoe Pond with his son, watching for deer. A large buck being driven in, Mr. Graves attempted to drive it near the shore that his son might shoot it. Mr. Graves had the deer by the tail, and was pounding him on the head with an oar, when suddenly he turned and swam under the boat, capsizing it. The boat being old and leaking, he could not right it, but thought he could get ashore by taking hold

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of the dog's tail, and being towed, but the dog, instead of swimming, would turn and get on Mr. G.'s shoulders. He then tried to swim ashore, but could not reach it. The water was very cold, and he quite warm from his tussle with the deer. When near the shore he told his little son he could swim no farther, and bid him "good bye," telling him to bid his mother and little sisters the same, and sank to the bottom. The water where he sank is not over 10 or 12 ft. deep, and very clear. His little son could see his face when he was sinking, until near the bottom." Mr. Graves will be sadly missed by the sporting fraternity.

From Horse Shoe Pond the route leads down its outlet to Bog River—flowing from Mud Lake; thence we pass up this stream, through a series of ponds, termed the First or Lower Chain, and the Second or Upper Chain. The first of these groups is made up of 3 little beauties, respectively named North, Middle, and Hitchins Ponds, all connected by narrow passages. They vary from ⅛ to 1 m in length, and their waters are deep, pure and cold, and the scenery around them is pleasantly diversified. Large natural meadows of luxuriant wild grass, and high elevations crowned with timber of gigantic growth, form a pleasing variety in the landscape. On the W. bank of the E. one (North Pond), at the head of a handsome little bay, is a very pleasant camping spot. There is also a most suitable location for a camp on the N. shore of the Western or Hitchins Pond. A little stream entering this pond on the S. side, flows from Little Trout, Big Trout, High, &c., Ponds, several miles farther S. Leaving Hitchins Pond, the stream is so shallow that boats must be "poled" considerably, and when the water is low they must be carried here from 30 to 100 r.

The Second or Upper Chain, about 4 m above the lower

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group, is also composed of three pretty little sheets, mingling their waters by short and sluggish inlets. They are from ⅛ to ⅜ m l, and their shores are bold, rocky and romantic. On the N. shore of the middle one, on a green cape that slopes gently down to the water, is a most attractive camping place, an excellent spring near, rendering the location all the more desirable. For miles above the Second Chain, the savage "Bog," rapidly narrowing and extremely sinuous,* takes its course through a low, swampy and most unpleasant region. This part of the route is a fitting introduction to the dismal scenery about to be witnessed.

Mud Lake is about 1½ m in length; its waters are usually shallow, and are almost entirely covered with lily-pads. These, together with the great abundance of wild grass that skirts the shores, form the most extensive grazing fields for deer that exists anywhere within the Wilderness. The ground bordering the lake is sometimes trodden up like the cattle yards of Brighton Market. From the head of the lake, a vast boggy natural meadow stretches away beyond the range of the eye. This was once the breeding-place of the moose. At the mouth of the inlet, entering here, trout may be caught in limited numbers, but not elsewhere in this lake. The only suitable camping location hereabouts, will be found near the outlet, on the N. side, in a little grove of spruce and balsam trees. A cold spring, almost as large and remarkable as the famous one yet to be described, near the head of Tupper Lake, is the most agreeable feature of the place. Around this lake, each member of the insect tribe

* Harvey Moody pronounces this stream, and Folingsby's, and Little Wolf Brooks, "the confoundedest crookedest consarns in the woods."—VIDE STREET'S "WOODS AND WATERS."

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holds high carnival throughout the summer months.* Mud Lake receives the waters of the 3 Chain Ponds, lying a short distance W.

The Silver Lake Chain, lying N. E., is reached by branching to the N. W. from the Mud Lake route at the third pond of the Upper Chain, and proceeding to Fourth Pond, but a short distance away. On the N. side of this pleasant sheet is a good camp—near a never-failing spring. From Fourth Pond to the Silver Chain, the route passes N. E. through Three Pound Pond, (the name suggestive of the size of its trout); Graves and Otter Ponds; Silver Lake, reposing beneath the shadow of Silver Lake Mt.; and then through Triangle, and Panther Ponds; with about 2½ m carry in all. As these waters are deeply buried in the seclusion of the "wild green woods," and have hardly been explored even by the trapper, they may be classed with the very best sporting territory of the Adirondacks.

. . . . . .

Resuming the route from Big Tupper Lake, and turning a point near Graves, we do not fail to call and take a delicious draught from the most remarkable spring in the entire Wilderness. It is of unusual dimensions, being fully 6 ft. in diameter, and the water boils up from its bed of snow-white sand, and is as sweet, clear and cold, as ever mortal drank. Like Headley, "we long to take that spring with us." From this pearly fountain there flows a tiny brooklet, which, with its rippling music, laughs its way to the lake near by. Right here, on 2 different points, in close proximity to each other and to this spring, we may note two of the best camping spots we have ever

*In our description of this route, we have drawn somewhat from Headley, Street, and Hammond.

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seen. Half a mile farther onward, and we reach the falls, where Bog River discharges its waters in three cascades over a shelving ledge, foaming and boiling in its angry course, until it makes a final leap into the lake directly below, as if happy in finding a resting place in its peaceful bosom. The view from here and from the camping-grounds just mentioned, is among the most enchanting we have ever witnessed from any spot. Nearly the entire surface of the exquisite Tupper is spread out before us, its islands, bays and mountains, lending their peculiar charms to the superb picture. Near this place, the ancient military road that we crossed at the foot of Long Lake, and which extends from the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence, is still perceptible, though overgrown with young trees and brambles. The Adirondack R. R. will pass near this point.

Around the falls, up the steep bank, the boat is carried and placed in the Bog River. Two miles above this portage the stream divides. Up the right branch led the former route to Mud Lake. It included thirteen carries; no wonder it was abandoned. Continuing our journey we take the left or Little Tupper Lake Stream. Along the second carrying place, which terminates at Round Pond, the scenery is strikingly bold and beautiful, full of wild and romantic interest, and strongly resembles that of Trenton Falls; but unlike that, perfect solitude here reigns supreme. After leaving Round Pound the stream flows on awhile with gentle current, all unconscious of its future mad career. Now it reaches a glen and fretfully hides itself in its rocky bed, soon emerging therefrom a mere brooklet, so small that one can easily leap across it, but anon expands into the proportions of a river. Then it dashes down the face of a rugged ledge in wrath-

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ful surges, and after flowing in stateliness for a little distance, madly sweeps over a pavement of pointed rocks. Huge boulders line the way, around which the maddened river turns and twists in its furious journey through the ravine. The dense forest crowds itself to the very edge of the precipitous gorge. It is strange that travelers so rarely mention this romantic passage. It would be considered a gem in the vicinity of the White Mountains, or in any region renowned for natural beauty.

Cleaving through the bright waters of Round Pond, a sheet of rare beauty, and almost as circular as if traced with a compass, we enter its broad and sluggish inlet, mantled with lily-pads, affording an immense feeding-ground for deer. The stately yellow pond-lily raises its golden head above the water, and the more exquisite white one, loveliest of forest flowers, with its glistening leaves of crimson and green, lifts itself just high enough to silver the surface while the day lasts, and then closes its pearly scollops for the night. This stream courses its way through a gloomy swamp. But though the many beautiful things placed here fail to render it a "Garden of Eden," yet they array it in rarest colors which go far to soften and relieve its dreariness. The scarlet Indian Plume; the wild Rose, ever a favorite; the red berried Solomon's Seal; the crimson Mohawk Tassel; the Moosehead, in its royal purple, charm the eye of the traveler when passing through these inlets which would otherwise be the most dismal thoroughfares imaginable. The pretty tamarack here predominates, lining the entire passage of a mile, at the end of which Little Tupper lies before us, presenting with its surroundings a landscape of great and attractive variety. We continue our course up the lake, pausing midway to feast our eyes upon the most impressive view of all its scenery, here

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unfolded to us. Looking to the N. E. we behold the giant forms of the Adirondack Range, dim shadows in the distance, rearing their heads to the clouds and frowning in eternal barrenness upon all objects lying beneath and around them. The bold, rocky shores of the lake resemble ancient fortifications, or the battlements of ruined castles, and islands and bays of different shapes, give completeness to the scene. Little Tupper Lake, or Lake Clute, has a length of about 6 m. As it is more secluded and less frequented than Big Tupper, it is better adapted to hunting purposes. Its most noted trout resort is at the mouth of Bog Stream, which flows from Sperry and Handsome Ponds—entering the lake near the outlet Its most desirable camping-location is at Sand Point—N. W. side—about a mile from the outlet.

With Little Tupper Lake terminates our tour of the Adirondack Region. Those who are not already advocates of the proposed measure for converting this region of picturesque and delightful scenery into a grand, permanent State Park, we opine will become such after enjoying a few weeks of camp-life within the charmed circle of its sublime, ennobling and refreshing influences. The reader may become better acquainted with the subject by a careful examination of the weighty arguments that follow, from the pen of P. H. Agan, Esq.,* in a letter to a friend, which we are permitted to copy :—

* By an act of the Legislature, a commission composed of ex-Governor Seymour, State Engineer William B. Taylor, Patrick H. Agan, George Raynor, William A. Wheeler, Verplanck Colvin and Franklin B. Hough, has been appointed to examine the subject of preserving the Adirondacks as a State Park, with instructions to report on its feasibility at the next session of that body.

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SYRACUSE, April 29, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR:—

In response to your request that I would give you my views relative to the proposed State Park, I send you such reflections as have among others occurred to me, without, however, claiming for them any special interest or value.

To us who have been accustomed for years to making annual summer trips to the great New York Wilderness, the recent discussions concerning the propriety of creating a STATE PARK out of that magnificent region, are fraught with much interest. It is a scheme upon which for a considerable time we have bestowed more or less reflection, and the renewal of these discussions at this juncture, and the earnestness with which the proposition is advocated in high quarters, encourages us to hope for success at no distant period.

You and I are undoubtedly more sensitive to the agitation of this subject than those who are unacquainted with the characteristics of the territory which is proposed to be embraced within the contemplated Park, and feel a stronger desire than they to perpetuate the existence of its woods and waters. Our intimacy with that region, begun long ago, has created in us a feeling of attachment for it which cannot exist among those whose sole knowledge of its charms has been obtained at second hand. Other citizens of the State, but strangers to its delights, may feel proud of its possession as a part of the inheritance of their own unrivaled commonwealth; but we who have so frequently reveled in the enjoyment of its wild and rugged scenery, and drawn strength and inspiration from its fresh and bracing atmosphere, not only have a pride in its existence, but a sense of affection for it that cannot be eradicated, and that renders it impossible to regard with unconcern any measure which has in view its preservation.

This question of a State Park can no longer be treated with ridicule or indifference. Considerations of such magnitude are involved in it that no good citizen is justified in ignoring the matter. The scheme rests upon a solid basis of public necessity which may not indeed be apparent at this time, but which will, ere long, be universally acknowledged to exist.

The only objection of any weight whatever, that has been interposed to the enterprise, is its alleged expense; but do they who urge this objection estimate the loss which the annihilation of this Wilderness would inevitably entail upon themselves? Can they truly calculate the damage that would result to the surrounding country and to the State, from the destruction of the timber which covers the tract and serves as a protection to the streams that span it in all directions? Remove the drapery of the forest and numberless fountains of living waters that now bubble up everywhere would cease to flow.

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We hear men talk of the value of this timber as a merchantable article; and of course it has a value of that kind; but as a protection to the innumerable water-courses of the Wilderness, its value is a thousand fold greater than it would be wrought into any article of commercial exchange. We should cease to depend henceforth for supplies of lumber from this region. Abundant quantities of the article, and of better quality, can be obtained elsewhere. The near forests of the Canadian Dominion are accessible and still very prolific in their yield of pine as well as the coarser varieties of lumber. Immense forests still remain untouched in the Northwest, while there yet exist extensive timber tracts in the Southern States. For the present, and until the business of growing timber for market is entered upon in this country, we must draw the great bulk of our lumber from these sources. Of the hundreds of millions of feet of lumber annually consumed in the United States, it would be safe, I think, to say that hardly two per cent. is obtained from our Northern Wilderness.

A dozen or more rivers of greater or less magnitude, have their fountain-heads upon this great plateau. The Ausable, the Saranac, the St. Regis, the Deer, the Beaver, the Moose, the Black, and lastly, the Hudson, with its wealth of scenic grandeur, all pour their waters down its rugged slopes. The Mohawk, too, draws largely from his source. Nor should we forget that gem of American cascades, Trenton Falls, which is situated upon one of the many lesser streams of the Wilderness which roll their waters toward the waiting sea. Imagine, my dear sir, your own sensations on going out upon a delightful August morning to take a peep at this favorite waterfall, and finding only the empty channel through which the amber stream once threaded its rapid course! Such will be its fate if we permit the removal of the forest in which its sources lie nestled, and which gives them nourishment and life. We do not need to convert this forest into any article of traffic, but we do need it for the necessary supply of our canals, for the maintenance of the immense hydraulic power it sustains, for the healthful sanitary influences it exerts upon the adjacent regions, and for the pleasure it imparts to all who love the companionship of the woods.

The entire region is unsuited to cultivation. That the soil is unproductive and practically valueless, has been demonstrated by repeated experiments. Thorough examinations have disclosed its poverty and weakness. We are assured by the old settlers that once the deer and moose shunned it entirely—preferring a home in the milder and more productive valleys below; and that these wary animals sought it finally not from choice but for that security to life which was impossible in close contact with the advancing settlements. Nor did the red man ever permanently occupy this inhospitable region. Although hovering near it on every side, he chose to paddle his canoe in less turbulent waters, and build his camp-fire in more

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sunny retreats. Had this region been capable originally of development into productive farms, its subsequent history would have been far different from what has transpired. Population would have flowed into it as it has flowed into other portions of our great State; and instead of remaining a hiding place for beasts of prey, it would have swarmed with intelligent and thrifty communities. Now it contains only here and there an inhabitant, and the population, instead of increasing, is falling away. On traversing the Wilderness the remains of scores of deserted hamlets, and even considerable settlements, will be crossed—melancholy memorials of wasted means and energies. What remain of the inhabitants eke out a precarious subsistence by hunting and trapping in the winter season, and performing the labor of guides during the summer months.

A few statistics relative to the population and productive resources of this territory, may be excusable.

First, let us take the county of Hamilton, which lies in the heart of the timbered region. Its area is about 800,000 acres, with a population of about 2,500. According to the census of 1860, its total product of winter grains was 273 bushels, and of spring grains, 3,000 bushels. The proportion of improved land to unimproved, was as one to fifty. Assessment of personal property, $3.378.

The township of Wilmurt, Herkimer county, the largest in the State, lying in the southwesterly corner, contains 705 acres of improved land and 371,860 of unimproved, or one to five hundred. In 1860 this township produced fifty bushels, all told, of winter grains, and 2,349 of spring grains. Population, 269.

The townships of Colton, Pierrepont and Fine, in St. Lawrence county, which extend many miles southerly into the Wilderness, contain together 16,000 acres of improved land against 335,000 of unimproved.

The three northeastern counties of the State, Essex, Clinton and Franklin, considerable portions of which are mountainous and sterile, contain two and a half million acres, of which less than one-fifth has ever been under cultivation.

These few statistics serve to exhibit in a clear light the real nature of the country. All writers agree in describing the soil as "thin and sandy." It is generally covered with a vegetable mould, which, once removed, leaves slight productive power remaining. Upon such soil first crops are always the most abundant. The potato is the only vegetable that matures passably well, and this esculent is always found to be of good quality. Some of the garden vegetables may also be raised in well sheltered localities; but the quality of these is poor. No kind of grain does well, and grass is universally light, yielding not more than half a ton to the acre. On the

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"Beaver Meadows" a species of wild grass is found which is fed to stock, and on the regular supply of which many of the inhabitants rely for the sustenance of their famishing herds during the long, inclement winters when the whole region is buried in snow.

Careful estimates place the total area of unimproved land in the Wilderness, and capable of being detached in a compact body from the contiguous territory, and preserved mostly in its natural state, at six thousand five hundred square miles, or four million acres. Upon this vast tract there is not to-day a resident population of over four thousand souls, or less than one to a square mile.

It is not perhaps strictly pertinent here to suggest any plan or plans of this undertaking, for nothing is contemplatcd now except a preliminary inquiry into the subject, and with a view only to future action, in case any action shall be thought advisable. But it may not be improper to remark that the idea is entertained of including in the contemplated reservation all that part of the Wilderness in which the streams above enumerated have their origin. This is the least populous, the least productive, and at the same time the most picturesque and inaccessible portion. Here the lumberman, who for so many years has been making havoc of the forest, is yet measurably short of completing the work of destruction. The portion to which reference is made would include the Saranac Lakes on the east, and the Fulton Chain on the west, with an average breadth of fifty to sixty miles. These boundarics would embrace an area larger than the State of Connecticut, and equal in size to the two States of Rhode Island and Delaware—with a combination of natural scenery—of lake, river, tree and mountain—such as no other State in the Union could boast of possessing, and which, converted into a public park, would, in proportions and variety, put to shame the famous "Yellowstone Park," which Congress has just created.

A word or two upon the question of expense may not be amiss. Parks laid out and constructed for the use and pleasure of metropolitan towns involve necessarily heavy pecuniary outlays. Everything about them must be manufactured. They are exclusively artificial. Even the grounds on which they are built require more or less improvemeut in adjusting the various parts and proportions to each other. But here nothing of this would be essential. The work is already executed—complete in every part. Nothing further is wanted except snch legislation as will effectually secure this Wllderness from the hands of the spoiler. Draw your boundary lines and plant your monuments, and leave Nature to do the rest.

This scheme of a State Park, as you well know, is nothing new under the sun. It was suggested several years ago, and since that time has been frequently mentioned in terms of approval. Many of our leading journals

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have endorsed it. Some of the most eminent men of our State give it their unqualified sanction. It has the best wishes of every intelligent person who has given the subject any serious consideration.

Although the measure is pressing itself upon the public attention, and cannot, with due regard to the public welfere, be longer deferred, no hasty or inconsiderate action is urged by those who favor the project. They ask for a thorough investigation in advance of any legislative interference with the matter. They desire to know, first, whether the scheme is practicable; and, second, if so, whether it should be adopted, and upon what plan. They ask preliminarily for the creation of a commission of competent persons to report upon the subject, that the Legislature may have the whole case before it when it shall again assemble in annual session. Although the hand of destruction is constantly busy in all portions of the Wilderness, we have no power to stay its wicked work, but must wait patiently for the interposition of law, which the friends of the measure flatter themselves will not be asked for in vain, nor be much longer withheld.

Very truly, yours,

P. H. AGAN.

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APPENDIX.

OUTFIT.*

Upon this subject but few suggestions need be made, as taste, means and other circumstances, will naturally be consulted in the matter. Care should be taken to have the outfit light and simple. *Don't take too much*, and be sure to *leave the fancy articles at home.* The comfort of the tourist, and especially that of the guide, will be most readily promoted by adhering strictly to this rule. We will name what we consider the essentials :—

Pair of heavy flannel shirts.

Stout woolen pantaloons, coat and vest.

Pair of overalls, for night use.

Soft felt hat, light color.

Two pairs of woolen stockings.

Pair of heavy calf skin or French kip skin boots with thick soles and broad heels, about one size larger than you usually wear. Balmoral shoes, high cut, are better perhaps, as they support the ankles and serve to prevent their being sprained.

Pair of stout camp (carpet) slippers.

Rubber blanket or coat—indispensable.†

*We are indebted in this connection to some of the valuable suggestions given in "Murray's Adventures in the Adirondacks."

†Sailors' yellow oil-cloth suits are sometimes used. They are waterproof but not particularly becoming.

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SAW-TEETH MOUNTAIN—UPPER AUSABLE POND.

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Heavy woolen shawl or a pair of Indian blankets. A bag is a useful substitute for blankets. It should be made of Canton flannel, or what is preferable, woolen cloth, as it will be less likely to ignite when exposed to fire. It should be about 6 ft. long and 2½ or 3 ft. wide. We have seen ordinary grain bags used for that purpose; but they afford too contracted a space. Such a bag can be converted into a knapsack.

A pair of light buckskin gauntlets, sufficiently long to button around the elbows. A pair of mitts made of long cotton stocking legs will answer as a substitute.

Hunting knife and belt.

Pint tin cup.

Colored silk handkerchief.

Head-net — a protector from insects. This should be manufactured out of lawn or Swiss muslin and fine steel hoops, such as are put in hoop skirts. It should be provided with an elastic band with which to gather it around the neck. This article will be found very useful, especially when sleeping. Have it suspended from the "roof" of the tent, or shanty, with a string and fish hook or bent pin, at a proper height to enable you to insert your head.

A piece of Swiss mull, 3 or 4 yards square, will be found of great service, using it as a sort of "coverlid" or placing it snugly over the doorway, having previously expelled the insects from the lodge by a thorough smudge.

Towels, soap, pins, needles, thread, writing paper, envelopes, postage stamps, pencils, etc., in limited quantities.

Hospital stores, including bandages, lint,* ointment,

*Bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

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camphor, aqua-ammonia, soda, cholera drops, rhubarb, insect preparations, &c., to use in case of emergency.

All the articles enumerated, with the exception of the blankets (which may be strapped outside), can be packed in a common enameled double satchel. A knapsack is more desirable and should be used when it can be procured.

The following may be classed as the useful *non-essentials:*

A few medium sized nails.

A little mixed white paint and a few copper nails, with which to repair boats in case of accident.

Stout twine or cord.

Compass.

Oil cloth cover for hat.

Leather straps.

Rubber leggins or high boot-tops with straps.

Rubber pillow case, which may be inflated; or one made of canvas, which may be filled with leaves of balsam, spruce, pine, &c., making a most healthful head-rest.

A camp bed, which is made by sewing firmly together two strips of canvas sacking, about 6½ feet long and 2¾ or 3 feet wide, forming a bag with both ends open. Cut two poles, each 7 feet long and about 2 inches in diameter, and run them through the bag, resting the ends in notches on two parallel logs. Then fill the bag with leaves, browse, &c.—[*Trappers' Guide.*

SPORTING OUTFIT.

One rifle or shot-gun—breech-loaders if convenient. For general use, a shot-gun is preferable.

Supply of necessary ammunition.

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Among breech-loading rifles, Remington's, Maynard's and Frank Wesson's "Combination" cannot be too highly recommended. They are all wonderful pieces of mechanism. Either Smith & Wesson's or Daly's, may be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* among breech-loading shot-guns.

Frank Wesson's "Pistol Rifle," or "Pocket Rifle," is an admirable novelty—being cheap, light and effective.

One gun ought to be sufficient for a party of two or three.

One fly-rod, single-handed.

One dozen assorted black, brown and red "Hackle" flies.

Half dozen small salmon flies.

Half dozen Canada flies.

Half dozen green drake flies.

The hooks should run from No. 1 to 3, Limerick size.

For bait fishing at the buoys,* take with you about two dozen good-sized, short-shanked hooks, with cream colored snells firmly attached to them.

Landing net.

Five or six "sea snell" fish lines, assorted sizes.

One trolling line.

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*A buoy is simply a small log anchored in water from 40 to 100 feet in depth, by means of a stone and rope or cable formed of strips of bark tied together. Around this floating log, chubs, shiners, &c., cut into small pieces, are thrown for a day or two, producing a sort of rendezvous or feeding ground for trout or other fish. Afterwards—say 12 or 24 hours—the fisherman repairs to the spot and with a long line and a large hook baited with a minnow, generally succeeds in capturing a satisfactory quantity of the portly fellows that have been feasting on the food he has furnished them.

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LADIES' OUTFIT.

Short walking dress or Turkish costume, closely fitting at the ankle.

Flannel under clothing.

Light, soft fur hat—gentleman's.

Leather balmoral boots—roomy.

Rubbers and thick camp slippers.

Rubber coat and cap or a waterproof.

Head-net—same as gentleman's. Its simplest form is that of a Swiss muslin bag, which may be placed over the head and then gathered around the neck with an elastic band.

Common cotton or kid gloves.

Buckskin gauntlets—of which the armlets made of firm cotton cloth, or sheep, or chamois-skin—should be long enough to button at the elbow.

INSECT PREPARATIONS.

The following mixtures will generally afford ample protection against mosquitoes, black flies, gnats, &c. Nos. 1 and 2 we have found perfectly effective, as well as agreeable and healing. They are white, pure and wholesome and will not stain the skin. They are infallible even where tar and other mixtures fail. Formula No. 4 is extensively used by travelers in South America, where insects are most numerous and poisonous:

No. 1—One half ounce of oil of pennyroyal poured into 3 ounces of melted mutton tallow. Lard is sometimes used, but it is too soft and is not as healing.

No. 2—Six ounces mutton tallow, 2 ounces camphor, 2 ounces pennyroyal, ½ ounce creosote (or carbolic acid solution).

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No. 3—Four ounces sweet oil, 2 ounces oil of tar, ¼ oz. oil of peppermint.

No. 4—One ounce carbolic acid solution, 3 ounces melted mutton tallow; or put 10 drops of the solution in a spoonful of water and apply.

No. 5—Common petroleum is said to be perfectly efficacious. We have never tested it, but we fear the "remedy would be worse than the disease" as the odor is as offensive to man as to insects. It is applied by dropping it on a piece of cotton, which is squeezed out as dry as possible and then rubbed over the face and hands.

No. 6—Four ounces glycerine, 2½ drachms oil of peppermint, 4 drachms spirits of turpentine.

No. 7—Two ounces oil of tar, 1 ounce spirits camphor, 4 ounces castor oil.

Burning camphor gum will sometimes expel mosquitoes, &c. Aqua-ammonia is an excellent article for reducing the blotches and allaying the irritation caused by insect stings.

Islands, when suitable, should be selected for camping grounds, as they are much less frequented by insects than the main land. The lodge should be erected on a point so that the wind may sweep away these pests.

Tents are preferable to shanties as far as insects are concerned, for they can be completely closed—thus shutting out these noxious intruders. By placing a tent upon a log pen, about two feet high, you are enabled to stand erect within it.

A simple shelter tent may be easily made by driving 3 or 4 small poles in the ground at a suitable angle, lashing another pole to upper ends transversely and then spreading a blanket over the whole.

A good camp bedstead is built by placing the ends of

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small poles closely together upon two parallel logs, driving a stake at each corner. Spread over this a layer of hemlock, spruce, or cedar browse for a bed. Over this bedstead a mosquito-canopy may be placed to good advantage.

The months of May and June, while they afford the best trolling and bait fishing, are objectionable on the score of wet and cold weather and the great prevalence of insects. In June, especially—the pearl of the seasons—the black-fly abounds in amazing numbers, but the last days of the month, or the first ones of the next, witness their partial disappearance. Mosquitoes and punkies, too, rapidly depart at the same time; hence July and August, and even September, are the favorite months for camping out. Through the period comprised in these months the woods are dry, and the climate perfect. Fly-fishing at spring-holes, and jack or shore hunting for deer, are also most excellent at this season of the year.

We trust the reader will not infer from anything preceding this, that in this Wilderness, deer and fish may be had at the asking and without effort. Care and skill are requisite in obtaining them; yet when provided with experienced guides, no party need experience a scarcity of trout or venison while sojourning in the North Woods.

PROVISIONS.

Supplies of all kinds, as heretofore frequently noted may be obtained at the different hotels. For the information of those who prefer to carry their own provisions, we will here give a list of articles, such as we should select for our own commissariat:

Graham flour, Indian meal, oatmeal, Boston crackers, Holman's baking powder, pork, beans, maple sugar, coffee-

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sugar, tea, coffee, pepper, salt, dried fruit, canned fruit (optional), butter (doubtful), Borden's condensed milk, soap, candles and matches.

Selover's "Self-Raising Flour" (Prof. Horsford's process) we have found an admirable article, being both convenient and healthful. It is ever ready for use, and soda, cream of tartar and baking powders, are not needed when that is used. It is manufactured in various forms, including white, Graham, and buckwheat flour, and Indian meal. It may be procured of your grocer, or of John Y. Selover, Auburn, N. Y.

Most of the above named articles should be put in canvas cloth bags, carefully labeled. Coffee and tea are best kept in tin cans. And all these small bags should be carried in grain bags. Indian baskets provided with oil cloth covers, are most useful in carrying supplies over the portages.

Guides usually (not always) furnish cooking utensils, which should comprise:—Tin plates, cheap knives and forks, pewter table and tea spoons, two light iron frying-pans with handles, tin basins, tin pail (5 or 6 quart), tin pail (6 or 8 quart), tin cups, &c.

We must not omit here to call attention to an ingenious contrivance recently invented, whose use will greatly mitigate the trials of a "carry." Guides and sportsmen will remember how awkward a matter it is to transport cooking utensils over a portage. This difficulty is avoided by using this article, which weighs but 16 pounds and costs only $15. The following cut will serve better than any description to illustrate the "PATENT SPORTSMAN'S KIT."

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"PATENT SPORTSMAN'S KIT."

Address "Lalance & Grosjean Manufacturing Co., 89 Beekman Street, New York."

GUIDES.

If the names of any guides are omitted in the table appended, it should be attributed to unintentional oversight.

Guides charge for services from $2.50 to $3 per day. They furnish a boat, an ax, perhaps hatchet and auger, and carry all the luggage over the portages — though gentlemen will naturally assist them somewhat in this laborious operation. Guides, too, do all the cooking and attend to all the domestic duties incident to camp life. It is customary for two individuals to employ one guide between them—thus reducing the cost one half.

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Boats may be hired independent of guides at 50 cents per day. The expense of living, while in the woods, need not exceed $2 for each person per week; and even this figure may be considerably reduced. The proximate cost of a journey to the Adirondacks, and a sojourn for any period therein, may be easily estimated from the above data.

FULTON CHAIN GUIDES.

Jack Sheppard, Alonzo Wood, Otis Arnold, Sam Dunakin, George C. Ballard, John Van Valkenburg, Abner P. Daniels, Jerome Wood, Augustus Syphert, James Higby, Isaac Barnes, Dwight Grant, John Brinkerhoof, John Meek, Paul Crego, John Kellogg, Josiah Holladay, Paul Jones, Josiah Helmer, Asa Puffer.

P. O. Address, *Boonville, Oneida Co., N. Y.*

BEAVER RIVER GUIDES.

Danfred Knowlton, Charley R. Smith, Charles H. Smith, Mark Smith, Boyd Edwards, C. Sylvester Edwards, John Hitchcock, Jesse Hitchcock, William Higby, Albert Fenton, Isaac K. Stone, James Lewis, Carlos Murat Alger,* Charles Fenton, Charles Burke, Seymour J. Hitchcock, Wayne Collins,† Alexander Jeffers.†

P. O. Address, *Watson, or Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y.*

OSWEGATCHIE OR CRANBERRY LAKE GUIDES.

John Ward, Stephen Ward, Spencer Ward, Charles Marsh.

P. O. Address, *Fine, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*

John Town, Clark Town, Richard Town, Richard Thomas, Ezra Thomas, Eleazer Whitmarsh, John Negus,

*Address, Martinsburg, N. Y.

†Address, Lowville, N. Y.

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Jesse Irish, Giles Irish, Reuben Irish, Jackson Ellis, Wm. Allen, Geo. M. Dillon, Jr., C. Carter.

P. O. Address, *Russell, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*

RAQUETTE RIVER GUIDES.

H. D. Johnson, Hiram Jones, A. N. Tupper, H. Davis, John Leonard, James Bridge, Charles Heaton.

P. O. Address, *Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*

Chester Day, Henry Day, Eben Willis, Henry Potter, Hector Marden, Edward Bruce, Frank Lindsey, John Wait, Harlow Pearsons, J. Baldwin, Joseph Whitney, John Ferry, Oscar Vibber, James Cook, Allen McCuen, Lewis McCuen, Benjamin F. Ables, Aaron Taylor, Wm. Buskirk, Walter Marden, Emory Gale, Michael Wright, Chas Hutchins.

P. O. Address, *Colton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*

ST. REGIS RIVER GUIDES.

J. D. Smith, A. Sabin, A. Farr, J. Farr, J. Chase, A. M. Sabin, J. McNiel, D. McNiel, Jr., O. Merrills, Wm. Edwards, Wm. Ellis, L. Allen, H. Hart, L. Cheney, J. Niles, M. V. Rogers, J. P. Smith.

P. O. Address, *Dickinson Center, Franklin Co., N. Y.*

MEACHAM LAKE GUIDES.

All. Burr, Cris. Crandall, Lime Debar, Hals Sprague, Jim Bean, Fred. Barns, Dick Woodruff, Bill Sprague, Joe. Clark, Bill Danforth, Chas Selkirk, A. C. McCollum, Elbridge Hyde, Dan. Lathrop, Charley Stickney, Dave Trine, Meadore La Fountain, Charley La May, L. Rogers, Geo. Pond, Rouse Helms, Sherman Stancliff.

P. O. Address, *Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y.*

CHATEAUGAY LAKE GUIDES.

D. W. Merrill, E. McPherson, Nat. Collins, Wm. R.

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Tupper, John Collins, Geo. Collins, Tyler Harris, Wm. Spear, Silas Spear, Rufus Robinson, James Smith, Anthony Sprague, Geo. McPherson, Rans Clark, Agness Peak, Thos. Hurlburt, Martin Shutts, Geo. Hurlburt.

P O. Address, *Chateaugay Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.*

ST. REGIS LAKE GUIDES.

H. Martin, G. Martin, F. Martin, D. Martin, C. Martin, Steve Turner, M. Sawyer, M. St. Germain, Jim Cross, F. Holbert, J. McLaughlin, J. Hall, E. Hall, A. Brown, J. W. Miller, J. Baker, J. Rogers, P. King, C. Quarters, W. Moody, E. Patterson, S. Warner, L. St. Germain, J. Hayes, E. White, G. Maloney, O. Coville, S. Otis, C. Dwight, J. Manley, Geo. Skiff, T. Labounty, A. Labounty, F. St. Germain, Ed. Robarge, D. Sweeny, J. Patterson.

P. O. Address, *St. Regis, Franklin Co., N.Y., or Bloomingdale, Essex Co., N.Y.*

SARANAC GUIDES.

G. Ring, W. Ring, J. Grover, H. Colbeith, Lute Evans, R. Reynolds, J. Reynolds, F. Reynolds, Martin Moody, W. Hough, A. J. Baker, J. Slater, W. Slater, B. Moody, Rant Reynolds, P. Robbins, Cort Moody, Jesse Corey, C. Corey, R. Nichols, H. Annis, D. Moody, Harvey Moody, James McClelland, W. Martin, Stephen Martin, J. Vosburgh, J. Solomon, C. Brown, Ed. Brown, M. Brown, Geo. Mussin, F. Moody, Ed. Otis, Geo. Otis, J. Hughes, W. Nye, J. Hanmer, F. Morehouse, H. Kent, H. Douglas, J. Benham, W. Benham, L. Moody, D. L. Moody, Tid Moody, F. Nicholson, D. Cronk, F. Brown, H. Braman, J. Willson, J. King, Geo. Wake, T. Hayley, C. Roberts, John Dukett, M. Mayhue, H. Solon, W. Morehouse, S. Torrence, L. Dudley, Geo. Sweeny, M. Clough, Henry Wood, A.

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McKensie, R. Moody, Jas. Filbrooks, A. Robbins, C. Hecox, Samuel Dunning, D. Dunning, R. Reynolds, J. Lunt.

P. O. Address, *Lower Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.*

HUNTER'S HOME GUIDES.

A. Washburn, C. Stickney, F. Smith, S. Washburn, P. Loverin, Seth Wardner.

P. O. Address, *Merrillsville, Franklin Co., N. Y.*

AUSABLE POND GUIDES.

Smith Beede, O. Beede, M. Trumbull, M. Trude, W. Trude, M. Holt, O. S. Phelps, E. Phelps, L. S. Lamb, B. Estes, Hiram Holt, A. Crawford, Harvey Holt.

P. O. Address, *Keene Flats, Essex Co., N. Y.*

LAKE PLACID AND NORTH ELBA GUIDES.

E. Lewis, E. Canada, G. Billings, Wm. Nye, C. Roberts, P. Aldrich.

P. O. Address, *North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y.*

LONG LAKE GUIDES.

Isaac B. C. Robinson, A. C. Robinson, J. C. Robinson, W. C. Robinson, A. Hough, A. Wood, C. H. Palmer, B. F. Emerson, J. D. Plumbley, A. Cole, R. Howard, J. Wood, John E. Plumbley, O. D. Hough, M. H. Barnes, W. D. Jennings, Reuben Cary, N. Cary, L. Hall, C. B. Hanmer, William Helms, D. Helms, H. Helms, Mitchell Sabattis, J. D. Sabattis, I. Sabattis, C. Sabattis, D. Mix, A. Mix, D. Keller, C. R. Keller, S. Cole, Henry Stanton, G. Stanton, Clark Farmer, Capt. Calvin Parker.

P. O. Address, *Long Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.*

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